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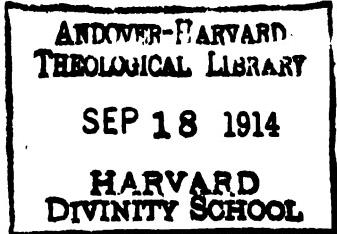
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 I te man̄ rea. ḡer m̄ ſi m̄a regna uenit.
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 S cat m̄. t̄c̄ ruet. h̄i ſtar. ibi liuet adla phenne.
 C ē ſac̄ q̄io ſac̄ nouatio percipietis.
 P petualia credite gaudia. qui m̄ ſterif.
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 D ueq; nouis. a rep̄bo pb̄. alibi ab aero.
 H oſi auiſi. agn̄ ab hoſi. h̄iſ ab agn̄.

The Source of “Jerusalem the Golden”

Together with Other Pieces Attributed to
Bernard of Cluny. In English
Translation
by
HENRY PREBLE

Introduction, Notes, and
Annotated Bibliography
by
SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON
*Philip Schaff Memorial Professor of Church History
in New York University*

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PREFACE

Among our most admired hymns are those which begin, "For thee, O dear, dear country" and "Jerusalem the Golden." They are made out of John Mason Neale's translation of 235 lines of the long poem by Bernard, the monk of Cluny, "On Scorn of the World." Few have any idea of the character of the original poem, nor how much Neale unintentionally misled when, by calling his translation the *Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix on the Celestial Country*, he led us to suppose that he had translated a complete poem of Bernard's, or that the lines he so beautifully renders are a fair specimen of the rest of Bernard's poem. In order that those who had no access to the original might find out this I have thought it worth while to have Mr. Henry Preble make a complete translation of it, of other writings attributed, probably correctly, to Bernard, and also of the prefaces to the old editions of the long poem. To these translations I have prefaced an introduction and bibliography.

It is now more than six years since I began to collect the material of this book. Upon my share of the volume I have put much of my spare time and of my vacations. And it is a great satisfaction to me to say that now I have seen every manuscript of Bernard of Cluny's long poem I ever heard of, except that in the Imperial Library in Vienna. I have also seen every printed edition of the poem there is, every translation into English of any part of it known to me, every book mentioned in the bibliography in the following pages, and every book mentioned in these books which had any bearing on my subject. I have also visited, in the company of my friend, Professor Frank Hugh Foster, of Olivet College, Michigan, the site of the famous monastery (alas, how little is left of it now!) in which Bernard was a monk; the two towns, rivals for the honor of being his birthplace, Morlas, near Pau, in the old kingdom of Béarn, and Morlaix, in Brittany, within sight of the English Channel; and Biddenden in Kent, England, where were born the Maids alluded to by Bernard; also London, Oxford, Saint Omer, Toulouse, and Wolfenbüttel, where MSS are found.

I take this opportunity to thank Mr. Preble for his translations;

the editors and publishers of the *American Journal of Theology* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press), for first accepting as a present and then printing the translation of *De contemptu mundi* in that journal in the numbers for January, April, and July, 1906, and allowing the use of those plates in this volume, and to the manager and readers of the University of Chicago Press for patiently bearing with my delays and inserting my innumerable changes, and for putting this book on its list of publications; and the persons in the libraries of Union Theological Seminary in New York City, Columbia University, the British Museum, and the University of Berlin; those in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, and the National Library in Paris, in the city libraries of Saint Omer and Toulouse, and in the Ducal Library of Wolfenbüttel, who allowed me to use the books and manuscripts in their charge. (I did not ask their help. Probably I should have done better if I had received it.)

I am indebted also to the librarian of the Imperial Library of Vienna, and to other continental librarians who so courteously have answered my questions respecting the MSS of the poem, *De contemptu mundi*.

I am also under obligations to my publishers, the University of Chicago Press, for the preparation of the Index.

The footnotes signed "H. P." are Mr. Preble's; all the others are mine, unless expressly stated otherwise.

SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON

MANHATTAN, NEW YORK CITY

January 1, 1910

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INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

INTRODUCTION

When we have said that the name of the author of the matter here given in English translation was Bernard, and that he was a monk in the Benedictine monastery of Cluny under Peter the Venerable, who was abbot from 1122 to 1155, we have given all the biographical facts respecting him of which we can be sure. His name in the Latin form is variously spelled, but the commonest way of writing it is "Bernardus Morlanensis." The variants are "Morval-lensis" and "Morlacensis," the second word in each case indicating his place of birth or of life previous to his becoming a monk. But what are the modern equivalents? "Morvallensis" stands for "of Morval" in France, in the Department of the Jura, a very small place a few miles east of Cluny; while "Morlacensis" and the better-supported "Morlanensis" mean alike "of Morlac," which is the same as Morlaas, or Morlas, a town of some 2,000 inhabitants in the Department of the Basses-Pyrénées, in extreme southwestern France, five miles northeast of Pau, and in the twelfth century the capital of the old province of Béarn and the place where the princes had their mint. In it then was the small Cluniac priory and church of St. Fides (or Ste. Foi), founded by Count Centule IV in 1089 in expiation of his ecclesiastical offense and sin in marrying Gisla, a relative. He was forced by Gregory VII to divorce his wife. The poor woman made a fight but was finally compelled to yield, and to take at Cluny the vows of a nun and become an inmate of the convent of Marigny. You will find all about it in Pierre de Marca's *Histoire de Béarn* (Paris, 1740), pp. 295-300; repeated with much information about the church in Charles C. LeCœur's *Le Béarn: Histoire et promenades archéologiques* (Pau, 1877), pp. 288-99. We reached Morlas by the smooth, well-built road from Pau on Friday, July 31, 1908. Most of its inhabitants live on one long street, but just at the entrance of the town is a little square upon which is the church, a plain Gothic structure, whose chancel is dated from 1079. The parish priest, a very intelligent man, as the French Roman Catholic clergy commonly are, declared there was no local tradition con-

necting any Bernard of Cluny with Morlas. There is, however, a Morlanne, four miles northwest of Pau, which might seem to have some claim on the score of name to being his hailing-place. (This suggestion does not come from the priest.)

But those who are familiar with Neale's translation from Bernard "On Scorn of the World," and the books made from Neale without independent study, know that he and his followers call our Bernard "of Morlaix," a little city of 15,000 inhabitants on the north coast of Brittany, thirty-three miles east-northeast of Brest, in the Department of Finisterre. But the Latin name of this place was Mons Relaxus, and there is no direct proof that our Bernard had any English blood in his veins as he might be expected to have had were he born in Brittany. It is well, however, that his English lineage has been supposed, for we owe to this supposition the inclosure of his great poem in the Rolls Series.¹ And there are some facts connected with his poems that might be cited in proof of such lineage. Thus in his great poem he cites the Biddenden Maids of Kent in support of his belief that the end of the world was near; his sermon on the Unjust Steward is dedicated to Matthew, bishop of Saint Albans; and one of his short poems is dedicated to an abbot of York. This familiarity with English matters and persons may prove nothing, but, coupled with the round claim that he was English, made by several scholarly authors of former days, it has force. Morlaix is a great contrast to Morlas, and a much nicer place to be born in. It is a tidy little city now, with a future, whereas Morlas has only a past. Morlas was once important. Morlaix is important now. We visited it on Thursday, August 6, 1908.

Wherever our Bernard was born or came from, he entered the Benedictine monastery of Cluny, the most famous of its day. The town in which it was remains, but the monastery does not. Monasticism in its mediaeval form was flourishing then, and Cluny was a great center of direction, for hundreds of monasteries looked to it as the mother-house. The town is in extreme east-central France, some ten miles northeast of Mâcon. The monastery was of the

¹ By Thomas Wright among *The Anglo-Latin Satirical Poets and Epigrammatists of the Twelfth Century*, in the Rolls Series (London, 1872). See Bibliography for more extended remarks on this edition of the *De contemptu mundi*.

luxurious type and the pet aversion of the rigorous Cistercians, to which order the great Bernard, Bernard of Clairvaux, belonged. The abbot of Cluny at this time was Peter the Venerable, one of the most attractive figures in monastic history.¹ His real name was Pierre Maurice de Montboissier, and he was abbot from 1122 till 1155. It was he who sheltered poor Abelard in 1141, when he was fleeing from that holy Bernard of Clairvaux, who prayed and preyed at the same time when heretics were concerned. Very likely our Bernard was in the monastery when Abelard came in, and was one of the group to gaze upon him with mingled pity, admiration, and aversion.

We entered the town of Cluny on Saturday, July 18, 1908, and put up at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which is very comfortable. It is noteworthy how good the cooking is and how clean the beds are in these hotels in France off the beaten track. We were in many of them in the summer of 1908 and were certainly well treated. The inn-keepers seemed an honest sort of people. This particular hotel is near the fragment of the transept of the great abbey church of Cluny. That we could see, but we were not prepared to be told, as we were the next day, that the site of the hotel was once occupied by a part of the nave of the immense church. It makes one's blood boil to learn that the building stood intact till April 21, 1790, when it was sold by the town to Citizen Batonard for 2,934,000 francs and pulled down and resold as building material! So the present town of Cluny in large part is built of the abbey, and all that remains intact of the latter is one of the bell-towers over the north transept.

The attempt to identify our Bernard with any other Bernard is a failure. Yet many have made the attempt. Thus some will have it that he was the same as the Bernard who put into shape the usages of Cluny for the guidance of the thousands of Cluniacs. You may read this *Ordo*, as revised and enlarged by Udalric, in Migne's useful and much maligned series of Greek and Latin patrology.² Some may consider it as a slight objection to this proposed identification that the Bernard of the *Ordo* lived seventy years before the Bernard of our poem! Others would identify him with the Bernard who was prior

¹ See his life by J. d'Avenel (Paris, 1874), who also presents in French Peter's two books of miracles—a famous collection of yarns.

² *Pat. Lat.*, CXLIX, cols. 633-778.

of Cluny in the twelfth century,¹ and who was commemorated by his abbot, Peter the Venerable, who was also a poet, in these lines which were put on his tomb, and which surely have no sort of fitness to the one whose works are here translated:²

An excellent old comrade, to whom no youthful frailty clung, Prior Bernard, rests buried in this ground. Entering the divine camp [i. e., the monastery], after a period of secular service, he grew old fighting in this arena. He never spared himself in his devotion to thee, O thou of Cluny! whence every day had its hard toil for him. Thus bearing well the burden of the whole day, he brings home with joy at eventide the well-deserved reward. Be mindful, ye brothers, of him that is here buried, and let not the soil that covers his bones fall out of your remembrance.

A much more modern attempt at identification has been made, for being put on the track of a first knowledge of which I am indebted to Father Shahan's article on Bernard of Cluny in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*. Mr. James Westfall Thompson in *The Journal of Theological Studies* for April, 1907 (London: Oxford University Press), pp. 392-400, makes a plea for identifying our Bernard with a son of William V, seigneur de Montpellier. This would make him of gentle birth. Mr. Thompson translates "Morlanensis" by "of Murles," ignoring the difference between Morlas, which he apparently grants is a proper translation of Morlanensis, as indeed Hauréau, the French mediaevalist, says, and Murles, on the ground that this difference is "immaterial," spelling not being "uniform in the Middle Ages." He further declares that this Bernard was a monk first in the monastery of St. Sauveur d'Aniane, whence he passed to the abbey of Cluny, probably during the rule of the abbot Pons (1109-22), whose nephew was Bernard IV, who in 1121 married Guillemette, the sister of our Bernard, according to Mr. Thompson. I do not feel any more certain in regard to this identification than to that of its predecessors. Murles and St. Sauveur d'Aniane are in the neighborhood of Montpellier, which itself is 96 miles west-northwest of Marseilles.

¹ E. g., the sixteenth-century maker of the table of contents to the volume of manuscripts in which Add. MS 35,091 of the British Museum appears; an identification which is properly rejected by the author of the chapter on our Bernard in the *Histoire littéraire de la France* (Vol. XII, pp. 236-43; cf. p. 237), who called this Bernard, Bernard le Gros. See below.

² Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, CLXXXIX, col. 1022.

Let us be modest and truthful as well, and confess that Bernard was far too common a name to be a clue to an identification.¹

Equally futile has been the feeble attempt to make a Saint out of our Bernard—a Saint with a capital *S*.² He may have been a saint, but he surely is no Saint, although he is called so in one manuscript, and more frequently in reprints of Neale's translation.

How much our Bernard wrote is unknown, but it is unlikely that he wrote only the poem *De contemptu mundi*. He is credited with a dialogue between the archangel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary, which has apparently perished. What has been preserved of literary remains attributed to him, with the single exception of a treatise for priests,³ which, I think, hardly belonged to him, but which I may give later, I herewith present in English translation—viz., (1) the long poem “On Scorn of the World;” (2) the so-called “Golden Booklet,” which is preserved in one of the manuscripts in the British Museum containing the longer poem, and separately in three MSS at Wolfenbüttel, Germany, and which has often been confounded with the long poem and attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux: it is the same as the *Carmen paraeneticum*, as discussed below; (3) the poem on the Virgin Mary, (4) “Lines on the Divine Essence,” (5) “On the Dread Judgment of God,” (6) “On Simeon Abbot of York,” and (7) “On Count Wulnoth”—all three copied likewise

¹ Edward John Long Scott, in his *Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum in the Years 1894–1899* (London, 1901), p. 148, calls attention to the fact that there were two Bernards in the monastery of Cluny between 1125 and 1156 who are described in charters as uncles to another Bernard, Bernard le Gros, seigneur of Uxelles (Department of the Jura)—viz., the prior Bernard and Bernard de Mileto (or Melei). Bernard le Gros was a tough character, and narrowly escaped eternal punishment. His ghost appeared to an acquaintance of Peter the Venerable, as you may learn from Peter's book mentioned above, ed. 1595, pp. 30–32, or d'Avenel's translation, pp. 259–63.

² As so cultivated a person as the reader at the University of Chicago Press did not understand what I meant by the expression, “a Saint with a capital *S*,” it may be well to explain that such a Saint appears upon the roll of the canonized of the church, which embraces the amiable Jerome and the simple-minded Liguori, but a saint with a small *s*, who also may be one with a capital *S*, is one who practices the virtues which are found in highest exercise in Jesus Christ. By the grace of God we all may be saints, but it takes at least two miracles and a long pull to be made a Saint in these days and Protestants have no show.

³ Assigned to him in the *Hist. litt. de la France* (Vol. XII, p. 243).

from British Museum manuscripts; and finally (8) the sermon in prose "On the Unjust Steward," which is attributed by the editor of the works of Bernard of Clairvaux to our Bernard.¹

The theme which our Bernard took for his great poem was the wickedness of the world. This is a favorite theme with the clergy in all periods, though the Protestant clergyman does not exhort us to adopt monasticism. In the period in which our Bernard wrote, the theme was handled by the acutest minds among the clergy. It would be interesting to put together the poems on "scorn of the world" written by Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury from 1093 to 1109, whom Dean Trench calls "one of the most remarkable and most attractive characters of the Middle Ages;" by Bernard of Clairvaux, abbot of that monastery from 1115 to 1153, and who left it and life itself with enthusiasm; and by Stephen Langton, another archbishop of Canterbury, from 1207 to 1228; and the prose treatise on this theme by one of the greatest of the popes, Innocent III, who reigned from 1198 to 1216.²

The meter which Bernard of Cluny chose for his poem is known technically as dactylic hexameter with tailed rhymes. It is very difficult to write, or rather to keep up through so long a poem as this. Bernard maintained that without divine assistance it would have been impossible for him to have done so. Very likely, in a general sense; though Peter Damiani (1007-72) employed it in his poems, and did not think he had any special divine help. No attempt has been made to reproduce this meter or any meter in this translation, but prose has been employed on the theory that, unless the translator is of equal poetic gift, he should translate a poem into prose, and thus better and easier express the sense of his author. The poem is to be classed, on the whole, among the satires, and in this way its exaggerations are to be expected and pardoned.

The poem runs to 2,991 lines. In the first of its three books, which

¹ Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, CLXXXIV, col. 1021.

² Three of these compositions are accessible in Migne's series. Anselm's is in *Pat. Lat.*, CLVIII, cols. 687-703; Bernard of Clairvaux's three poems on the same topic, in CLXXXIV, cols. 1307-18; Innocent's prose, in CCXVII, cols. 701-46, in three books. (A German translation of the last was published at Arnsberg in 1888.) Langton's poem was once in manuscript in the collection in Lambeth Palace, London, but it seems to have disappeared.

contains 1,103 lines, and which ends with the same line with which it begins, the author puts some really beautiful words about heaven and goodness, but has more to say about hell and wickedness, and says it with great gusto. In his second book, which has 974 lines, he vapors on a golden age which never existed, and very much more animatedly on the alleged wickedness of an age which did. He says he spoke of what he had seen—yes, through his jaundiced eyes, with a magnifying glass. In it he pays his score on woman, whom he loads with all the insults he could rake together. How the monks must have roared as they heard those lines read! How often the author must have stopped in his reading to remark that he did not speak altogether seriously! In his third book, running to 914 lines, he continues his general theme, the corruption of the age. He upbraids Rome for its love of money; next, upbraids the whole human race, save monks and nuns; and concludes his satire with a call for that golden age which he thought so attractive, but which to me is as repulsive as the world of Bellamy's *Looking Backward*.

Such, in outline, is the satirical poem which is here presented for the first time, as far as known, in any other language than the original Latin. It is as far as possible from being what John Mason Neale may have led you to expect. It is not a rhapsody on heaven; rather it is hot with the fires of hell. At times it is not adapted for family reading, as the author himself confesses.¹ It is, however, richly worth reading as showing that as early as the twelfth century there was crying need of reformation in the Church of Rome in the estimation of at least one monk whose poem was frequently copied and widely circulated. The fact that the poem is a satire of course accounts for its exaggerations; but still enough remains, after making all allowance for them, to justify us in putting it among the documents which devout Roman Catholics may quote in their indictment of the mediaeval church.

The other matter here given has much less interest. None of it has hitherto been translated, but I think it may well be claimed for our Bernard, except the poem on the Virgin Mary.

¹ I have modified or altogether suppressed the translation of the following lines in Wright's edition: Book II, p. 61, ll. 4, 11, 19, 23; p. 62, l. 24; Book III, p. 80, ll. 23-32. Otherwise the translation here given is complete and literal.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

I. MANUSCRIPTS OF THE POEM "DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI"

How many manuscripts of this poem may be extant I know not. As will appear from the notices of the printed editions, which come in the next section of this bibliography, those responsible for them are one and all chary as to the whereabouts of manuscripts, and the latest editor is exasperatingly vague. So I was studying the poem some time before I knew where I might see a single one. But at last I got on their track, and have now seen all those preserved in London, Oxford, Paris, Saint Omer, Toulouse, and Wolfenbüttel.

Considering that manuscripts are unique things, it is remarkable that you are allowed such free use of them in the libraries wherein I saw those about to be described. In the British Museum the manuscript department has on the ground floor a small room for students, wherein are accommodations for thirty at a time, who may sit five on a side at the three long and wide tables; and six others can find places at the sides of the room. Each student at the tables has ample space, a frame on which to rest the volume containing the manuscript he is copying (the use of this frame is properly obligatory), and the unrestricted use of pen and ink. In the National Library in Paris the students' room of the manuscript department is on the second story, siding on the court. It is a long room, where a hundred may work at a time. There are a number of tables running transverse to the room, and the students sit facing one another, as they do in the British Museum. They are likewise allowed to use pen and ink. In both places manuscripts are drawn by means of filled-out slips, like books. Both libraries have catalogues of other manuscript collections. I do not know of any special room in the Bodleian for students of manuscripts.

Mr. Thomas Wright, whose edition of Bernard's poem is mentioned in the next section of this bibliography, gave me my first clue to the manuscripts of the poem in the British Museum, and, having got a start, I discovered the others myself, all alone—a joy only less in degree to that of Columbus discovering America! The first manu-

script I saw is in the Cottonian Collection, that is the collection made by Sir Robert Bruce Cotton (1571-1631), which had some strange fortunes, as you may read in Vol. XII, pp. 308 ff., of the great *Dictionary of National* (i. e., British) *Biography*, one of the best gifts ever made by a man of wealth to any people.

I will here digress to say that the *Dictionary of National Biography* is in sixty-six volumes, was published in London by Smith, Elder and Company, and in New York by the Macmillan Company, and was in printing from 1885 to 1901. A revised edition in twenty-two volumes and at a lower price was finished in 1909. The editor of the first twenty-six volumes was Leslie Stephen, but the set was completed under the editorship of Sidney Lazarus Lee. In 1904 Mrs. George Murray Smith, the widow of the founder and munificent patron of the *Dictionary*, published a closely printed volume of 500 octavo pages, containing the errata of every description which had been pointed out in the work, with their correction. This list is very long, and many of the errors are serious, and some are humiliating. No one should use the *Dictionary* without consulting these errata. But as by this decidedly erratic conduct those who purchase the *Dictionary* are able to make it more correct, Mrs. Smith's example is cordially commended to publishers of books of reference among us, who as a rule, as far as I know, never furnish any such list to the original purchasers of the books, who should enjoy especial protection and help from the publishers, but leave their errors, which are sure to be numerous and in some cases notable, to be discovered and exposed by the canvassers of rival works, who make merry over them.¹ The errors of the original edition of the *Dictionary* have been corrected in the reprint.

You will find, I say, in the *Dictionary of National Biography* aforesaid, that in Sir Robert Bruce Cotton's library the books were arranged in fourteen presses, each of which was surmounted by a bust; twelve represented more or less truthfully the visages of the same number of Roman emperors, and two were supposed likenesses

¹ In contrast to such procedure stand the *Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche* (3d ed. by A. Hauck, Leipzig, 1896-1908, 21 vols.) and the American work based upon it, *The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia* (New York, 1908-1911, 12 vols.), both of which give in successive volumes correction of errors.

of Cleopatra and Faustina, the associates of the emperors. Each of these presses was called after the personage thus surmounting it, and so the memory of several unworthy persons was perpetuated. When the catalogue of the collection came to be compiled, it was divided into classes corresponding to these presses. The manuscript of our Bernard's poem *De contemptu mundi* was in the division called "Cleopatra," and so the catalogue entry is "Cleopatra A. viii. 2. b." I first examined this manuscript on Monday, August 15, 1904. It is, as the number 2 indicates, the second of the pieces in the volume, and, as the *b* indicates, it begins on the reverse or back of the leaf. All the manuscripts of the poem which I have seen have some sort of pagination, but usually by leaf, and certainly not in all cases by the original scribe; for much is modern. The parchment leaves on which the poem is beautifully written measure $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by 4 inches in width. The text itself measures $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width. There are thirty lines on a full page. The volume containing this manuscript is bound in full brown leather, but the binding is in rather poor condition. The lettering on the back is: "Vers de quo | Bernardi | Morlanensis | De poem. inf. | comedere | coacta | Mus. Brit. | Bibl. Cott. | Cleopatra | A.VIII. P. 36 | P. LXXXIV. A. |" As a rule, the letters of the manuscript are perfectly made, but small. In the poem part the first letters of each line are separated from the others and put above one another on the page so as to make a column. Bernard's prose preface, the Dedication to his Abbot, Peter the Venerable, comes first and covers four pages and eighteen lines; it begins on reverse of leaf numbered 2; the rest of the page is blank. The poem goes from the top of the obverse of leaf 5 to the bottom of the obverse of leaf 54; so the poem covers 49 pages. There are no breaks proper in the manuscript, but by interlineations the divisions are indicated. At the top of the obverse of leaf 5 come the words "Inci^pt lib. Bernardi morlanensis. de ctep. mūdi;" above, as the headline, the words "Liber p'm" (i. e., *primus*); but after the first page the headline is "lib. i." or "ii." or "iii.," as the case may be. At the end of the reverse of leaf 22, where the first book ends, come the words: "explicit liber prim. Incipit scds." (i. e., *secundus*). Book II goes from the top of the obverse of leaf 23 to the words: "Explicit liber scds. Incipit tertius,"

on the reverse of leaf 39, l. 4. The third book goes down to the end of the obverse of leaf 54, where occur the lines: "De contemptu Mundi lib. iij. Bernardi morlanensis feliciter explicit." Written in blacker ink, in a different meter, and I think a different hand, upon the back of leaf 54 are verses on Abbot Lyman of York and on Count Wulnoth, each of ten lines and headed respectively "De symone abbe eboracensi" and "De comite Wulnoho." As they are very likely Bernard's, they are given in English translation on a subsequent page. A peculiarity of this manuscript of the poem is that at the end of the first line on each page is a capital *A* in the margin, and on the margin of l. 15 on each page is a capital *B*.

There are three other manuscripts of the *De contemptu mundi* of Bernard of Cluny in the British Museum, marked respectively "Additional MSS 16,895," "22,287 ff. 57 b.-122," and "35,091 f. 68." They may be thus described:

a) *Additional MS 16,895*.—It is in a separate volume, bound in full red russia. The lettering on the back is: "Bernhardi [(an *S* has been erased)] | metra | de contemptu | mundi. | Mus. Brit. | Jure empt. | 16,895 | Plut. | CLXXXVII. A. |" The manuscript is on vellum and dates from the fourteenth century. The handwriting is large, and the text measures 6½ inches in length by 4½ inches in width, while the leaf measures 8¾ inches in length by 6½ inches in width. There are 24 lines on a full page. Beginning on top of reverse of the first leaf, and running to l. 7 on the reverse of the next leaf, marked 4, are 54 lines on the divine essence headed "Incipit v'sus de essentia diuina." They are immediately followed by another poem headed "Incipit v's de tremendo di iudicio," 20 lines in length and going to l. 4 of the obverse of leaf 5, where the words "Inciō accessus opis subscpti" are found. Because these two poems are not improbably to be ascribed to Bernard, they have been translated and are given later on. Under the words just quoted come the "Materia auctoris," put into print by Flacius on p. 246 of his *Varia poēmata* mentioned below, where an English translation will also be found. It occupies 11 lines. On the eleventh line and running over on the twelfth are the words: "Inciō pem̄m eplare" (i. e., *proemium epistolare*), which is the Dedication to Peter the Venerable and runs from leaf 5, l. 8 from below, to the end of obverse of leaf 8, or 151 lines.

These headings here mentioned are all in red ink. The last two lines on this obverse read: "Inci^p lib p'm' Bernhardi | de ctemptu rerum transitoriarum. |" The poem proper begins on the top of the reverse of leaf 8 and fills the rest of the volume, going to the reverse of leaf 71. The first two letters of the lines are arranged as in the manuscript just described, one above the other so as to form a column; but it is a peculiarity of this manuscript that the end letter of each pair of lines, which is the same for each line, is not written on the end of the line, but at the end of two lines converging thus> (the joining lines are in red ink, the letters elsewhere are in black. The end letter is here s):

Hora nouissiā tpā pessima s. uigilemu
Ecce minacī iñinet arbit ille sup'mu >^s

The divisions into the three books are written in red ink, and interlinedated, as in the first manuscript. There are marginal notes on the obverse of leaf 39, and reverse of 29, 39, 44, 47, and 52. There are a few interlinedated corrections by the scribe. Book I begins on top of reverse of leaf 8 and goes to l. 5 from below of reverse of leaf 30, on which line is written "Lib. ii." On the next line Book II begins, and goes to l. 6 of obverse of leaf 51. On the margin of this page, between ll. 5 and 6, comes "Lib. iii." Book III begins on the next line, and goes to l. 6 of reverse of leaf 70, where the words come: "Explicit lib.^s magri B'nh. de ctēptu m." The scribe, while writing the end letters for the last two pairs of lines, forgot to draw the converging lines. The rest of the leaf numbered 70 and leaf 71 to l. 9 of its reverse—the rest of the reverse is blank—is given up to another poem in the same hand and with the last letters separated and joined, but as the meter is entirely different the end letter differs from line to line, and the plan of connecting a pair of lines cannot be carried out uniformly, but it is where the two lines have the same end letters. A single leaf of another manuscript has been bound in the back of the volume. There are no headlines.

b) Additional MS 22,287 ff. 57 b.-122, which shows that it begins on the reverse of leaf 57. The leaves measure 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width. The text measures 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. There are 26 lines on a full page. The manuscript is in a volume with a number of pieces and is bound in full brown leather.

The dedication to Peter the Venerable which comes first has this heading: "Bernard moruall | ensis ad petrū abbem suū cluniacen-sem. |" This locates the author at Morval instead of Morlas.¹ The Dedication makes 7 pages and 4 lines. On ll. 5 and 6 are the words: "Explicit ep̄li bernardi morval | lensis ad petrū abbem cluniacense. |" Then on the next line, l. 7, comes the argument of the poem, "Materia auctoris," given elsewhere. All interlineated lines are in red. The argument makes 14 lines. On the reverse of leaf 61 the poem begins with the heading interlineated: "Incipit liber p̄f de terrore iudi | cii & gaudio iustōr & penis impioī | Bernardi moruallen- | sis ad petrū abbem cl., |" and goes to end of obverse of leaf 122, l. 18. The first letters are uncials and arranged, as in other manuscripts, in columnar form. Book I goes to l. 15 of obverse of leaf 83, and the interlineation reads: "explicit lib p'imus. Incipit secundus. |" Book II goes to l. 16 of obverse of leaf 103. Then comes the interlineation: "Explicit liber ii. Incipit iii. |" Book III goes from that point to l. 18 of obverse of leaf 122. Each of these book divisions is indicated by an illuminated uncial, as usual. The writing is large, but not so much so as in the former case. There are a few corrections, and a note on obverse of leaf 91, but no headlines.

c) *Additional MS 35,091 f. 68.*—It is written on both sides of the parchment leaves, in a beautiful but very small hand. It is the third piece in the volume, which is bound in boards, covered with white leather. The binding is worn. The leaves measure 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by 4 inches in width, the text-page 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width. There are 34 lines on a page. The first line reads: "Materia auctoris e x^t aduentū ad iudicm," which is the argument of the poem, as already remarked (it is given by Flacius, see below) and occupies 8 lines on obverse of leaf 68. The Dedication to Peter runs from l. 9 to l. 22 on reverse of leaf 69, and on that line is written in red ink as usual, and crowded as usual at the end of lines, this time four in number: "Explicit P'log. Incipit | Stus Bernardi | de ctemptu | mundi. |" The poem begins on l. 24 of reverse of leaf 69. Notice Bernard is here called a "Saint," but the writer who thus dubs him had no warrant for so doing, and he is

¹ E. J. L. Scott says this form occurs elsewhere (*loc. cit.*).

not to be so called. The title of Saint does not mean much. Let Bernard of Clairvaux have it, if he wants it. There are no headlines or interlineated indication of the ends of books, except that a little spacing on reverse of leaf 98 was probably made to indicate to the reader the termination of Book II. Book I, however, goes from l. 11 from below of reverse of leaf 69 to bottom of obverse of leaf 84; Book II begins on top of reverse of leaf 84 and goes to l. 12 from below of the reverse of leaf 98; and Book III ends on l. 13 of the obverse of leaf 112, where on the margin are the words: "Explicit v'sus dactilia | bti bñhdi de ctèptu mñdi |;" and the next piece, which is the same as that given in Add. MS 16,895, begins directly on the same side of the leaf, without any spacing at all; for parchment was too precious to waste a scrap of it upon such a useless thing as a blank line. The first letters of this manuscript are uncials, and in black and red ink alternately, in the usual columnar form.¹

On three Mondays, September 5, 1904, September 4, 1905, and August 13, 1906, I was at the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The manuscript of Bernard's *De contemptu mundi* is in a small quarto volume, with many others, bound in brown leather, with two brass clasps. It is catalogued in the ninth volume of the *Catalogi Codicium manuscriptorum*. *Kenelm Digby* *confecit Gulielmus D. Macray* (Oxford, 1883), col. 70, as 65.33, and under the entry is the note "saepe impressus," which is true in a modified sense. I wonder if the writer of this note had in mind the poem entitled by Mabillon *Carmen paraeneticum*, but often called *De contemptu mundi*, and which is the same as the "Golden Booklet" here given, and attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux, for that was often printed, whereas there are only seven editions of Bernard of Cluny's great poem. The manuscript begins on p. 42 of the volume. The pages of the manuscript in the Bodleian measure 6 inches in length by 4 in width, whereas the text measures 5 inches in length by 3 in width. The

¹ Mr. E. J. L. Scott (*loc. cit.*) calls attention to the use of the letters *S* and *N* alternately in the margin, and thinks this means that the poem was arranged as a dialogue. This peculiarity runs through the next four pieces in the volume, which are in the same hand. As the matter is not in the least like a dialogue, it seems more probable that these letters show how the poem might be read by two persons alternately, and this is perhaps what Mr. Scott meant by a "dialogue."

text is in two columns of 50 lines each. Each leaf is numbered on the upper right-hand margin by a contemporary, or at all events very old, hand, above which number comes an Arabic one by a modern hand. The manuscript is written right after another piece. So the heading of this poem of Bernard's is on the fifteenth line of the first column of the obverse of leaf 42, written in red ink: "Incipit lib. B'nardi morlanensis de cōtēp mundi" (*cōtēp* is at end of l. 2 and *mun* at end of l. 4, *di* at end of l. 5). The poem begins on l. 16. The first letter, *H*, is illuminated in blue; the first letter of the next book is in red; that of the third is in blue. The first letters of the lines are arranged in columnar style, as is usual with these Bernard manuscripts. The Dedication and Argument are wanting in this manuscript. The division of the books is plainly marked. Book I goes to l. 8 from below of the obverse of leaf 47, second column. Book II begins on l. 7 from below, at the side of which in red is written "Incpte lib. ij.," and goes to l. 8 of the second column of obverse of leaf 52. Then comes the separate line, "Incipit liber t'ius," in blue ink, and Book III begins on l. 9 of the first column of the obverse of leaf 52, and goes to l. 13 of the second column of the reverse of leaf 56. Then come the words written in red ink: "Explicit lib. iij. B'nardi morlañ de cmp." Beneath begins another poem, by the same hand. The handwriting is very small.

I examined the manuscripts of Bernard of Cluny's poem *De contemptu mundi* preserved in the National Library in Paris on Monday, September 12, 1904. There are two mentioned in the catalogue. The first is marked "Lat. 771 in folio," and is properly described thus: "Initium librorum Bernardi Morlanensis, Cluniacensis monachi, de contemptu mundi, eodem seculo (duodecimo) exaratum." It is indeed only a fragment. It comes fourth of the numerous pieces in a folio bound in red leather. The poem begins, without prefatory matter of any kind, on the second column of the obverse of leaf 34, but the leaf has only 6 lines on it on one side and only 66 lines in the two columns on the reverse of the same leaf. The leaf was apparently designedly cut in two by a sharp knife, so that the lower part is missing. There are 31 lines on the full leaf numbered 35, which leaf measures 12 inches in length and 8 in width. There is space for a second column on this leaf also, but there is none, and there the

manuscript ends, as if the scribe had tired of his job. The writing is small and almost illegible. The first letters are not separated from the remainder of the line, as in the manuscripts hitherto described.

But there is in this library a second manuscript of the poem, catalogued "Lat. 8433 in quarto." It is in a volume bound in tree calf; is in two columns, 34 lines to a column; is well written, in a much larger hand than the other. The leaf measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width, and the part occupied by the text $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 5 inches. The Dedication to Peter the Venerable begins at the top of the first column of leaf 89 and goes to the foot of the first column of the reverse of leaf 90, or 5 columns. Then come the words "finit prologus." There is no argument of the poem, as in some of the manuscripts. The poem proper begins on the second line from below of the first column of the reverse of leaf 90, without a heading, and runs to l. 22 of the first column on obverse of leaf 98, under which are the words contracted, which when written out read, "explicit liber primus de contemptu mundi," and then, when written out, come "Incipit liber secundus." Book II goes to the second column of the obverse of leaf 105, on whose twelfth line are the words, written out: "Explicit liber secundus. Incipit tertius." Then begins Book III, which runs to l. 30 of the second column on the obverse of leaf 115, when comes the word "explicit" in the margin, whereupon there is a break and a manuscript in prose begins, in the same hand.¹

¹ This is the manuscript mentioned by the famous mediaevalist, Jean Barthélemy Hauréau, on p. 376 of the first volume of his monumental work, *Notices et extraits de quelques manuscrits latins de la Bibliothèque Nationale* (Paris: Klincksieck, 1890-93, 6 vols.), but on the poem itself he has no praise to bestow, saying of it: "We have next the poem of Bernard, surnamed of Morlas, *De contemptu mundi*, of which numerous copies and two editions exist."

These statements raise the questions: What did Hauréau consider "numerous" in the case of manuscripts? The ten manuscripts of this poem here accounted for probably do constitute a justification of the epithet. Then did Hauréau mean to imply that Chyträus lied when he claimed that his edition was the first of the poem? Chyträus gives quite a circumstantial account of the way he came by the copy which he printed, and writes as if he had never heard of Flacius' edition. If Chyträus be accepted as a truthful person, then there were three independent editions of the poem, viz., those of *Flacius* (Basel, 1557), reprinted 1754, probably at Frankfort-on-the-Main; *Chyträus* (Bremen, 1597), reprinted by Lubin (Rostock, 1610), by Lucius, (Rinteln, 1626), and by the Brothers Stern (Lüneburg, 1640); and finally that of

In the Public Library of the city of Saint Omer, twenty-two miles by rail southeast of Calais, which I visited on Tuesday, July 7, 1908, early in the afternoon, there is a manuscript of the poem dating from the thirteenth century. It is numbered 115. As the library was only open to the public in the mornings, it was by special favor of the librarian, induced thereto in part by the eloquence of my friend Foster, that we were admitted. The MSS are preserved in a large room with glass partitions, which is back of a long room which appeared to be the library proper. These rooms were up one flight of stairs. The manuscript is written on very thick parchment. It is the thirty-second article in a collection of 76 pieces of Latin poetry, and came into possession of the library from the now ruined abbey of Saint Bertin, in the outskirts of the town. You pass it on your way from the railway station. The manuscript leaves measure $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height by 8 inches in width; the part written on is 10 inches in height. There are two columns to a page and 37 lines to a column. The poem is preceded by the prose prologue, which begins on the reverse of leaf 55, second column, l. 32. The poem proper begins on the obverse of leaf 57, first column, l. 34. Book II begins on l. 20 of the first column of the reverse of leaf 64 and goes to l. 22 in the first column of leaf 71; Book III goes to ll. 7 and 8 of obverse of leaf 77. There is no plain separation between the books.

In the Public Library of Toulouse there is a fragment of the poem in a volume of manuscripts entered in the catalogue as No. 162, f. 56. It covers only a single leaf. It is dated in the twelfth century and came into the library from the Augustinian convent in Toulouse. The first six lines are written in a very crabbed hand. The vowels at the end of each pair of lines are separated and placed in the space between, as is done in other cases. After these six lines come 19 *Wright* (London, 1872). Hauréau continues: "The earliest of these is by Francowitz [giving Flacius his proper but unusual name], *Varia . . . poemata*, p. 240 [ff.]; p. 240 is the page on which the prose dedication begins]; the most recent by M. Thomas Wright, *The Anglo-Latin Satirical Poets*, Vol. II, p. 3 [ff.]. This long poem, written throughout in dactylic verse, has been, as is well known, praised by critics of authority. But I do not hesitate to say that I have found it unreadable. Three thousand dactylic hexameters! Why, you cannot read twenty lines consecutively before your ears are offended at such monotonous music." I think this criticism sound, and congratulate my readers on this English translation to which it does not apply.

lines on the remainder of the page, which is the obverse of the leaf numbered 56. On the reverse there are two columns, 48 lines to a column. So in all there are in this manuscript 121 lines. The leaf measures 13 inches in length by 8 inches in width. It is written up to top of the leaf but within 2 inches of the bottom. The second hand is a good one. The words are much contracted. I saw this fragment on Wednesday, July 29, 1908. The prose preface is omitted, and the poem begins on line 22 of the second column of the obverse of the leaf.

In the Ducal Library at Wolfenbüttel, five miles by trolley from Brunswick, where Lessing was librarian, there is a fragment, only a single leaf. I saw it on Thursday, August 5, 1909. The catalogue number is 185. It is leaf 80. The transcript of the poem begins the second column of the obverse of the leaf and extends 44 lines; in the first column of the reverse are 46 lines, in the second column, 20 lines, or 113 lines in all. It is one of the pieces of which there are many in the same volume and written by the same hand. The leaves measure $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $8\frac{1}{2}$ in width, and the text-page $10\frac{1}{4}$ by 7 inches. In this library I found three transcripts of the "Golden Booklet," marked 37.43, 85.7, and 185 respectively, and each part of a collection of pieces bound together. The page of the *first* measures $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; the text-page $9\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. There are 26 lines to a page, single column. The poem fills leaves 56-63, was copied by several persons successively, and the MS has many interlineations. The *second* is upon parchment in a beautiful hand, and according to the printed catalogue comes from Italy. It fills leaves 192-97, measuring $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches in length and 8 inches in width. The text-page measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. There are 35 lines on a page, single column, and the writing is on both sides of the leaf. The *third* is assigned in the catalogue to 1471, and is in the same volume with the single leaf of the *De contemptu mundi*. It goes from obverse of leaf 83 to second column of the obverse of leaf 85, two columns to a page of 43 lines.

In the Imperial Library in Vienna there is a complete manuscript No. 898 (Denis Catalogue, CCXCIII) of 226 pages, which omits the prologue; each page has only one column containing 27 lines; and there is a fourteenth-century manuscript (No. 978, Denis Cata-

logue, CXIV) hailing from a Cistercian monastery in the diocese of Trèves and itself from the Rhine provinces. It contains the prologue written on one leaf. The poem begins on the reverse of the leaf. The first book covers six leaves, the second the same number, and the third five. There are two columns on a page, each of 46 lines. The page is 26.3 cm. high by 17 cm. broad; the written part is 22.5 by 17.7 cm.

There may be, probably there are, other MSS in other parts of Europe. It is interesting to find the poem was copied by mediaeval monks outside of France. Nathan Chyträus claimed to know of MSS of it at Rimini in Italy and at Berg, near Cologne. When Walter Lichtenstein, Ph.D., now librarian of Northwestern University, was, while curator of the Hohenzollern Collection of Harvard University, making his journey to literary centers in Europe during 1905 and 1906, he very kindly inquired for me about the whereabouts of MSS of the poem, besides those I already knew, but could learn of none.

II. EDITIONS OF BERNARD'S POEM IN THE ORIGINAL LATIN

1. The first printed edition of the entire poem was brought out in Basel by Matthias Francowitz (or Vlacich), better known by his Latin name Flacius (1520-75), in a collection of poems written in the Middle Ages by monks and other devout and orthodox adherents of the Church of Rome, in which the sins of that branch of Christ's church were unsparingly exposed. By means of this collection of poems, as already by a collection of testimonies in prose, printed in 1556, Flacius proved, on the testimony of those who had no thought of leaving that communion, that the evils which Protestants alleged against the Church of Rome were in existence centuries before Luther.

There is no date on the title-page, but the colophon reads thus: "Basileae, ex officina Ludouici Lucij, Anno Christi M.D.LVII. Mense Martio." Thus the date is March, 1557. But because the preface is signed "May 1, 1556," this year is given as the date of publication by those who either had no access to the edition, but relied on someone else for their information, or used a copy lacking the colophon, as in the case of the edition in the British Museum likely to be shown to you, or were too lazy to investigate the matter for themselves.

The title-page reads thus:

Varia doctorū | piorvm' que viro- | rum, De corrupto Ecclesiæ sta- | tu, Poemata, |
| Ante nostram ætatem cōscripta: | ex quibus multa historica quoq; | utiliter,
ac summa cum uo | luptate cognosci | possunt. | Cum præfatione Mathiæ |
Flaci Illyrici. | Basileae, per Lvdo- | uicum Lucium.|

(In English: "Various poems of learned and pious men on the corrupt state of the church. They were written before our day, and from them many historical points can be learned with profit and great pleasure. With an introduction by Matthew Flacius Illyricus. Basel: Ludwig Lucius.")

The page measures $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. 494. There are two copies in the library of the British Museum, numbered respectively G. 17,463 and 238. m. 29. The first is a perfect copy, as would be expected, as the G indicates that it is from the Grenville collection, for the books left by Sir Thomas Grenville (1755-1848) to the British Museum are in a remarkably fine state; while the second lacks the colophon. Another copy is in the Boston Public Library, and was once the property of Theodore Parker, who wrote in it: "A rare and curious book, T. P.;" and another in this country is in the library of Rev. David Schley Schaff, D.D., professor of church history in the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa., who inherited it from his father, Philip Schaff, who had himself gotten it, in 1875, from Rev. Howard Osgood, D.D., LL.D., now emeritus professor of Hebrew in the Baptist Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. On a back fly-leaf Dr. Osgood calls attention to p. 283 (corresponding to Book I, p. 41, ll. 10 ff., of Wright's edition of the poem) where there is an allusion to the Biddenden Maids. These were two girls joined at the hips and shoulders, so that they had only one pair of arms although each had a pair of legs and a complete body. There is an account of these maids in William Hone's *Every-Day Book* (London, 1838; 3 vols.), Vol. II, col. 443, under March 26. Hone states that their names were Elizabeth and Mary Chulkhurst; that they were born in 1100 at Biddenden, Kent, forty-two and a half miles southeast of London; and that they lived thirty-four years. One day one was taken ill and soon died. The survivor was urged to be separated from the corpse, but she absolutely refused, saying that: "As we came together, we will also go

together;" and in about six hours from the death of her sister she was taken ill and died. These facts are also given upon a card, which has upon it what purports to be the full-length portrait of the maids. This card and a poster were courteously sent me by Rev. Ernest Kennedy Buckley Morgan, rector of Biddenden church. They left land whose rental joined to other funds paid for the annual presentation to strangers on the afternoon of each Easter Sunday of one thousand rolls made of flour and water and stamped with the effigy of the maids, and also for about five hundred loaves with cheese, to the poor of the parish; and on Easter Monday and Tuesday money to widows. But the charity commissioners have done away with the distribution of the rolls, and purpose to use the money for the support of a village institute, reserving only a little for distribution. The rolls were given at the church until the close of the nineteenth century, when to prevent an unseemly scramble the poorhouse was made the distributing place. We visited Biddenden on Tuesday, August 10, 1909, and made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and the former showed us over the interesting church. Hone gives a picture of one of the rolls, which are known as "Biddenden cakes." Hone is candid enough to allow that other explanations of the custom of distributing the rolls have been given. It is certainly striking that a monstrous birth in so obscure an English hamlet should have been reported to the monks of Cluny. It is likely that when Bernard wrote the maids were dead. This allusion may have started the idea that Bernard was of English stock, but it is easy to account for it without any such supposition.

This whole collection of Flacius' is divided into four parts. The printed table of contents on pp. 492-94 is incomplete, inasmuch as it does not take in all the pieces, and it is inaccurate as well. In the lower part of p. 240 the dedication of Bernard to his abbot, Peter the Venerable, begins and goes down to the lower part of p. 246. Then comes the argument of the poem in these words, which were found by Flacius in some manuscript, and which are in the British Museum Add. MSS 35,091 and 16,895 (see on previous pages) but which cannot proceed from Bernard himself, although John Mason Neale seems to have thought they did (see in notice of his rendering below):

Incipit argumentum in subiectum opus. Materia authoris est, Christi aduentus ad iudicium, gaudia sanctorū, poenae reproborum, &c. Intentio est, persuadere contemptum mundi. Utile, quæ mudi sunt cōtemnere: que Dei, appetere. Ethice supponitur, quia de moribus agit instruendis. Exordium suum munit auctoritate apostoli Iohannis, sic dicentis: Filioli, nouissima hora est, ubi captat benevolentiam, uerba Apostoli preferens suis. In ipso principio ad terrorem agit de aduentu iudicis, unde reddit intentos. In descriptione gaudij coelestis, & in ceteris quæ docet, reddit dociles.

(Or in English: "Here begins the argument of the subjoined work. The author's subject is Christ's coming to judgment, the joys of the Saints, the punishments of the wicked, etc. The purpose is to persuade us to scorn the world. The advantage of scorning the things of the world and seeking the things of God is put upon an ethical basis because the aim is to build up moral character. The author fortifies his exordium with the authority of the Apostle John where he says: 'Little children, it is the last hour' [I John 2: 18], thus trying to win our good will by setting the Apostle's words before his own. In the very beginning he frightens us with the coming of the Judge, to make us eagerly attentive. In his description of celestial joys and in his other teachings he tries to make us docile.")

On p. 247 the poem begins under the caption, "Bernardvs Clvn. de contemptu mundi, ad Petrum Abbatem suum," and goes to the upper third of p. 349. Like the rest of the poetry in the volume, it is printed in small italics, but smaller than those used elsewhere in the book. The poem is not divided into books, but printed without a break.

Although not exactly germane to the present bibliography, I here present the preface of Flacius, remarking once for all that I have seen every book, with perhaps one exception, mentioned in this preface and in all the other prefaces and volumes mentioned in this bibliography, and copied their title-pages with my own hand.

To the most illustrious and pious prince and lord, Lord Johann Albrecht, Duke of Mecklenburg, etc., his most gracious lord. Greeting in the name of the Lord Jesus, the one Savior of all the pious. Amen.

There has been for some centuries, illustrious prince, great eagerness on the part of some men to get possession of and to preserve the bones, or clothing, or any remains, or relics, or anything at all, that in any way once belonged to those men who have been celebrated on account of their piety and holiness. Hence in different places a bone or a garment or even a shoe, belonging to any such man, as is thought, is displayed, adored, and overwhelmed with vast contributions, to the great satisfaction of the multitude.

Would that they had had or that we now had as great eagerness to get possession of and to preserve and imitate the real spiritual remains of the pious and their genuine badges! Their real and by far most excellent relics are their views

of religion, confession of the truth, reproof of and lamenting for errors, castigation of vice, and pious admonitions. For these came not only from their better part, the soul, the quality of which its utterances show, as the proverb has it, but from the Holy Spirit itself groaning in their hearts. Thus had we assuredly done a thing far more acceptable both to them and to God, and one every way more profitable to ourselves. For those blessed men themselves desired with all their hearts, not that their bones or clothing that belonged to earth and decay should be uselessly preserved for posterity, but such writings and pious words and admonitions of theirs.

When Anthony the hermit, as we read in his Life [by Athanasius (?), *Vita S. Antoni*, cap. 90; translated in *Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, Second Series, Vol. IV, p. 220], diligently inculcated precepts of faith in Christ and the avoidance of error, he at the same time urged all men not to preserve the bodies of the saints in places of honor, as even then some in their perverted zeal were in the habit of doing, but to bury them in the ground, and many obeyed his words and pious injunction. We, too, might have been warned and rightly taught by those views of holy men on many things, and especially their zeal for true teaching and piety, and so many things need not have perished which we now miss and long for with such ardent desire.

I for my part (to tell the truth) have been trying for some time to get together such memorials of good men, and especially of those who have rebuked, castigated, and lamented the vices, abuses, and errors of their times, and have urged all men to avoid these and to follow the truer way. For as Aristotle finely says in a writing left to us, that physicians do not heal ideas but individual men, or rather not so much individual men as their individual diseases, so I think those the best teachers of the church, the best healers and physicians, who by their sermons and writings devote themselves as effectively as possible to the curing and removing of the evils at hand, not those who discuss finely and subtly about ancient times or heretics, about things not in dispute or otherwise well known, as in these days most theologians are eager to do, in order to escape the ill will of men and to win praise without exciting odium.

Equipped with this enthusiasm, therefore, I have got together not a few writings, some in prose, some in verse, some of which I published last year and this year [in the "Catalogus testium veritatis, qvi ante nostram ætatem reclamarunt Papæ. Opus uaria rerum, hoc præsertim tempore scitu dignissimarum, cognitione reservatum, ac lectu cum primis utile atq; necessarium. Cum præfatione Mathiae Flacii Illyrici, qua Operis huius & ratio & usus exponitur. 3. Reg. 19. [18] Rom. 11. Reliqua mihi ipsi feci septem millia uirorum, qui non incuruarunt genu imagine Baal. Basileæ, per Ioannem Oporinum. 1556"], while others still lie quietly with me waiting for favorable wind and weather to sail forth. Last year were published at Basel several works of this kind in prose, with an introduction by that learned man, Wolfgang Weissenburger, under the title "Antilogia [Papæ: hoc est, de corrupto ecclesie statu, & totius cleri Papistici peruersitate, Scripta aliquot ueterū authorum, ante annos plus minus CCC, & interea: nunc primum in

lucem eruta, & ab interitu vindicata. Quorum catalogum proxima post Praefationem pagina repertus. Cum praefatione D. Wolfgangi Vuisenburghii Theologi Basiliensis. Aperi quæso Domine oculos eius, ut uideat. 4 Reg. 6 [17] Basileae"—no date on the title-page, but the colophon reads "Basileae, ex officina Ionnis Oporini, Anno 1 salutis humanæ M. D. LV. Mense Martio."], which I sent there, gathered, and copied in all sorts of places at no small labor and expense. Now various poems of different pious persons appear in the present volume, from which you can discover the wonderfully ardent and lively spirit and enthusiasm of those pious men.

Many things of value, furthermore, the reader will be able to get from here, some of which I will mention in detail. First, various historical points with reference to those times can be learned here, which could not easily be got at elsewhere. Furthermore, the pious heart cannot fail to be roused by the reading of these poems to a zealous desire to keep religion pure, to thank God for it, and to pray to him that he will graciously preserve for us the integrity of his teachings. Finally, the reader may perceive most clearly here that seven thousand pious souls have ever been saved by heaven from bending the knee to Baal and his errors that stalk through the world, which in itself involves both learning and extraordinary comfort for the pious heart. I will not mention how much these castigations of vice contribute to the regulation of morals also.

I dedicate these writings to you, illustrious prince, first because some of them have been gathered from libraries in your dominions, further because your particular appreciation of and zeal for genuine piety are shown by various distinguished acts, and especially by your recent difficult and successful attempt to suppress the dogmas of Osiander; finally also because your manifest kindnesses to me necessarily demand some grateful recognition on my part. The Lord Jesus preserve you and your beloved wife and all yours in safety, and lead you in the straight path acceptable to Himself. Amen. Magdeburg, May 1, A. D. 1556.

Your Grace's most devoted
M. F. Illyricus.

2. The second edition of the poem was brought out by Nathan Chyträus at Bremen in 1597. There is no copy of this edition in the British Museum, but copies are found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and in the National Library in Paris. The title-page reads thus:

Bernardi | Morlanensis, | monachi ordinis Clv- | niacensis, ad Petrum Clunia-
censem | abbatem, qui claruit anno | 1140. | De contemptu | mvndi, | libri
tres. | Carmine rhythmico | dactylico ante 450 annos artificiosè & ac- | curatè
admodum compositi, ex veteribus | membranis recens descripti, & nun- | quam antehac integrè excusi. | In qvibvs præter alia eiva | ætatis scelera,
aucupia quoq; Simoniaca, et cetera in- | quinamenta cleri & curiæ Romane

jam tum gra- | phicè depicta sunt & exagitata. editi | jam studio. Nathanis Chyträei. | Bremæ apud heredes Arnoldi Wesselij | Anno 1597. |

(In English: "Three books on Scorn of the World, by Bernard of Morlas, a monk of the order of Cluny, dedicated to Peter, abbot of Cluny, who flourished in the year 1140. Composed with great artistic skill and painstaking in rhymed dactyls 450 years ago; newly copied from ancient manuscripts and never before printed in its entirety. In it, besides other vices of the age, the simony and other impurities of the Roman clergy and curia are graphically depicted and castigated. Edited now by the care of Nathan Chyträus. [Printed] at Bremen, by Arnold Wessel's heirs, 1597.")

The page measures $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. 107. The shelf-mark in the Bodleian is Douce B. 92; in the National Library, R[eserve] C. 3282 (C. 996). In the Bodleian copy the poem and its accompaniments are in a separate volume; in the National Library it comes in the volume next to "Guimandi archiepiscopi | adversari de veritate corporis et San- | guinis Christi in Eucharistia | Apud Friburgum Brisgarviae | [1530]." The back of the title-page is blank. Then comes the dedication on an unnumbered page; on the back of which begins the address to the reader, which is the preface proper, covering fifteen pages. On the page opposite its end are 23 lines signed N. Chyträus and headed: "Ad Bernar- | dvm Morla- nensem | P. M. Apostrophe. |" There is then a blank page; then the poem begins on the right-hand page, which is numbered "1, Bern. Morla- | nensis liber primvs | de contemptv mvndi | ;" but it is not preceded by Bernard's preface, which is omitted in this edition. The first book goes to the bottom of p. 39; the second, from the top of p. 40 to the bottom of p. 74; the third, from the top of p. 75 to the bottom of p. 107. It is printed throughout in italics. The running headline is, on the left-hand page, "De contemptv Mvndi;" on the right, "Liber primvs," "secvndvs," or "tertivs," as the case might be. Then come Latin verses by Chyträus, translating two sonnets of Petrarch's on numbered pages 108 and 109, from the middle of p. 109 to the upper part of p. 112 a Latin translation from Crespin's "Estate of the Church," and then more Latin poetry on unnumbered pages to the number of 26 and $\frac{1}{2}$.

Nathan Chyträus was the brother of the far better-known David Chyträus, the famous classical scholar and friend of Melanchthon.

Yet Nathan was a man of standing and usefulness. He was born at Menzingen, sixteen miles northeast of Karlsruhe, March 15, 1543, studied under his brother David, at Rostock, and then at Tübingen, and became teacher of Latin at Rostock in 1564. In 1565 he made a journey of such extent that it was for the time a memorable performance. He was no idle wanderer but on the alert for literary novelties, and when years afterward he published the record of his journey the very title makes our mouth water: *Variorum in Europa itinerum deliciae seu ex variis manuscriptis selectiora tantum inscriptionum maxime recentium monumenta. Quibus passim in Italia et Germania, Helvetia et Bohemia, Dania et Cimbria; Belgio et Gallia, Anglia et Polonia, &c. Templa, arae, scholae, bibliothecae, musea, arces, palatia, tribunalia, portae, arcus triumphales, obelisci, pyramides, nosodochia, armamentaria propugnacula, portus, asyla, aedes, cænacula, horologia, pontes, limites, horti, villae, apiaria, thermae, fontes, monetæ, statuæ, tabulæ, emblemata, cippi, facella, sepulchra, &c. conspicua sunt. Praemissis in clariores urbes Epigrammatibus Julii Caes. Scaligeri. Omnia nuper collecta & hoc modo digesta à Nathane Chytræo. Herbonæ Nassouiorum.* 1594. The first edition came out at Herborn in 1594, the second in 1599, and the third in 1606. On his return in 1565 he was made teacher of poetry in Rostock University and so remained till 1580, when he became rector of the city school. In 1593 he followed a call to be rector of the *Gymnasium* at Bremen. He filled the position with conspicuous success, although, as appears from the preface translated below, he looked on his residence in that place as an exile. There on February 25, 1598, he died. He was a poet in Latin of eminence and a collector of poems in that language. He also was a translator from French (e. g., Crespin) and Italian (e. g., Petrarch). He greatly admired George Buchanan and brought out his Latin paraphrases of Scripture, particularly of the Psalms.

Being a friend of Melanchthon he did not escape the charge of "crypto Calvinism," and felt compelled to refute this vile slander, as he regarded it, by an elaborate *Glaubens-Bekendnus*. As Flacius was the chief investigator of all attacks on Melanchthon, and on the friends of Melanchthon, one would suppose that Nathan Chytræus would keep himself supplied with information as to the literary performances

of the great Magdeburg scholar; still he had apparently not heard of Flacius' collection of poems in which this poem of Bernard of Cluny appeared. Or was it that he purposely ignored the edition of Flacius, that hateful man who made the days of Melanchthon so full of sorrow? Of course he is out now but I believe that Flacius had an extra long stay in purgatory on account of his shameless treatment of the gentle friend of Luther.

The family name of Chyträus was Kochhafé, which means a pot for boiling. Out of the Greek equivalent *χύτρα* the name Chyträus was Latinized. But *χύτρα* also means a kiss, the kind one gives while holding the beloved one by the ears, as if they were pot handles, and let us suppose it was this meaning which the family gave it!

The translation of this matter from Chyträus—viz., dedication, address, and “Apostrophe”—is as follows:

With the help of God. To the magnificent and truly noble lord, Joachim von Bergen, lord of Herrndorf and Kladen, counselor emeritus of the august court of his Imperial Majesty, ornament of the lettered nobility, pious, wise, and generous patron of the most excellent studies, and especially most kind and indefatigable protector of the devotees of true piety, this little work on Scorn of the World, very ancient of origin but newly edited, is humbly dedicated in token of true regard D. C. Q. Nathan Chyträus R. S. B.¹

To the candid reader, greeting.

Not without reason did Philo say, “exile is a greater evil than death itself, because that is the end of all ills, while this is the beginning of new ills.” For although there are different kinds of exile, and some may fairly be called harder or easier than others, yet there is absolutely none which has not its own disadvantages, its own annoyances, and those no trifles, attached to it. How can it be otherwise in this change from one’s accustomed air, climate, people, and places, in which one has to inaugurate a new way of living, acquire new friends, and accustom one’s self to the new manners and customs of others? I will pass over other more serious things, which the All-kind Father, when he lays this burden upon his children, generally tempers and softens in such fashion that the disadvantages have their advantages also, the annoyances their alleviations also, the upsettings their consolations also as a rule, as has been my experience in many ways in this retirement or exile of mine.

¹ These initials puzzled several learned Latinists of my acquaintance but not Professor James Chidester Egbert, Ph.D., of Columbia University, who thus explained them: *D(edicavit) C(onsecravit) Q(ue) R(ector) S(cholae) B(remensis)*. This I think was quite a brilliant performance and would have won a nod of approval from Chyträus himself.

For, to pass by many other things, when four years ago I yielded in my advancing years to the malevolence and spiritual tyranny of certain old friends, according to God's will, and, regularly called, came with my whole family into these regions where I now live, among other advantages, and those not trifling ones, with which I perceived that God was blessing this exile of mine, not the least was that he granted me an excellent neighbor and one just fitted to my disposition, character, and more and more waning health, and to my whole family. How good a thing that is the great Athenian commander, Themistocles, well knew. On the point of announcing some estate for sale by the voice of his herald, he ordered the herald to add to the good points of the estate *δι καλαθούς οχειαντος*, that is, that it had good neighbors. What this remark of the great man means no one knows better than one who has had to dwell for some time among surly, ill-natured, gossipy, and grasping neighbors. Now this neighbor of mine, for whom I rightly have so high a regard, is a conspicuous figure because of his venerable white hair, and is a man of varied learning and noted for his remarkable courtesy, diligence, and integrity—Master Gerhard Baumann of Emmerich, doctor of philosophy and of medicine, and the most prominent and skilful physician of the day in the flourishing city of Bremen. His house adjoins my house and his garden my garden, and by a rear door there is communication from one to the other, and it not infrequently happens that an excellent opportunity is given us of meeting in a friendly way and talking over various things pleasantly together. In his fresh and green old age Dr. Baumann has such a vigorous memory that he can and often does recall, with the grace of speech that belongs to old age, many of his experiences as a young man, especially when he was living with that celebrated physician, Dr. Cornelius Sittard, and many things that happened on his wanderings and travels at Cologne, Nuremberg, and other places, and especially in Italy. On such occasions we have sometimes come to speak of old manuscripts, of which Dr. Baumann has quite a number, acquired in Italy and elsewhere. Among these are:

A New Testament in Greek, in very old style of letters. | Sixteen sermons of Gregory Nazianzen in Greek, written in very beautiful letters on thin white parchment, | Sallust, | Terence, | parts of Ovid, | Lucan, | Juvenal, very beautifully written on old parchment and pretty fully illustrated with notes also | Rufinus, presbyter of the church at Aquileia, on the Blessings of the Patriarchs, | Bishop Faustus on Grace and Free Will, and several other things of the same kind. |

Among these Dr. Baumann also kindly showed me these three books of Bernard of Morlas on Scorn of the World some time ago, written on old oblong parchment, pretty well stained in places, and with the letters here and there disappearing and fading out through the lapse of time, and I, having got a taste of them and thinking them not unworthy to be read by others, straightway gave them, with Baumann's approval, to my son Jonathan to be copied out neatly, that they might be easier for us to read ourselves and to communicate to others, if it seemed worth while. And this task Jonathan performed very well and carefully. The copy thus neatly and clearly written first I and after-

wards Dr. Baumann, amid our various occupations, compared with the original, and corrected whatever appeared to need correction. When this was done, we began to think of some suitable printer who would publish at his own expense this work thus far wholly *ἀνέκδοτον* ["unpublished"],¹ but in vain. For a sort of epidemic disease has invaded about all the printing-houses of Germany in these days which makes them prefer to publish pages filled with rubbish, wranglings, filth, abuse, and sometimes even blasphemy, if only the hope of gain gleams from them, rather than other good books, especially if old, that are likely to be more valuable for both church and state. During these delays to the publication of this work I accidentally came upon, in the "museum" of the reverend and most distinguished orthodox theologian, my colleague and honored compatriot, Dr. Christopher Pezelius, the *Sanctorum patrum bibliotheca [Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum et Auctorum ecclesiasticorum Tomi octo]* published in Paris in 1565 by Michael Sonnius. It is divided into eight volumes, and was most humbly dedicated to Pope Gregory XIII by Margarinus de la Bigne, doctor of pontifical theology in the Sorbonne at Paris, as he styles himself. In this *Bibliotheca*, while there are good things mixed with bad things, and bad things mixed with good, there are scattered about many poems of Christian poets in harmony with the Catholic teaching of the Pontifical party of the time and by their testimony lending very strong support to it. Of this class also is the *Bibliotheca Sancta* of Sisto da Sienna, a brother of the Order of Preachers, gathered from the works of prominent authors of the Catholic church, also divided into eight books, and printed at Frankfort by Nicholas Bassæus in folio in the year 1580 [*Bibliotheca Sancta à F. Sixto Senensi, ordinis predicatorum, ex praecipuis catholicae ecclesiae autoribus collecta, & in octo libros digesta; quorum inscriptiones sequens pagina indicabit.* Ad beatiss. Pium V. Pont. Max. Cum indicibus tribus locupletissimis, et annotationibus in nonnulla loca necessariis. Secunda editio, in qua adiecta est tabula chronographica, secundum collationem temporum, omnium postremè edita. (Device: naked woman with wings on her feet walking on a wheel floating in the water, with the motto, "Post haec occasio calva fronte capillata est.") Francofurti, ex officina typographica Nicolai Bassæi, M.D.LXXV.]. In this work also I understand from those who have looked through the said books there is no mention of this Bernard of Morlas' books "On Scorn of the World." In order therefore by further testimony that was superior to any cavil to demonstrate that even about the eleventh century after the birth of Christ (with which century Margarinus, the author of that collection [alluded to above], ends his work) there were men who not only strenuously opposed the impiety, blasphemies, and spiritual tyranny of the Roman pontiffs (our Bernard flourished 1140), but attacked them vigorously, I have thought that this production ought at last to be brought out from the darkness in which it had lain hidden quite long enough.

¹ It is remarkable that two such learned men should never have heard of the previous reprint of the poem by Flacius. P. Leyser (*Historia poetarum*, p. 412—see end of bibliography) insinuates that Chyträus pretended to be ignorant so as to claim the glory of being the first to publish this poem.

Furthermore, in the year 1595 there were published at Douay from the press of Balthasar Bellere two books of [Maurice de Montboissier] abbot Peter [the Venerable] of Cluny on the famous miracles by which this same pontifical party tries to prop up its long-standing superstitions by means of dreams and visions.¹ It seemed worth while, therefore, that there should also be made public at this same time in print what some four hundred and fifty years ago this monk Bernard of Morlas wrote and dedicated to this very abbot, namely the three books "On Scorn of the World," not, indeed, because of the elegance and charm of their style and versification (although these also are worth attention), but rather because of the truth of what is written itself and the freedom of judgment in the church of that time in regard to the Roman Antichrist. For these three books are three satires, as it were, in which the sins of the time, and especially the abominations and crimes of the clergy, and curia, and Pope of Rome, are depicted most truly and castigated most severely. That Bernard of Morlas is a writer by no means to be despised is shown partly by a careful examination of his work itself, partly by the fact that ecclesiastical and other writers of our times often insert whole pages from these books by way of proof of points in their own compositions.

From Baleus [John Bale]:

"Bernard of Morlas, monk of Cluny, was accounted among his fellows the most learned of all monks. He wrote several works in prose and verse, some of which he dedicated to his abbot, Peter. Their titles are:

"*De contemptu mundi*, 3 books.

"*Versus de mundo*, 1 book.

"*De Verbi Incarnatione*, 1 book.

"And some others. Balaeus, *Scriptores Britanniae*, Cent. 10, cap. 46."

From the *Historia Ecclesiastica Magdeburgensis*, Cent. 12, cap. 10:

"This monk Bernard of Cluny flourished in 1140. He wrote and dedicated to Peter, abbot of Cluny, three satires, as they may be called, in dactylic verse, in the last two of which he attacks the clergy sharply, censuring the Curia and their sins, passions—even sodomitic ones—greed, arrogance, ambition, also simony and neglect of duty. He complains that the most unworthy are raised to the highest offices in the church, and thus the sheep of Christ are pitifully neglected and destroyed. Above all he inveighs against the Roman Curia most violently, complaining that there all things are sold for gold and silver, even justice itself."²

¹ Petri Venerabilis, abbatis cluniacensis, illustrum miraculorum libri II. Accessarunt selectiora quedam ex chronicis fratru ordinis Praedicatorum editis a R. P. M. Antonio Senensi. Nonnulla praeterea plura admirationis, desumpta ex antiquissimis ecclesiae scriptoribus, lectu dignissima. Duxi, ex officina typographica Baltazaris Belleri, sub Circino. An. 1595.

² This quotation is not from the "Magdeburg Centuries," but from Flacius' *Catalogus*, p. 658, and is not exact, as Flacius says nothing about sodomy. What follows is Chytraeus' own.

Almost the same words are repeated in the *Catalogus testimoniū veritatis [qui ante nostram aetatem reclamarunt Papae]* of Flacius, and there is added: "But I will copy only a few things therefrom, for I propose sometime, God willing, to publish the whole thing at once," which thus has not been done, however.¹

"Lex mala furibus his subeuntibus, intrat abunde, etc." ["an evil law enters thereupon when these robbers get in"].²

Here three whole pages are filled with verses taken from this work, the first of which is p. 659. [P. 660, which is from Book III, Wright's edition, p. 92, l. 4, from below, begins with the line just quoted and p. 661 goes down to the words *Clauda ruis*, which in Wright's edition is on p. 97, l. 8.] These same verses are used as testimony by no means to be despised by that great and orthodox theologian Master Lambert Daneau [Danaeus, 1530-93] in the end of his tractate on Antichrist [*Tractatus de Antichristo, recens editus, in quo Antichristiani regni locus, iēpus, forma, ministri, fulcimenta, progressio, & tandem exitium, & interitus ex Dei verbo demōstratur, ubi etiam aliquot difficiles anted & obscuri tum Danielis, tum Apocalypseos loci perspicuē iam explicātur. Addidimus in calce operis quaedam vetustissimorum Episcoporum, Monachorum, & aliorum scripta iam pridem aduersus Antichristi Romani tyrannidem edita.* Per Lamber. Danaeum. Accessit etiam operi triplex index. (Device of anchor with a serpent twined around stock.) Genevae, apud Eustathium Vignon Anno M.D.LXXVI.].

But as far as this dactylic poem is concerned, it appears that it was held of value at that period, and it is in fact painstaking, and not without a cleverness of workmanship and a charm of its own. The lines have a resemblance to the familiar but not unpleasing couplet:

"When at your dinner
No fare could be thinner,
If you have peace and contentment,
Set not your wishes
On luxury's dishes
Coming with strife and resentment."

Traces of the same thing appear sometimes in that most elegant version of the Psalms of David by George Buchanan, especially in Psalm xxiv, where we find the following verse twice:

"Tear down the bars, and throw open the doors, that the Great One may enter, etc."

Meantime, however, I frankly confess that there are parts in this work [i. e., this poem of Bernard] that are imperfect and perhaps on account of incorrect transcription even obscure, and these you will find here and there, marked by an asterisk. I hear, however, that in the library at Rimini in Italy, also in a

¹ Another error. Flacius did publish the poem, though Chyträus was apparently ignorant of it.

² This is the first line of Flacius from his *Catalogus*.

convent of the order to which Bernard belonged in the country near the town of Berg in the diocese of Cologne, there are other manuscripts of this work still in existence. [See the preceding section on the manuscripts of the poem.] If one could have the opportunity of seeing and collating these, perhaps the imperfect and obscure passages mentioned might easily be restored in their integrity.

ON THE CLUNIACS

In or about the year of Christ 916, in the time of Pope John XI [should be X], William, duke of Burgundy, founded a monastery at Cluny in the district of Mâcon, in order that the rule of Benedict, as it is called, which had thus far not been accurately observed, might in a way be revived in those regions. He also appointed as first abbot of the Convent Berno, who was afterwards succeeded by Odo, who became a monk from being a musician at Tours, and later abbot of the aforesaid monastery. Today the name of the town and of the convent is Cluny, in Burgundy, of which Sabellicus also makes mention somewhere [M. Antonii Coccii Sabellici opera omnia, ab infinitis quibus scatebant mendis, repurgata & castigata: cum supplemento Rapsodiae historiarum ab Orbe condito, ad hæc usque tempora, pulcherrimo ac diligentissimo, in Tomos quattuor digesta: qui, quid contineant, aduersa pagina indicabit: atque hæc omnia per Caelum Secundum Curionem, non sine magno labore iudicioque confecta. Autores, quorum è monumentis hæc sumpta sunt, statim à Praefatione ordine dispositi, leguntur. Item, Index operum omnium copiosissimus, quem statim argumenta singulorum primi Tomi librorum sequuntur: reliqua uero suis locis disposita sunt. (Device: a three-headed man on a pillar.) Basileæ, per Ionnem Hernagium, Anno M.D.LX.]. I am aware, however, that others write differently as to the time of the founding of this monastery. [Theodor] Zwinger in his *Theatrum vitae humanae* [Basel, 1571; 18 volumes in 3] (Vol. I, book i, 61) also mentions the monks of Cluny in the following words: "A very bitter controversy, chiefly about tithes, sprang up between them of Cluny and them of Clairvaux, at the time when those lights among the monks, Peter of Cluny and Bernard of Clairvaux, flourished, for the Cistercians refused to pay any longer to the Cluniacs the tithes they had for two hundred years¹ been accustomed to pay, on the ground that they needed them themselves because of the number of their monks, and they had drawn over Pope Innocent [II] to their view. Therefore Peter sent a letter of protest to Innocent. But the Cistercians, in their turn, accused the Cluniacs of not observing their rules in regard to customs, dress, fasting, and other matters of ceremonial. Hence Peter of Cluny spun out a long-winded defense in a letter to Bernard (Book III, letter 28), and Bernard in his

¹ As Cluny was founded in 910 and the Cistercian Order in 1098, while Peter's dates as abbot are 1122-55, there is plainly an error here. See note of S. J. Sales in his translation of Bernard's letters, II, 652 (letter CCXXVIII). Peter's letter to Bernard is given, pp. 654-82. The passage from Bernard is from his "Apology" in his works, I, cols. 1234-41.

defense to Abbot William of Cluny gives a graphic description of luxury in living, dress, habitation, and retinue, very different from what was ordained by the holy fathers Antonius, Macarius, and Basil, not with a desire to extenuate, but to enlarge upon it. Thus he says: "I am a liar if I have not seen the abbot with sixty horses and more in his retinue. You would say, if you saw them passing, that it was not the fathers of monasteries, but the lords of castles; not the directors of souls but the governors of provinces. Then they order to have carried with them, table linen, glasses, candelabra, and portmanteaux stuffed, not with sheets and blankets, but with rich bedspreads. They scarcely move four leagues from home without carrying all their belongings, as if they were going to the army or on a journey through the wilderness where they would not be able to find the necessities of life."

Zwinger also in his *Theatrum vitae humanae* (Vol. XI, book iv, 2630) has the following about a certain abbot of Cluny. Pope Pascal II was holding a synod at Rome [in 1116], and the abbot of Monte Casino was [vainly] pleading a claim to the monastery of St. Sophia near Beneventum. The abbot of Cluny on his way to the synod had called himself "the abbot of abbots." This title the men of Monte Casino [who were Benedictines, and therefore of the primitive order of western monks] were unwilling to concede to him. A controversy arose upon the matter, and finally Chancellor John asked whether the Cluniacs got their rule from Monte Casino or the men of Monte Casino from Cluny? The answer was immediately given that not only the Cluniacs, but all the monks of the Roman world, got their rule from the convent of Monte Casino. Therefore it was decreed that the abbot of Monte Casino and he alone had a just claim to the privilege in question. [Leonis Marsicano et Petri Diaconi *Chronica Monasterii Casinensis*, Book IV, cap. 60, in Pertz, SS., VII, 790, 791; cf. Hefele, *Concil.*, 2d ed., V, 335.]

If therefore even at that period such complaints were put forth by Bernard of Morlas, as well as by other pious souls, and committed to the record of letters, what would these men say, if they had lived in our day, about the things more detestable and abominable done in those very places by those who least of all ought to do them—things of which there are many evidences, especially the pamphlet entitled *Legende de Domp Claude de Guise, abbé de Cluny* ["the legend of Lord Claude de Guyse, abbot of Cluny"], which cannot be read without indignation, anger, horror, and execration, aye, even without earnest calling down of divine vengeance.¹ May you, fair-minded reader, find pleasure in our labors, and judge them in all fairness!

Nathan Chytraeus.

R. S. B.

Bremen, July, 1597.

¹ "Legende de Domp Clavde de Gyse, abb de Cluny. Contenant ses faits gestes, depuis sa nativit e iusques & la mort du Cardinal de Lorraine: & des moyens, tenus pour faire mourir le Roy Charles neusieme, ensemble plusieurs Princes, grands

APOSTROPHE TO BERNARD OF MORLAS¹

O Bernard, who wast so impatient of sin and wrongdoing in thine own time that thou didst think it right to pour over them the vinegar of biting satire, what wouldst thou do if thou livedst now and sawest all this wickedness, these children falsely palmed off upon husbands, these poisons given by sons to their fathers, by brothers to their own sisters, nay, even secretly administered by the priest to kings themselves and other rulers, under cover of a baked divinity [i. e., the host] or by means of a poisoned receptacle, or gauntlets, also? What wouldst thou do, I say, if thou couldst look upon all the unutterable doings of thine own order, which Satan has plunged into such an abyss of guilt that a whole ocean of sins seems to have swept over it, and one would think that that Cluny, which once was thought by many to be the best part of the French nation, was now trying to rival Sodom and awful Gomorrah? Wouldst thou not cry out: "Compared with this mine was a golden age; I should now almost reckon as virtues what I then so bitterly abhorred as vices"?

Thank God, therefore, Bernard, that thou restest in the tomb, happy in thy death, and that thou wast not kept for this mad age, which we have sadly to listen to and look upon each day, knowing no end or pause in evils so bad, so strange, and without bounds.

N. Chytræus.

The matter given on pp. 108-12 is: (1) "De Babylone | occidentalni carm- | ina ex Italicis F. Petrar- | chæ, nescio à quo, conversa | [Sonnet CVI: "L'avara Babilonia ha colmo 'l sacco, &c"] (14 lines). Below on the same page. Sonnet CVII: "Fontana di dolore, albergo d'ira &c" (14 lines)]. (2) Beginning under l. 10 on p. 109: [extracts from] "Avctor libri | Gallici | cui titulus est | L'Estat de l'Eglise, | avec le discovrs des temps | depuis les Apotres, jusques au present, | Editi Genevæ apud Eustathium Vignon, An. 1581. |" The full title of the edition of 1557 is:

L'Estat de l'Eglise, avec le discovrs des temps, depvis les apostres, sous Neron iusques à present, sous Charles V. Contenant en bref les histoires tant anciennes que nouuelles, celles specialement qui concernent l'Empire & le siege Romain, la vie & decrets des Papes, les Conciles: le commencement,

Seigneurs & autres, durant ledit temps. La page suyuante demonstre les principaux pointcs contenus en ce traité. M. D. LXXXI." There is a copy in the British Museum, which I have seen. It is incredible that Chytræus was so simple as to suppose that this outrageous, indecent, and preposterous romance was sober history of anybody's doings. It is plainly a libel, if it be not a joke; and even if it is a joke, it goes much too far. The British Museum librarians attribute it to J. Dagouneau or G. Regnault.

¹ Twenty-three lines of Latin verse.

accroissement & decadence de la Religion [i.e., the Roman Catholic Church]. Le tout diligemment receueilly & reueu par Iean Hesnault [device of anchor held up by hands coming out of clouds; above the flanges are the initials I C]. L'AN M.D.LVII.

The edition published, also without place of publication, in 1564 is the fifth edition. The title-page reads the same down to "Charles V;" then come the words:

Augmenté et revue tellement en cette édition que ce qui concerne le siège romain, et autres royaumes depuis l'Eglise primitive jusques à ceux qui regnent aujourd'hui y est en breves annales proposé.

A. A. Barbier, in his *Dictionnaire des ouvrages anonymes* (3d ed., Paris, 1874), Vol. III, col. 289, mentions Jean Crespin (who died in Geneva in 1572) as the probable author of this pamphlet. The edition which Chyträus quotes is that of 1581. He claims to translate from the French into Latin from p. 296 as follows:

In hanc sententiam de illis temporibus (Anni circiter MCL.) scribit. Ex scriptis S. Bernardi possumus cognoscere, quomodo is, eo tempore miserè jam tum corrupto, pugnauerit contra impietatem Paparum & Ecclesiasticorum. Vide Sermonem Bernardi 67, ubi eos appellat ministros Antichristi. In libro ad Papam Eugenium, & Sermone 33. super Cantic. Saepe dicit, quod Praelati nihil differet a Pilato. Idem exprobrat Eugenio, quod verbo Dei neglecto lucri sui causa accumulet traditiones humanas. Hugo Cardinalis in sua postilla super S. Ioannem allegat, quod Bernardus quodam in loco dicat. "Videtur o bone Jesu quod tota Christianorum Universitas contra te conspiraverit: et illi in hac coniuratione primi sunt, qui in Ecclesia tua obtinenter primatum." Idem Bernardus sub finem vitae suea satis demonstrat, quod veram doctrinam de Iustificatione peccatoris coram Deo per Jesum Christum, perfectè habuerit cognitam. Ad solum enim Christum suum habet refugium, rejectis omnibus aliis sanctitatibus & justitiis. Id quod Scripta ipsius abundè de ipso testantur.

Eodem tempore (Anno 1156) vixit Petrus de Blois seu Blesensis, qui suis scriptis carpit scelerositatem Ecclesiasticorum. In quadem Epistola scripta ad cuiusdem Episcopi officialem, admonet eum, ut exeat ex Babylone, detestans tyrannidem Episcoporum & Officialium, quos nominet Harpyias infernales, nihil aliud facientes quam ut tondeant, deglubant & dilacerent Ecclesiam Jesu Christi. Clerum saepe appellabat Syriam, Idumeam, vitulos Bethenses, idola Aegyptica, pinguedinem Samariae, sacerdotes Baalis, & judices legum iniquarum fabros, & si qua sunt alia ejus generis nomina. Idem de Roma dicit, Omnia ibi muneribus esse subversa, omnia monachis argento interueniente esse permissa, eisque annuis pension busonem carnis suae scelerositatem posse redimere. Turpitudinem eius cantari ait in tabernaculis Geth, et in plateis Ascalonis.

Talis fuit princeps Sodomae, et discipuli penes ipsum sunt. Collocata notari delent (idem autor ibidem inquit) propter suam excellentiam & raritatem. Interpres N. C.

Chyträus then proceeds:

In eodem argumenti multus est Ioan. Saresberiensis Episcopus Carnotensis (qui floruit temp. Adriani iv. Pontif.) in libris de Nugis Curialium, seu Policratice, in primis lib. vi. c. 24. & lib. 8 c. 23. item in libro quem vocat Obiurgatorium Cleri. Lectori. Haec pauca libello jam edito subjungere placuit, tanquam ad ejus argumentum non aliena, ne videlicet haec pagellæ vacuae tibi obtruderentur. Quod ut bonam in partem accipias rogamus. [Device of a naked woman holding in one hand the sun and in the other an open book.]

In the same volume come, after separate title-page, a Latin poem by N. Chyträus on the birth of Christ; a poem called "a prophylactic against the plague," and other poems on twenty-eight unnumbered pages, two unnumbered pages of dedication to Hermann Schonmaker, and one page of Latin quotations of Ex. 4:19; Matt. 2:19, 20.

The passages from Crespin given above are rendered in the old English translation of Crespin, entitled:

The Estate of the Church, with the discourse of times, from the Apostles vntill this present: Also of the liues of all the Emperours, Popes of Rome, and Turkes: As also of the kings of Fraunce, England, Scotland, Spaine, Portugall, Denmarke, &c. With all the memorable accidents of their times. Translated out of French into English by Simon Patrike, Gentleman. [Device of a naked woman crowned, carrying a book, driven by a bundle of broom corn in a hand coming out of a cloud; the initials T C are between her legs, and the legend is "Vir esset vulnere veritas."] London Printed by Thomas Creede. 1602.

On p. 327, under the year 1148, we read:

By the writings of Saint *Barnard* wee may knowe how in this time beeing so miserably corrupted, he stroue against the impiete of Popes, and the Ecclesiasticall sort. See his 67. Sermon, where he calleth them the Ministers of Anti-christ. In the Sermon 57. In the booke vnto this Pope *Eugenius*, and in the 33. Sermon upon the Cant. he often saith that Prelates are but pilates. He reprooueth *Eugenius*, that leauing the word of God, he aduanced humane traditions. *Hugo Cardinall* in his Postile vpon S. *John*, alleadegeth that S. *Barnard* said in a certaine place. It seemeth ð good Iesu, that all the Vniuersitie of Christians haue conspired against thee, and they are the chiefe of the coniuration which obtaine the Primacie of the church. At the end of his day hee shewed well

that hee perfectly knew the true doctrine of the Iustification by Jesus Christ, on whom only was his refuge, reiecting all other sancties and righteousnesse. His writings yeld a certaine witnesse of him.

Under 1156, p. 329, we read:

Of this same time was *Peter de Blois*, who in his writings touched the wickednesse of the Cleargie-men. In a certaine Epistle which he writeth to a Bishops Officcial, he admonisheth him to come out of *Babilon*, detesting the tirannie of Bishops and their Officials, calling them infernall harpies which do but prowle and sheere the Church of Iesus Christ. He often calleth the Cleargie, *Siria*, *Edom*, Calues of *Bethel*, Idols of *Egipt*, the fatte of *Samaria*, Priests of *Baal*, and Judges which forge vniust lawes, and many such like names he giueth them. This saith he of *Rome*. At *Rome* all is subuerted by gifts, Monkes may do all things by siluer, and redeeme by annuall pentions, all wickednesse of the flesh. There filthiness began to be sung in the Tabernacle of *Geth*, & in the streets of *Ascalon*. So was he made the Prince of *Sodome*, and his Disciples after him, are set in the chaire of pestilence. *Such writing should be noted for their excellencie and raretie.*

3. The third edition of the poem was brought out by Eilhard Lubin at Rostock in 1610. The title-page reads thus:

Bernardi Morlanen- sis Monachi ordinis Cluniacensis, | De | vanitate | mundi,
et glo- | ria cælesti, liber | Aureus. | Item alij ejusdem | libri tres | Ejusdem
fermè argumenti, | Quibus cum primis in Curiæ Romanæ | & Cleri horrenda
sceleris stylo Satyrico carmi- | ne Rhithmico Dactylico miro artificio ante |
annos fermè quingentos elaborato, | gravissimè invehitur. | Editi recens,
& plurimis locis emen- | dati, studio & operâ | Elh. Lubini. | Rostochii |
Typis Reussnerianis, Anno M.DC.X. |

(In English: "Golden booklet on the vanity of the world and the glory of heaven by Bernard of Morlas, a monk of the order of Cluny. Also three books by the same writer to about the same purport, in which he inveighed most powerfully about five hundred years ago, in a wonderfully skilled rhymed dactylic poem in satire style, against the horrible vices of the time, especially those of the Roman Curia and clergy. Newly edited and emended in many places by Eilhard Lubin. Rostock: Reussner Press, 1610.")

The page measures $5\frac{7}{8}$ inches in length by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. None of the pages are numbered, but there are sixty leaves in all, including the title-page. There is no running headline. The book is printed throughout in italic type, but that used in the "Golden Booklet," translated in this volume, is smaller than that used elsewhere. The press-mark in the British Museum is 11409 d. 4. Rev. Samuel W. Duffield's

copy is now owned by Professor Robert Ellis Thompson, D.D., who kindly loaned it to me.

First comes Lubin's preface, three pages; then the "Golden Booklet," 12 pages, headed "Bernardi Morla- | nensis | de vanitate | mundi, et appetitu | Aeternae Vitae, Li- | bellus aureolus. |" Finally comes the poem *De contemptu mundi*, of which Book I covers 37½ pages, Book II, 33½ pages, and Book III, 31½ pages. The prose preface and dedication of Bernard are not reprinted. The prefatory matter from Lubin is in English as follows:

To the reverend, kind and learned gentleman, Master Matthew Matthias, pastor of the Church of God and minister of the Word of God in Schwensdorff on the island of Alsen, my master and brother in the worship of Christ, Greeting!

Lest you should happen to think that forgetfulness had come over my mind of that old time friendship and intimacy which resting on merit and virtue had once united us together in my home, behold, reverend and kind Sir, a little book of Bernard of Morlas's which I have dedicated to you in these latter days. "Who," you will say, "is this Bernard of Morlas?" Why, one of whom, if we are to judge the whole man like a lion from his claw, we must wonder and grieve that this poem of his so long has lain hidden, and not been dug out before from the darkness of the barbarism of an earlier age, so as to have already looked upon a clearer light with the foul stain wiped away from its face and eyes. For whether he treats of the happiness of the future life or of the vanity of this present life, he does both with such authoritative dignity, such sharpness, and freedom, that the reader may fairly doubt whether there was in him greater zeal or knowledge, greater piety or learning, greater native power or acquired skill. And it is especially worthy of note that this holy man rages against the vices of his time as if five hundred years ago vice had reached a height than which no higher was possible, and had left nothing further for future ages to add to it. If God had reserved his life till our present age he would surely have judged those earlier ages golden compared with this of ours, to sketch the enormities of which even in outline, the measures and colors of scarcely one of the satirists would suffice, and those most atrocious and absolutely horrible things that he writes of the Pope, the Curia and the Clergy of Rome (who otherwise will have it that they are the only holy ones in the world and to be alone considered the Church of God), of simony, sodomy and other abominations and impurities that stalked unabashed in Rome! But verily what are we to think would have been his feelings if he had known this last output of the regions of death in our days, this last plague let loose upon a crumbling world, these locusts, these cancers of the human race—the Jesuits? Tho in themselves by far the most execrable and pestilential of all men, they are yet more pestilential in that they affix a sacred name to themselves, and falsely claim a sacred alliance, that of Jesus, to wit, with whom they have as much in common as darkness has with light or Belial with Christ. What can be said or

imagined more atrocious than the machinations those basilisks and wild beasts have wrought in our day in Germany, France, Belgium, Hungary, England, Poland, Russia and where not? So has the whole world come to know that not an atrocious deed, not a monstrous crime is perpetrated under the sun that some Jesuit has not put his finger in it, nay, plunged his arm into it up to the elbow. And all the world knows equally well, and has learned by experience, that no peace or safety can be hoped for in those places where the Jesuits are tolerated, and that no Christian or Evangelical king or prince's throat or breast is protected from the deadly blow of a dagger, where a Jesuit in disguise can work his way with knife or weapon. If God would only raise up some Bernard of Morlas to rub the salt of satire into this deadly ulcer of the age thoroughly and wash it out with biting vinegar, and like some Hercules beat and subdue with the club of his Christian satire this son of perdition, this Antichrist, this seven-headed dragon, with the rest of the monsters of the Roman Curia! Well, this present book of the pious monk, even if some other is really due to the manners of this age, with what burning zeal of indignation it bewails the impiety of this world! This Bernard lived in the year of Christ 1130 or thereabouts. He wrote a dialogue between Gabriel and Mary; also these books which I am now editing and have emended in many places, and which not only for the artistic and painstaking elegance and Latinity of the poem (which last was beginning to go to pieces just at that time) but also for its Christian and pious sentiments drawn from the treasury of the word of God, are worthy of the constant reading and meditation of all scholars, and specially of all truly Christian scholars. And tho there are here and there in them perhaps things that savor overmuch of the leaven of that age, yet these should be set down merely to the age or softened by appropriate explanation. Do you, reverend Sir, accept in good part this little work as a truthful token and proof of my love, respect, gratitude and regard for yourself, and cease not, with that most excellent man, Monrad, the *praepositus* [superintendent¹] of your churches, your connection and my friend and brother, bound and united to me by the adamantine bonds of everlasting love in Christ Jesus, to bestow upon me your favor and affection.

With best wishes,

Your Reverence's most devoted

Master Eilhard Lubin.

Rostock, the day after St. Michael's [i. e., Sunday, September 30], 1610.

4. The fourth edition of the poem was brought out in 1626 by Petrus Lucius (Pietro Lucio), printer to the University of Rinteln,

¹ The reader at the University of Chicago Press, whose excellent work appears on every page of this book, has kindly written for me this note: In Denmark, to which the island of Alsøn belonged until 1864, each diocese is divided into *Provstier*, usually consisting of about half a dozen parishes, at the head of each of which, with power of superintendence in certain ecclesiastical matters, is one of the parish pastors of the district, called in that capacity *Provst* (from OF *provost*, MF *prévôt*), Latin *praepositus*.

thirty miles southwest of Hanover, which existed from 1621 to 1819.¹ There is no copy of this edition in the British Museum, the National Library in Paris, or the Royal Library in Berlin, but copies are found in the Bodleian Library in Oxford and the Ducal Library at Wolfenbüttel, near Brunswick. The title-page reads thus:

Bernardi | Morlanelis, | Monachi ordinis Cluniacensis, | Ad Petrum Cluniacensem Abbatem, | Qui claruit anno 1140, | De Contemptu Mundi | Libri Tres, | Carmine Rhythmico Da- | ctylico ante annos fermè quingentos artificiosè & accuratè admodum compositi: anno vero 1597 | ex veteribus membranis descripti | & editi: | Nunc denuò, amicis & multis doctissimis | viris desiderantibus, excusi. | [Woodcut] Rintelii ad Visurgim, | Typis & impensis Petri Lucii, Typog. Acad. | M.DC.XXVI. |

(In English: "Three books on Scorn of the World by Bernard of Morlas, a monk of the order of Cluny, dedicated to Peter, abbot of Cluny, who flourished in 1140, composed with great artistic skill and painstaking in rhymed dactyls almost five hundred years ago; but not till 1597 copied and edited from ancient manuscripts; now again printed at the request of friends and many most learned men. Set up and printed at Rinteln on the Weser by Peter Lucius, printer to the Academy, 1626.")

The page measures 7 inches in length by 4½ inches in width; type-page: length 5¾ inches, width 3¾ inches. The poem is printed throughout in italic type. On the back of the title-page comes the Dedication, which reads thus in English:

To the magnificent, most noble, energetic, most distinguished, most wise, most excellent gentlemen, Lord Dieterich von Brinck, formerly deputy to the most high and illustrious Prince and Lord, Lord Ernst, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire and Count of Holstein-Schaumburg, of blessed memory, but now most weighty Counselor to the most illustrious and high-born Count and Lord, Lord Justus Hermann, Count of Holstein, Schaumburg, and Sternberg, Lord Governor in Gehmen and Bergen, as well as Hereditary Proprietor in Bückeburgk, Brandenburg and Ripen, etc., Lord Leonhardt von der Borgh, doctor of both laws, also Privy Councilor and Chamberlain to His Highness; and Master Ernst Nicenius, M.D., physician-in-chief to the court of Holstein-Schaumburg, and honorable Senior and pro tempore [?] Dean of the faculty of medicine in the famous Ernestina [i. e., in the University of Rinteln], my worshipful supporters,

¹ This academy or university was started in 1610 as a gymnasium in Stadthagen, twenty-four miles west of Hanover, supported by the confiscated revenues of the Cistercian monastery of Rinteln, and was transferred to Rinteln in 1621 by Prince Ernst of Holstein. See Paulsen, *Geschichte des gelehrtten Unterrichts*, 2d ed. (Leipzig, 1896), I, 299.

patrons and helpers, I, Petrus Lucius, printer to the University of Rinteln, dedicate and respectfully present this little work in verse as a token of due gratitude and regard.

The first book of Bernard's poem begins on the page opposite to the dedication. The running headline is *De Contemptu Mundi*, and the number of the book appears opposite—"Primus," "Secundus," or "Tertius," as the case may be. The poem covers 106 numbered pages. Book I goes to l. 14 on p. 38; Book II, to l. 9 on p. 73, the rest of which page is blank, except for a device; Book III goes from p. 74 to l. 10 on p. 106.

5. The fifth edition of the poem was brought out by John and Henry Stern at Lüneburg, sixty-eight miles north-northeast of Hanover, in 1640. The title-page reads thus:

Bernhardi Morlanensis | De | Contemptu | Mundi | libri tres. | Jam exactè ante annos qvingentos | miro artificio concinnati, sic ut singuli ver- | sus & Dactylici sint & paronomasiā simul de- | lectabilem habeant, bini verò junctim in ryth- | mum desinant: Qibus in corruptos seculi sui | mores invehitur, atq; ad seriam penitentiam, vi- | taq; emendationem omnes simul strenuè | adhortatur. | Opus hisce quoq; temporibus apprimè utile | & necessarium. | [Ornamental design.] | Ecce minaciter, imminet arbiter ille supremus, | Imminet, imminet ut mala terminet, æqua coronet. | Lune- | burgi, | Typis Sterniis. | Anno M.DC.XL. |

(In English: "The three books of Bernard of Morlas on Scorn of the World. Carefully wrought out with wonderful workmanship five hundred years ago in such fashion that the individual lines are dactylic and show at the same time a delicious paronomasia, while each two verses rhyme together. The author inveighs against the corrupt manners of his age, and at the same time vigorously urges all to serious repentance and improvement of life. A work in these days also singularly profitable and necessary. Behold threateningly the Supreme Arbiter approaches,—approaches, approaches, that he may end the bad, and crown the just. Lüneburg, printed by the Sterns. 1640.")

The page measures $5\frac{1}{8}$ inches in length by 3 inches in width; type-page: length $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The prefatory part of the book is printed in roman, but the poem in fine italic type. The press-mark in the British Museum is 1213. d. 16. The back of the title-page is blank. Then comes the Dedication, covering six unnumbered pages, which in English reads as follows:

To the magnificent, most noble, and most wise man, Lord Goswin Merckelbach, Jurist, Count Palatine, Chancellor of the Interior and Privy Councilor of the

most reverend and illustrious Prince and Lord, Lord Frederic, Duke of Brunswick and Lüneburg, etc., our most highly respected patron, widely and brilliantly distinguished.

"When the prudent are forced to keep silent, then it is a hard and evil time," says Amos, chap. 5:13. [Vulgate. Revised Version: "Therefore he that is prudent shall keep silence in such a time; for it is an evil time."]

Among the old-time antidotes which exist in great numbers against the poisonous manners of certain people by whose example as one worthy of imitation the common herd and mankind in general are specially influenced and learn to do ill, we find those honeyed verses of Bernard of Morlas' which may also be called bitter as gall by those to whom the odor of life is ever deadly and a pungent bitterness. For if it be not forbidden to tell the truth in a jest, far wider scope in this respect will certainly be granted with propriety to these religious and admirable dactylic lines of the pious monk in which we understand that men of letters note a high standard of artistic workmanship, and say that a poem written with such a wealth of art and learning will not easily be found in any age. They freely admit that this Morlas' work is not Vergilian, because, while it is customary for Vergil, according to the judgment and language of Scaliger, to be always sublime, with all he says worthy of the lips of Apollo or Jove, the more recent poets in general make it a habit to indulge in innovations that both profit and delight more, and this, they will have it, must not only be accorded to the rich poetical vein of this writer Bernard, but must be set down to his praise, especially by those who in recent times have judged the *Enoplia* of Melissus and the freer variety of Scaliger, Laubanus, Eobanus, and Heinsius beautiful.¹ They will have it also an excellence in the poet of Morlas that, while a uniform series of feet in general begets satiety, the reader experiences in this poem the opposite

¹ Of those here named, Melissus and Laubanus failed to maintain the reputation their contemporaries so gladly accorded to them and have been forgotten, perhaps undeservedly. But Helius Eobanus, also called Hessus, Daniel Heinsius and especially Joseph Justus Scaliger, are famous names today. Eobanus was born at Halgehausen in Hesse, in 1488, was a humanist, wit, scholar, poet, Protestant. He shared in the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*, but, more to his credit, also in Bible translation. He was, for his rendering of the Psalms, called the Hessian David. He died in 1540 at Marburg. Daniel Heinsius, a pupil of Scaliger, was born in Ghent in 1580. He was also a poet, and an editor of poets; a man of classical learning and of teaching ability. He died in 1655 at Leiden. Eobanus represents the German, and Heinsius the Dutch Renaissance, but Scaliger the Renaissance itself. He was born on August 4, 1540, at Agen, 84 miles by rail east by south of Bordeaux, France, and the town knows him yet as one of her sons. His father was a classical scholar but the son greatly outshone him. Indeed he was everywhere in the learned world revered as a master. He had marvelous facility in the acquisition of languages, but knew how to take account of time, for it is said he was "the first to lay down a complete system of chronology formed upon fixed principles." He could not, however, secure the extension of his life to the scriptural limit, but passed away scant sixty-eight years old, dying at Leiden, where he had been professor of literature for sixteen years, on January 21, 1609.

sensation. These same connoisseurs find that, where most other verse in heroic metre marches with volume and pomp, this verse rushes on with force and swiftness like a stream running down a mountain, swollen by rains till it overflows its banks. A thing they consider awkward elsewhere they say is a great merit here, and praise the verse for suffering no interruption through a cæsura and transcending the ordinary laws in its smooth elegance, in which there is neither gap nor protuberance, and all the lines are harmoniously even. Nor does it displease or disturb them that it sometimes moves unrestrained by the bridle of quantities in a freedom belonging to itself and its age. It "follows a law of its own, obeying the voice of the Present." Here belongs the systole of the diphthong and of adverbs in *o*. Vergil shortened a diphthong even in "Syractisio" [Συρακοντιψ]. On Plautus we have the opinion of Scaliger that he had no hesitation in rousing the hearer's interest by laughter or by novelty in matter or words. For the rest, [Bernard] divided this work of his "On Scorn of the World" into three books, and does not go roaming in obscure paths aimlessly. In the first book he prefigures the standing of special inhabitants of the world before the Judge to come on the last day, to frighten some with the fear of punishment and invite others to the sweet longings for blessedness. In the second book he brings out upon the scene the sins of the world, and especially the wrongdoing of those that sway the affairs of men; and finally in the third book, making as it were a résumé and epitome of the rest, he inveighs against the misdeeds of the priestly order which sweep like the wind over the hills and plains of the manners of men, and gives a most graphic picture of them from the point of view of a faithful observer of the past, reporter of the present, and prophet of the future. He treats the individual points, not only as a poet and finished pleader, but as an expert in art, manners and incident, and as a master, judge, investigator, and possessor of piety. Whether he is to be called among his own contemporaries and the men of our time, by the one name, Scorer of the World, or rather by that of Painter and Witness of the Truth, he certainly won or is likely to win little influence with either. They think this worthy of remark that, though Bernard published this poem and dedicated it to his abbot Peter, he was not put down in the list of those writers who were so assiduously prohibited by the Office of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, and much less do they think in these days of ours that he would be troublesome to any body. Chyträus is surprised that no mention of the man of Morlas is made in the *Bibliotheca* of Sisto da Sienna [Frankfort, 1575], and we have not found him in [Conrad] Gesner's *Pandects* [Zurich, 1548-49].¹ You, magnificent Lord Chancellor and most highly respected patron, first put into our hands this fair poem of old, and, inasmuch as you had in your library a rather imperfect copy, advised us, if we desired to print the work, to try to find another copy; that is, if the one formerly published by Nathan Chyträus seemed to Your Magnificence better and more correct. We readily

¹ This is a joke. It was not to be expected that this poem of Bernard of Cluny's should be found in the *Bibliotheca*, and its absence proves nothing.

inferred that, as of other writers, so also a copy of this one would be found in the Wolfenbüttel library of His Serene Highness, Duke Augustus of Brunswick and Lüneburg, our most gracious lord. For in so full an assemblage of authors gathered together through so many years and at so great expense are sure to be all the company of the ancient writers and the more learned of those of recent times. Our Scowler of the World was found there in three editions, and our most gracious prince and lord at our humble request lent us, in addition to your copy of Lubin's edition, magnificent Lord Chancellor, two others, one of which was published by Nathan Chyträus in 1597 at Bremen, from which Lubin derived his, and published it in 1607, while the other was printed in 1626 by Peter Lucius, printer of the Academy of Rinteln, after the same copy of Chyträus. Chyträus says that Master Gerhard Baumann of Emmerich, a physician of Bremen, had the work in old manuscript and kindly allowed him the use of it, so that it was thereupon first brought back to the light out of darkness by him.

We now ascribe the work in smaller form to you, magnificent Lord Chancellor and most highly respected patron. The individual verses, as we have only just discovered, might, and indeed ought, to have been separated into rhymed divisions, then the whole thing compared and more carefully read over and punctuated, the printers also given better suggestions in some points, if we had thought of the matter sooner or had put off the work a little longer; but, hurried as it has been, it is still more correct in some ways than the other editions. We humbly beg you again and again, magnificent Lord Chancellor and most highly respected patron, to receive our work with that courtesy and kindness which you have ever shown us, who, though we do not really deserve it, yet strive to deserve it.

Lüneburg, St. Michael the Archangel's day, 1640.¹

Your servants

John and Henry Stern.

Then follows a long extract from the preface of Chyträus, already translated, covering three unnumbered pages, taking in the matter from "But as far as this dactylic" to the end of the preface, but omitting the "Apostrophe" of Chyträus. Then comes another unnumbered page, with this upon it, in English translation:

Oh that all men knew: Three things of the past: (1) the good undone; (2) the evil done; (3) the time lost. Three things of the present: (1) the shortness of life; (2) the difficulty of salvation; (3) the small number of those to be saved. Three things of the future: (1) the hour of death, than which nothing is more uncertain and more pitiable; (2) the resurrection to judgment, than which nothing is more terrible for the unconcerned; (3) the punishment of hell, than which nothing is more unbearable.

¹ Michaelmas, September 29, which that year fell on Tuesday.

JOACHIM CAMERARIUS

Most men take up the castigation and reprehension of faults to the establishing of faults in themselves. I have heard a man say that his only knowledge of a certain case was derived from the arguments of his opponents. In this way not a few make unto themselves a system of sin out of the precepts by which their souls might be equipped against sin.

Opposite, on the first numbered page, the poem begins, and the heading reads: "Eern. Morla- | nensis | Liber Primus | De Contemptu | Mundi. |" Book I runs to the lower part of p. 38. On the left-hand page throughout is the number of the book, on the right is the running headline *De Contemptu Mundi*. Book II begins at the lower part of p. 38, and runs to the middle of p. 73, where Book III begins and extends to middle of p. 106. The work closes with the word "Finis."

6. The sixth printing of the poem is in the reprint of the collection of Flacius in which it originally appeared. Where this reprint was made is not stated on the title-page, but the British Museum authorities decide for Frankfort-on-the-Main. The date is 1754. The printer who was also the editor is unnamed, probably unknown. The title-page reads thus:

Varia doctorum | piorvmqve virorvm | de | corrupto | ecclesiae statu | poëmata. |
 Ante nostram aetatem | conscripta, ex quibus multa | historiae quoque
 utiliter | ac summa cum voluptate | cognosci possunt cum | praefatione |
 Mathiae Flacii Illyrici | olim edita | nunc altera vice | ob insignem libelli
 raritatem | publicae luci exposita | Anno M.DCCLIV. |

(In English: "Various poems of learned and pious men on the corrupt state of the Church. They were written before our day and from them many points of history can be learned with profit and great pleasure. With an introduction by Matthew Flacius Illyricus. Now given to the light a second time on account of the extreme rarity of the earlier edition. A. D. 1754.")

The page measures 6½ inches in length by 4 inches in width; type-page: length 5 inches, width 3½ inches. The book is printed throughout in roman type, except the publisher's preface and the piece headed "Ex vetusto exemplari in pergameno scripto, e bibliotheca Praedicatorum Basiliensium" (pp. 365-70). The press-mark in the British Museum is 1213. k. 29. The publisher's "introduction" comes first and covers seven unnumbered pages. In English it reads thus:

To the kind reader, greeting. As by the ancients it was once said in proverbs, "To sell [good] wine it is not necessary to hang up a bush," so any just and fair-minded critic would declare with me also concerning this booklet, which you here see published in a second edition, that the man was perfectly right in his judgment who should decide that the same thing was true respecting it, certainly this introduction of mine has not the purpose of commending by any words of praise the production of Flacius to the really learned and those to whom it is given to determine the real value of the works of the most admirable writers. Throughout the whole extent of the lettered world the name of Illyricus is so well known, the fame of his writings and of his services to the Protestant church so widespread, that I think I may spare myself that most graceful of literary tasks.¹ Do not, therefore, kind reader, look for the fine phrases here of the herald of a work, nor for lengthy encomiums of the author. Let that be for the works of obscure names, destined to be left to worms and moths. Let the productions of the illustrious speak for themselves to all whose frame nature has fashioned of finer clay.

Such prefatory remarks as I have thought I ought to make have been made simply to explain the reasons for my undertaking. For whatever pertains to the fuller understanding of the author, or to the matter and arrangements of his work, has all been set forth enough and more, as they say, by others. The life of this most famous man has been narrated at sufficient length by Peter Bayle and Johann Balthasar Ritter, among others, the first in the *Historico-critical Dictionary* under the title "Illyricus;" the other in the special book on the life of

¹ "How truly this is heralded of Flacius, I will prove by the testimony alone of the most famous doctor of our church, Christoph August Heumann. He says in his *Conspectus Reipublicae literariae* [Hanover, 1718; 6th ed. 1753], cap. iv, 53, p. 159: '[Johann] Moller in his *Homonymoscopia* [Hamburg, 1697] p. 61, expresses the opinion that Flacius was easily the most learned of all the Lutheran theologians of earlier times.' And truly hardly any man has done more for theology, for understanding, as he himself declares in the dedication of his *Catalogus Testium veritatis* [see above], that the three works of all others most necessary to the Church were a commentary upon Holy Scripture, [and treatises upon] Sacred Philology and Ecclesiastical History, he applied himself to these great works, and completed not only a commentary upon the New Testament [i. e., a diglot containing the Greek New Testament with the Latin translation of Erasmus, with annotations, published at Basel, 1570] and his *Clavis Sanctae Scripturae* ["Key to Holy Scripture," Basel, 1597], but also that incomparable work in ecclesiastical history, *Ecclesiastica historia*, [Basel, 1562-74; 13 volumes; commonly known as the "Magdeburg Centuries," because he and his associates on this work were living in Magdeburg; it was as answer to it that Baronius prepared his history], to which his *Catalogus Testium Veritatis* [Basel, 1556] deserves to be added as a brilliant appendix. Looking upon these works, we are forced to admit that, if you except his one sin, in regard to the doctrine of original sin, Flacius did more for theology and sacred literature than any other man at all, and stands second to none of those who since Luther have served the church as writers." [This is the note of the unknown reprinter.]

Flacius Illyricus, written in the vernacular [“M. Matthiæ Flaci, Illyrici, ehemals berühmt und gelährten Theologi in Teutschland Leben und Tod: Aus theils bekannt—theils unbekannten Urkunden Schrifften und Briefen, anderer und seiner selbst zur Erläuterung der kirchen-Historie des XVI. Seculi, mit sonderbaren Fleisse beschrieben von Johann Balthasar Ritter, Evangelischen Predigern in Franckfurth am Mayn. Zweyte vermehrt-und verbesserte Aufflage. Franckfurth und Leipzig, Verlegs Joh. Conrad Maximilian Ziegler, MDCCXXV. (1st ed. 1723)’]. What is necessary to know about the contents of the book itself the author has stated in his preface. Therefore I have thought it superfluous to repeat this here.

I have thought that I ought to do otherwise as to the reasons for my undertaking. For since I have bidden this booklet to appear before the public, they certainly have a right to know the considerations which influenced me to undertake the task. These are of various kinds, some having to do with the editor only, some with the work itself.

And to set forth my own opinion in the first place, I will say that I have always had the idea that it would be better if in the vast quantity of writings which are put forth daily, and by which the lettered world is flooded as by a deluge, the older, more valuable, and rarer memorials of admirable writers who lived in earlier ages should exercise the presses of our printers and take the place of so many mediocre productions, not to use a harsher term, of mediocre minds, so many futile volumes from the pens of misguided men. Our age, of course, has also produced great men, to whom the Republic of Letters is indebted for absolutely noble works, but anyone who thinks that these constitute the greater part of our literary aspirants must, alas, be set down as very much mistaken. For the number is greater who set before us stuff rehashed a hundred times, or offer to their readers things in print that not unfrequently might better be buried in everlasting darkness. How much better, if they had not ability to publish new things, to restore to the stage those things of old that, though almost buried in oblivion, yet are full of the flavor of learning and manly teaching, and not to offer anything but the best to the votaries of letters! Since this is so, and since I had no stock of things on hand by which the increase of the best literature could be promoted, I preferred to examine the treasures that had appeared before our day, and to pick out from their abundance this booklet for reprinting rather than to give the public things which it was as thoroughly well off without as possible. Nor do I fear that my choice will be blamed, since the most distinguished men have judged it worthy to be put into the hands of scholars. For if the *Catalogus Testium Veritatis* [“Catalog of Witnesses to the Truth,” Basel, 1556] which the learned Flacius published was received with enthusiastic praise by the general body of Protestants, I am confident that these poems will meet with a no less cordial reception.

For whether you consider the contents of either work or the labor bestowed upon either, they are both upon about the same footing. The same subject is treated in both. You can see the testimony to the truth once put forth in the

midst of the papacy brought together in both, with the sole difference that in one work are shown chiefly the things that had been written in prose, in the other those which appeared in verse. For the specimens of the latter class that are found in the greater work of Flacius are nothing but fragmentary extracts and a sort of aftermath of the harvest, so that you can rightly and fairly call those poems a brilliant appendix to the much lauded work.

And the same labor has been bestowed upon both. For not, as in the case of the *Catalogus*, are the fancies of Flacius' brain set forth here, but the memorials of antiquity, by which was made manifest to the entire world what serious and thoughtful men felt about the Roman crowd many years before the reformation of the church, have been gathered together with indefatigable zeal and incredible labor from the hidden recesses of many a library. Why may we not, therefore, augur for this work also the same approval on the part of the good? For not the matter only that you will find treated here, and not the labor only that has been bestowed upon it, are such as can and ought to win for the booklet the favor of the good and learned, but also the marked value of the material as such is especially to be taken into account here. The men of our church know how wantonly our most holy teaching is accused by the pontifical party of being an innovation; how, even though thoroughly routed, they cease not to growl out to the point of nausea that worn-out jibe as to where our church was before Luther; how strangely they take satisfaction in this rubbish, and have often been in the habit of singing a pæan before victory, nay when already laid low, while on the other hand striving with all their might to vaunt the uninterrupted duration, the purity and truth of their own church, and to exalt it to the stars, as it were. But, although as they thus do nothing but prate about antiquity and forever accuse us of newness, they are just like those old delegates of the Gibeonites, according to the clever comparison introduced into his preface (p. m. 9) by the author of a book on the the *Superstitions and Ceremonies Brought into the Church*, those words we give below¹—although further weapons of this kind can be blunted by similar weapons and have actually been blunted, yet those have done a most useful work who, bidding the witnesses to the truth to come forth out of the very darkness of the papacy, and bringing forward their records, have proved that not at the time of the Reformation only were there men who opposed the corruption and

¹ "Finally I give a résumé of the history of the church, and I show who have been faithful witnesses to the truth for more than eight hundred years, in order to close the mouths of those who ask us: 'Where was your religion before Calvin?' These gentlemen, like the Gibeonites, clothed with the rags of their superstitious ceremonials and bad teachings, would persuade us that they come from afar; but we, who have taken counsel of God—we know whence they set out, and that they are anything rather than what they say they are. This is why, if we come to deal with them, it will be as the people of God did with those who were not in the Alliance. They will have to cut their nails and their hair; that is to say, they will have to remove what is superfluous and everything that disfigures the beauty and purity of religion." [Footnote of printer-author.]

depravity under which the Christian religion suffered at the hands of the Roman pontiffs, but that long before there existed men venerable for their authority and noble-mindedness who did not hesitate to make the same profession and to sound the same lament. For by these historical proofs and arguments, chiefly *ad hominem*, they have made it clearer than day that our side fights not by mere phantoms and sophistries, and that our assertions are proved by facts themselves, and they have at the same time given indisputable evidence that even in those earlier days, to use the words of the great Johann Gerhard, "God never lacked a church, nor the church truth, nor truth confessors." And since in their number besides the *Confessio Catholica* [Frankfort, 1670] of the said Gerhard, and the *Catalogus Testium Veritatis* of Flacius, these poems edited by the latter are with especial right to be reckoned, no one, I hope, will easily accuse me of having undertaken a useless labor.

But perhaps one ought not to proclaim the value of the little work as greater than its rarity. Certainly this had thus far been so great that you would not only often look for the book in vain in the best-equipped libraries of scholars, but that by a vast number of men of letters it had never been seen. That this was the case with [Johann Balthasar] Ritter, the diligent biographer of Illyricus cited above, is clear from the fact that, while he compiled a most accurate catalogue of the writings of Flacius, you find these poems noted to be sure, but without any indication of the year in which they were published.¹

Hence, as it had to be counted among very rare books, it could generally be bought only at a high price, and one which very few could afford, and, if ever to any booklet, certainly to this one applied particularly well the Latin saying *Quod rarum carum* ["what is rare comes high"].

Since this is so, I hoped to do a thing altogether acceptable to the learned of our church in having reprinted, and thus giving everybody the opportunity to buy, this most admirable and rare work of a most learned man of old, which because of its rarity could be had till then only at an exorbitant price. If I was right in this, and if the result fulfils my expectations, if I find kind patrons and ready buyers, perhaps I shall thereby be inspired to publish later for the advantage of the public others of the rarer memorials of learned men of this kind. Farewell, then, kind reader, and give my efforts your approval.

After this preface of the publisher comes the preface of Flacius, already quoted on pp. 24–26, taking up four unnumbered pages. On p. 226 begins Bernard's dedication to his abbot, Peter, and runs to p. 231; then comes the argument of the poem, covering half a page; next, on the lower half of p. 232 and running to p. 365, is the poem of Bernard's, without a break, and headed "Bernhardus Clun. De contemptu mundi, ad Petrum Abbatem suum." The volume has

¹ Probably because there is no date on the title-page, but only in the colophon.—S. M. J.

no table of contents, but at the end is a page of "obvious errata" in the publisher's preface, underneath which is the line: "Leviora ipsi benevolo Lectori corrigere placeat."

7. The seventh edition of the poem was brought out by Thomas Wright (1810-77), in London, in 1872, as part of the Rolls Series. The supposition that Bernard was of English descent was the justification for putting him among the Anglo-Latin satirists of the twelfth century. Thanks to this supposition, there is an accessible and well-printed edition of Bernard's poem. The title-page reads thus:

The | Anglo-Latin | satirical poets | and | epigrammatists | of | the twelfth century. | Now first collected and edited | by | Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A. F.S.A., etc., | Corresponding member of the National Institute of France, | (Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.) Vol. I. [II.] Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's | Treasury under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. | London: | Longmans & Co. and Trübner & Co., Paternoster Row; | also by Parker & Co., Oxford; , Macmillan & Co., Cambridge; | A. & C. Black, Edinburgh; | and A. Thom, Dublin. | 1872. | [2 vols.]

The page measures $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches in length by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length 5 inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Vol. I, pp. ix-xxx (introduction), 3-392 (poems); Vol. II, pp. 583. Bernard's matter covers pp. 3-102 of the second volume. The prose dedication of Bernard to Peter, his abbot, comes first (pp. 3-7). On the fifth line from below on p. 7 the poem begins. It is divided into three books. The headline on the left-hand page throughout is "Minor Anglo-Latin Satirists;" on the right-hand page it is "Bernardi de contemptu mundi." Book I is headed "Liber primus," and closes on p. 42, l. 10, with the words: "Explicit liber primus. Incipit secundus." "Liber secundus" begins on p. 43 and goes to l. 27 on p. 75, where the words come: "Explicit liber secundus. Incipit tertius." "Liber tertius" begins on p. 74 and goes to l. 32 on p. 102, where the words come: "De Contemptu Mundi liber tertius Bernardi Morlanensis feliciter explicit;" which is the way the British Museum MS Cleop. A viii. 2. b. ends.

Though the poem is in this edition for the first time attractively printed, and in many libraries, it is to be hoped that some scholar will re-edit it, as Mr. Wright has left much to be done. Mr. Sidney Lee's remark in the article on Thomas Wright in the *Dictionary of National*

Biography (Vol. LXIII, p. 133), that errors abounded in Mr. Wright's editorial work, is borne out by this slovenly piece of work. As an instance let anyone endeavor to find out what the letters printed at the bottom of Mr. Wright's pages stand for, and he will look in vain for any explanation of them. From the nature of the case they refer to manuscripts ostensibly used by Mr. Wright in the formation of his text. The letters he employs to designate these manuscripts are A, B, C, P. Mr. Wright in his preface in his first volume uses other designations for manuscripts, whence he professed to have constructed his texts, but in so confused a way that I can make nothing out of them. Mr. Scott, *loc. cit.*, has ventured to guess what the letters mean; viz., A means the Cottonian MS—the first one I have described; B probably the Bodleian MS; P the Lüneburg edition; C he does not identify.

It will be noticed that Mr. Wright does not reprint the "Golden Booklet" attributed to Bernard in one of the manuscripts which he must have had before him, although it was so famous, perhaps because he believed it the work of Bernard of Clairvaux, does not mention any previous edition of the poem *De contemptu mundi*, and does not annotate his reprint in any manner.

III. REPRINTS, IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER, OF LINES FROM BERNARD'S POEM EITHER IN THE ORIGINAL LATIN, WITH OR WITHOUT A TRANSLATION INTO A MODERN LANGUAGE, OR MERELY IN TRANSLATION

1. Catalogus testi- | vm veritatis, qvi | ante nostram s̄tatem recla- | marunt Papae. | Opus uaria rerum, hoc pr̄esertim tempore | scitu dignissimarum, cognitione resertum, | ac lectu cum primis utile atq; | necessarium. | Cum Praefatione MATHIÆ FLA- | CII Illyrici, qua Operis huius & | ratio & usus exponitur. | 3. Reg. 19. Rom. 11 | Reliqua mihi ipsi feci septem millia uirorum, qui | non incuruarunt genu imagi- | ni Baal. | BASILEAE, PER IOAN- | nem Oporinum. |

(In English: "Catalogue of witnesses to the Truth who before our day cried out against the pope. A work full of various matters well worth knowing, especially at this time, and particularly profitable and necessary to read; with a preface by Matthias Flacius Illyricus in which the scheme and purpose of the work are set forth [I Kings, chap. 19 (18); Rom. 11:4]. 'I have left me seven thousand men, who have not bowed their knees unto Baal.' Basel, Hans Oporinus.")

The page measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length 5 inches, width $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. 1095, numbered, and 30, prefatory, unnumbered. British Museum press-mark, 847. g. 7. The copy which I first used was kindly lent to me by its owner, Rev. Robert Ellis Thompson, D.D., who edited Mr. Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, mentioned farther on in this bibliography. In the British Museum, with press-marks 408. e. 3, 4886. f., 119. b. 2, and 1371. g. 21 (1), are later editions—1608, and 1666–67, 1672. The lower part of the title-page of the British Museum copy of the first edition has been cut off so I cannot say whether it had a date or not, but the colophon reads: "BASILAE, PER MICHA- | elem Martinum Stellam, Anno Christi | M.D.LVI, Mense Martio. |"

In this chunky volume, printed very closely, in italic type throughout, the great Lutheran scholar has presented a very miscellaneous collection of criticisms upon the Church of Rome, all emanating from devout sons of the church, with a view of showing that Luther and his followers were not a whit more damaging in their remarks than those who never dreamed of leaving the mother-church. Flacius was a bitter partisan, and here lets himself loose; but the way to meet such an attack is to do as Janssen does, and quote all the commendations you can get, not to abuse the author of the attack. Among the writers quoted in this volume is Bernard of Cluny. Beginning on the tenth line from below on p. 658, and running over to the fifth line on p. 659, Flacius puts a prefatory note. He then quotes the lines from Bernard of Cluny which come in the third book; in Wright's edition in the Rolls Series they begin on p. 92, l. 4 from below, and go to the last line on p. 93, omitting, curiously enough, l. 9 from below: "Transita vocula, longaque fabula, persecutor te." Then comes a break, as Flacius indicates, and he begins his quotation again with the first line on p. 96, and goes to l. 18 on p. 97, which in Wright's edition ends with a semicolon. Flacius in this line reads *Clauda*, as 10 lines above, whereas Wright reads *Cauda*.

In his prefatory note Flacius describes the nature of Bernard's poem, and ends by saying: "But I will copy a few things therefrom, for I propose some time, God willing, to publish the whole thing at once." This promise he redeemed the next year. Nathan Chyträus quotes in his preface this promise of Flacius, but says that it had not

been kept! Chyträus wrote in 1597, and Flacius, the most famous Lutheran scholar of his day, published his complete text in 1557, and yet Chyträus never had heard of his doing so! Well, the ignorance of learned men is oftentimes as remarkable as their knowledge.

2. *Tractatvs | de Antichristo, | recens editus, | in quo Antchristiani regni locus, tēpus, forma, mi- | nistri, fulcimenta, progressio, & tandem exitium, | & interitus ex Dei verbo demōstratur, vbi etiam | aliquot difficiles antēa & obscuri tum Danielis, | tum Apocalypseos loci perspicuē iam explicātur. | Addidimus in calce operis quādam vetustissimorum E- | piscorum, Monachorum, & aliorum scripta iam pri- | dem aduersus Antchristi Romani tyran- | nidem edita. | Per Lamber. Danævm. | Accessit etiam operi triplex index. | [Device: anchor] | Genevæ, | apvd Eustathivm Vignon | Anno M.D. LXXVI. |*

(In English: "Tractate on Antichrist, new edition, in which the location, time, shape, ministrants, ways, progress, and finally the downfall and destruction of the kingdom of Antichrist are demonstrated from the word of God, and also several previously difficult and obscure passages both of Daniel and of the Apocalypse are clearly explained. We have added at the end of the work certain writings of very ancient bishops, monks, and others, published in bygone times against the tyranny of the Roman Antichrist. By Lambert Daneau. There is also appended to the work a threefold index. Geneva, Eustace Vignon printer, A. D. 1581.")

The page measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. 206. British Museum press-mark, 3186. aa. 3. On the back of the title is a note to the reader. Then comes the index, 3 pages; then "Epistle," dedicatory to John Casimir, Duke of Bavaria, 11 pages (all these pages are unfolioed, then 192 pp. folioed); and then come the lines given by Flacius, thus prefaced:

Bernardvs Cluniacensis monachus floruit ante annos 400. Is ad Petrum Abbatem Cluniensem scripsit tres Satyras, in quarum duabus posterioribus, & Clericum & Romani Episcopi tyrannidem verissimè insectatur. Aliquot autem ex iis versibus transcripsimus, quales in libro, qui Catalogus testium veritatis inscribitur, extant: quos (non tam propter styli & versuum elegantiam, quam rei ipsius veritatem, & Ecclesiæ illius seculi de Romano Antichristo iudicium) describendos curauimus.

(In English: "Bernard, a monk of Cluny, flourished four hundred years ago. He wrote and dedicated to Peter, abbot of Cluny, three satires, in the last two of which he arraigns with the greatest truthfulness the tyranny of the clerics and of the bishop of Rome. Several of these lines we have transcribed as they appear

in the book entitled 'Catalogue of witnesses to the Truth.' We have had these copied not so much for their elegance of style and versification as for the truthfulness of their contents and the light they throw upon the feelings of the Church of that age in regard to the Roman Antichrist.")

But Daneau had no independent source, and omits here and there a line.

3. Neue | theologische Annalen | und | theologische Nachrichten. | Herausgegeben | von | Dr. Ludwig Wachler. | December 1820. | Frankfurt am Main, | Verlag der Hermannschen Buchhandlung. |

The page measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Pp. (in the volume for the year) 1032. British Museum press-mark, P.P. 103 m.

On pp. 996–1004 of the year is a review by Wachler of *Alte christliche Lieder und Kirchengesänge deutsch und lateinisch nebst einem Anhange*, durch [August] Adolph Ludwig Follen. Elberfeld, 1819, b[ey Heinrich] Büschler 138 S.8. (British Museum press-mark, 1221. b.) On p. 1001 Wachler says:

Two other songs which we should much like to have read as translated into German by Mr. Follen we here quote, as we have them in manuscript, but we cannot indicate any printed source. The first is attributed to St. Bernard of Cluny, and joins rhyme and archaic meters in a highly remarkable fashion.

He then proceeds to print the first eight lines of Bernard's poem! As six editions of the complete poem had already appeared in Germany, it is remarkable that Wachler, the editor of a literary journal in theology, should have supposed that he was putting something entirely new before his readers, and further that, as far as appears, his readers supposed the same. As we shall see, his eight lines become in the notice of Neale an edition of the entire poem, and from Neale this statement has been carefully copied by those who have depended on Neale for their (erroneous) information. Wachler also started the fashion of calling in print Bernard of Cluny a Saint, with a capital *S*. To be sure, this is done in one of the manuscripts (see p. 15), but seems to be quite without ecclesiastical authority. This error has also been carefully reproduced.

4. Kirchen- | und | litterarhistorische | Studien und Mittheilungen | von | Gottlieb Christfian Friedrich Mohnike, | der Theologie und Philosophie Doctor, Consistorial- und Schul- | Rathe in der Königl. Regierung zu

Stralsund, Pastor zu St. | Jacobi und Mitgliede des Stadtconsistorii daselbst. | Des ersten Bandes erstes [auch zweites] Heft. | Mit einer Musikbeilage. | Stralsund, | in der Carl Löfflerschen Buchhandlung, | 1824. [2d Heft 1825.]

The page measures $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches. Pp. viii + 236; 2d Heft viii + 480. British Museum press-mark, 4661. bb. 29.

Only the first volume appeared, but it is in two parts, as indicated above. On p. 103 of Part I, Mohnike prints the eight lines from Wachler's *Annalen*, giving proper credit, but attributes them to Bernard of Clairvaux, thus correcting, as he supposed, Wachler, who had properly attributed them to Bernard of Cluny. Mohnike also ventures the acute remark: "It almost appears to me that these lines are only a fragment of a longer poem;" which they most assuredly are, and one might justly suppose that a student of church history, and especially of hymnology, had heard of one of the six editions of the complete poem which had appeared in his own country before the nineteenth century. The lines are quoted in his study of old hymns on the last judgment and eternity (pp. 100-111). Before giving the eight lines, he puts on pp. 101 and 102 some remarks on their meter. He shows that Peter the Venerable employed a meter which differed from that of our Bernard only in having one more syllable in the last foot. In proof he quotes two lines of Peter the Venerable which he took from August Jakob Rambach's *Anthologie christlicher Gesänge aus alten Jahrhunderten der Kirche: Nach der Zeitfolge geordnet und mit geschichtlichen Bemerkungen begleitet* (Altona und Leipzig, 1817; I, 283). Rambach gives 26 lines from Peter the Venerable. Happily for Mohnike, his knowledge as to the origin of the lines of our Bernard expanded, so that on p. 457, misprinted 357, he is able to give more exact information respecting them. He there confesses his error as to their authorship and assigns it correctly. He gives Flacius the credit of being the first publisher of the poem, and mentions (p. 458) the independent editions of N. Chyträus and E. Lubin; also the reprints of Lubin at Rinteln and Lüneburg. He says that he had the Flacius and Lubin in his library. He rebukes Wachler for calling Bernard of Cluny a "Saint," refers to the varied spelling of Bernard's patronymic, to his alleged English extraction, which he accepted, as he did the equally dubious attribution to Bernard of a

work on the usages of Cluny. He refers his readers for further information or confirmation to

Casimiri Ovdini | commentarivs | de | Scriptoribvs | ecclesiæ antiqvis | illorvmque scriptis tam impressis | qvam manvscripbris adhvc extantibvs | in celebrioribvs Evropæ Bibliotheccis a Bellarmino, | Possivino, Philippo Labbeo, Gvilielmo Caveo, Lvdovico Ellia | Dv Pin, et aliis omissis, ad annvm MCCCCLX. vel ad | artem typographicam inventam | cvm | mvlts dissertationibvs, | in qvibvs | insigniorvm ecclesiæ avtorvm | opvscvla atqve alia argvmenta | notabiliore accvrate et prolixe | examinatvr, | tribvs volvmnibvs | cvm indicibvs necessariis. | Lipsiæ, | svmpitibvs Mavr. Georg.- Weidmanni, | sac. reg. Pol. Majest. et Elect. Saxon. | Bibliopolæ, MDCCXXII. |

a volume whose type-page measures $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 6 inches in width. In the second of the three volumes, in cols. 1275 and 1276, we find a sort of sketch of Bernard of Cluny which is fairly accurate, but it attributes the first edition of his poem to Chytræus. It mentions the other editions which followed Chytræus; but neither the original nor the reprint of Flacius. Another reference of Mohnike is J. A. Fabricius, *Bibliotheca Latina*, I, 622, 631-35. Unfortunately he does not specify the edition he used. In the London edition of 1703, I, 229, this reference to Fabricius is a little more explicit: "Bernardi Morlanensis Liber tres de contemptu mundi, carmine rhythmico dactylico ad Petrum Cluniacensem Abbatem, a Nathane Chytræo editor."

5. Hymnologische Forschungen | von | D. Gottlieb [Christian Friedrich] Mohnike, | Königlich Preussischem Consistorial- und Schulrath, Pastor zu S. Jacobi | in Stralsund, Ritter des rothen Adlersordens, geistlichem Mitgliede | des Nordsternordens und Mitgliede mehrerer gelehrten Gesellschaften. | Erster Theil. | Stralsund, | Druck und Verlag von J. Strucks Wittwe. | 1831. | — Zweiter Theil | 1832.

The page measures $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length 6 inches, width $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Pp. cxl + 267. British Museum press-mark, 692. b. 26 (1, 2).

Trench, on p. 285 of the first, on p. 304 of the second, and on p. 310 of the third edition of his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, quotes this book as stating in Vol. I, p. 458, that there were four editions of Bernard's poem extant; but Trench had not verified his reference, for it should have been to the work of Mohnike just mentioned. There is nothing

in these *Forschungen* on Bernard of Cluny, but in Part II, pp. 173, 174, is a reprint of Jacopone da Todi's *De contemptu mundi*.

He gives also six translations into German, pp. 174-81.

6. Thesaurus | hymnologicus | sive | hymnorum canticorum se- | quentiarum circa annum MD | usitatarum collectio | amplissima. | Carmina collegit, apparatu critico | ornavit, veterum interpretum notas | selectas suasque adiecit. | Herm. Adalberti Daniel | Ph. Dr. | Tomus Primus | Hymnos continens | Halis sumptibus Eduardi Anton | MDCCCXLII. | [Pp. xxiv. 361] | Tomus Secundus | Sequentiae. Cantica. Antiphonae. | Lipsiae | sumptibus Io. Ambr. Barthii | MDCCCXLIV. | [Pp. xvi. 403.] | Tomus Tertius | I. Delectus carminum ecclesiae Graecae curante | Reinholdo Vornbaum. | II. Carmina Syriacae ecclesiae curante Ludovico | Splieth. Ph. Dr. | III. Paralipomena ad tomum primum et secundum | Lipsiae | sumptibus Io. Ambr. Barthii | MDCCCXLVI. [Pp. viii. 295.] Tomus Quartus, | Supplementa ad tomum primum continens. | Lipsiae | sumptibus J. T. Loeschke | Oxonii | Parisii | Romae | MDCCCLV. | J. H. Parker | Frid. Klincksieck. | Jos. Spithoever. | [Pp. xvi. 371.] | Tomus Quintus, | supplementa ad Sequentiarum volumen et indices | locupletissimos continens. | Praefixa est Ionnis M. Nealii epistola de Lipsiae | Oxonii | Parisii | Romae | Sequentiis. | J. H. Parker | Frid. Klincksieck. | Jos. Spithoever. | MDCCCLVI. | Sumptibus J. T. Loeschke.

(In English: "Hymnological treasury, or very comprehensive collection of hymns, canticles, and sequences in use about the year 1500. Collected and furnished with critical apparatus by Hermann Adalbert Daniel, Ph.D., who has added notes selected from early interpreters and notes of his own. Vol. I, containing the hymns, published at Halle by Edward Anton in 1841. Vol. II, Sequences, canticles, antiphons, at Leipzig by Johann Ambrose Barth in 1844. Vol. III, (1) Selection of hymns of the Greek Church, prepared by Reinhold Vornbaum; (2) Hymns of the Syrian Church, prepared by Ludwig Splieth, Ph.D.; (3) Additions to Vols. I and II. Published at Leipzig by Johann Ambrose Barth, in 1846. Vol. IV, Supplement to Vol. I. Published at Leipzig by J. F. Loeschke in 1855. Vol. V, Supplement to the volume on Sequences and a complete index. Prefixed is a letter from John M. Neale upon Sequences. Published at Leipzig by J. F. Loeschke in 1856; Oxford, J. H. Parker; Paris, F. Klincksieck; Rome, Joseph Spithoever.")

The page measures $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. British Museum press-mark, 2010. d. [i. e. on the open shelves].

On p. 380 of the second volume Daniel prints as no. lxxiv of his Appendix, under the caption "De Novissimis," the first eight lines of

Bernard's poem, but with no indication of their source or authorship; in fact, they appear among the anonymous lines! On p. vii of the volume he says that the Appendix contains

both a chaplet of songs springing from the Middle Ages, so-called,—whether they attained a sacred use is not known—and a selection of the hymns that sprang up in the Roman Church after the Reformation. For I have judged that I ought to see to it that the reader should not miss examples of this kind of verses in my "Treasury." If I have not thought it necessary to provide these warblings of a later date with a commentary, I have no fear of incurring blame, especially since in almost all cases it is unknown who their authors were.

Daniel holds high rank as a hymnologist, but he was not much of a student of Bernard of Cluny, for he was ignorant that the eight lines he printed were the opening ones of a poem 3,000 lines long, which had been already printed in Germany six times! He supposed that they were of unknown authorship! But someone pointed out his blunder and so in Tomus IV, pp. 292, 293, he adds a Latin note to the effect that Flacius, Chytræus, and Lubin had already printed the entire poem of which his eight lines were the beginning. He also quotes in condensed form what accompanies Mohnike's reprint of the eight lines (*Kirchen und literarhistorische Studien*, I, 103), but did not know that Mohnike on p. 457 corrected his mistake, as noted above. Daniel then refers to [C. J.] Simrock's *Lauda Sion*, p. 293, and for the meter of the poem to [C. T.] Schuch. See *De poesis latinae rhythmis et rimis praecipue monachorum libellus conscriptus* per Christ. Theophil. Schuch, magistrum trilinguam ad fontes Danubinos. Ρυθμὸς μέτρου πατήρ καὶ καυών. Hephæstio, Donaueschingae, MDCCCLI. Impremis Lud. Schmidt. Daniel does not give the page on which Bernard's meter is discussed, but it is p. 73.

7. Lateinische | Hymnen und Gesänge | aus dem Mittelalter, | deutsch, | unter Beibehaltung der Versmasse. | Mit beigecktem lateinischem Urtexte. | Von Dr. G[ustav] A[dolph] Königsfeld. | Nebst | Einleitung und Anmerkungen; unter Beifügung brieflicher | Bemerkungen und Uebersetzungen. | von A[gust] W[ilhelm] von Schlegel. | Bonn, | bei Eduard Weber. | 1847. | Neue Sammlung. . . . 1865.

The page measures 7 inches in length by 4½ inches in width; type-page: length 5 inches, width 3 inches. Pp. xlvi + 275. British Museum press-mark, 3434. e. 13.

Rev. John Julian in his *Dictionary of Hymnology* (first and second eds., p. 533, col. 2, l. 21) refers to p. 262 of the second volume of this work as presenting an extract of Bernard of Cluny's poem *De contemptu mundi*. Unfortunately there is no copy of this second volume in the British Museum and I could not verify the reference.

8. Sacred Latin poetry, | chiefly lyrical, | selected and arranged for use; | with | notes and introduction: | by | Richard Chenevix Trench, M. A. | Vicar of Itchenstoke, Hants, and | late Hulsean lecturer. | London: | John W. Parker, West Strand, | M.DCCC.XLIX. |

The page measures 6½ inches in length by 4½ inches in width; type-page: length 5½ inches, width 3 inches. Pp. xix + 316. British Museum press-mark, 11405. b. 36.

Sacred Latin poetry, | chiefly lyrical, | selected and arranged for use; | with notes and introduction: | by | Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D. | archbishop of Dublin | and chancellor of the order of St. Patrick. | Second edition, corrected and improved. | London and Cambridge: | Macmillan and Co. | 1864. |

The page measures 6½ inches in length by 4 inches in width; type-page: length 5½ inches, width 3 inches. Pp. xxiii + 333. British Museum press-mark, 11405. aaa. 41.

Sacred Latin poetry, | chiefly lyrical, | selected and arranged for use. | With notes and introduction. | By | Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D. | archbishop of Dublin, | chancellor of the order of St. Patrick. | Third edition, revised and improved. | London: | Macmillan and Co. | 1874. | All rights reserved. |

The page measures 6½ inches in length by 4½ inches in width; type-page: length 5½ inches, width 3½ inches. Pp. xxiii + 342. The British Museum has no copy but Columbia University has.

"Bernard of Clugny" is represented on pp. 285–90 of the first, on pp. 304–10 of the second, and on pp. 310–16 of the third edition. The prefatory note is the same in each edition, and is a single sentence which reads thus: "Bernard, a monk of Clugny, born at Morlaix, in Brittany, but of English parents, flourished in the twelfth century, the cotemporary¹ and fellow-countryman of his own more illustrious namesake of Clairvaux." Trench's selection is numbered LXXIII, and headed: "Laus patriæ cœlestis."² He gives 96 lines, taken from the first of the three books of Bernard's poem *De contemptu mundi*, but

¹ In 3d ed. "contemporary."

² In 3d ed. LXXIV—"cœlestis."

the lines are not consecutive. It is in fact a cento, although the reader is not warned of the fact, except inferentially. It would be interesting to know to whom Trench was indebted for his matter, as in a private letter to Rev. Howard Osgood, D.D., LL.D., now emeritus professor of Hebrew in the Baptist Theological Seminary of Rochester, N. Y., he confessed that when he printed the lines he had not seen a complete text of the poem. In his first edition on p. 285, in his second on p. 304, and in his third on p. 310, he quotes in a footnote "Flacius Illyricus, *Poëmm. de Corrupto Ecclesiae Statu*, p. 247," which, though an allowable, is scarcely a scholarly, way of referring to it, and seems to me to show that he had never seen the book either. Trench also states in this note that Bernard dedicated the poem "to Peter the Venerable, General of the Order to which he belonged." It is true that on the title-pages of some of the editions of the poem given on previous pages mention is made of the "Order" of Cluny, but Trench professed to be a student of mediaeval church history, indeed delivered lectures on the subject to young ladies, and must have known that Cluny was a Benedictine monastery which headed not an order but a congregation of which it was the mother-house, and that Peter was an abbot and not a general. Farther on in this interesting note Trench gives information as to Flacius' *Catalogus testium veritatis*; and states that he "could add a fifth to the four editions of Bernard's poems mentioned by Mohnike in his *Hymnol. Forschungen*, Vol. I, p. 458," but unfortunately does not do so, nor verify his reference; for if he had tried to do so, he would have discovered that it should have been to Mohnike's *Kirchen und litterarhistorische Studien und Mittheilungen*, Vol. I, p. 357 [a misprint for 457] and not to the *Forschungen*, at all (probably Trench had taken the reference at second hand). He makes some remarks on the meter which he did not fancy, although he granted that familiarity with it lessened one's dislike of its "awkwardness and repulsiveness"—a remark which should have been repeated to Hauréau (see above), and criticizes the want of progress in the poem, which in his "quotation" he had "mitigated by some prudent omissions." In the third edition he concludes this note by calling attention to the other poems which are in the same meter; printed in *Edéstand du Méril's Poésies populaires Latines [antérieures au douzième siècle]*. Paris, Brockhaus et Avenarius, 60, rue Richelieu; Fechner, Place

du Louvre, 1843], "pp. 127, 1327, 1353." But p. 127 comes right in the middle of Du Méril's reprint of Augustine's "Hymn against the Donatists," and the other references are equally wild as there are only 434 pages in the volume; nor can the numbers refer to numbered pieces, for there are none. So Trench again did not verify his quotations, and employed poor help. On p. 287 of the first, p. 306 of the second, and p. 312 of the third edition, Trench puts a long note on his twenty-fifth line, "Tunc Jacob Israel, etc.," which is mostly quotations from Augustine and from Hugh of St. Victor, but so imperfectly located that they are not easily found. On p. 289 of his first, 307 of the second, and 314 of the third edition, Trench calls attention to Neale's use of his cento, but betrays his unfamiliarity with the original poem by stating that Neale had translated "a large portion of the poem," whereas he had translated only a small part. In the third edition he praises G. Moultrie's rendering. On p. 289 of his first, 308 of his second, and 315 of his third edition, Trench gives a note on his lines 59-72, contrasting them to their advantage with the similar cry for the heavenly land put up by "Casimir, the great Latin poet of Poland," some of whose ode, *Ad coelestem adspirat patriam* (on pp. 37, 38 in the edition of his *Carmine*, Argentoratus Anno XI, 1803), he quotes; Neale translates it in his *Mediaeval Hymns*, 2d and 3d eds., p. 90. In the catalogue of the printed books in the British Museum Casimir appears as Maciej Kazimierz Sarbiewski, and his Latin poems were published as recently as 1892 at "Staroviesiae," wherever that may be. Trench, who showed thereby his familiarity with practically little known persons, adds: "The Spanish scholar will remember and compare the noble ode of Luis de Leon, entitled *Noche Serena*." In the third edition he mentions English translations of this poem "by Archdeacon Churton in the *Lyra mystica*, p. 430, and again in the *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. XL, p. 472." Verifying these references I find that they are correct. In the *Obras* of Leon (in "Biblioteca de Autores Españoles," Tome XXXVII, Madrid, 1812, p. 7) the complete poem of sixteen stanzas is given. Of these Archdeacon Churton translates thirteen, and the Edinburgh reviewer, who gives also the Spanish text, translates fourteen in his paper on "The Lyric Poetry of Spain." In the catalogue just referred to the name is given as Luis Ponce de Leon. Casimir was a Jesuit who was called by

his admirers "the Polish Horace." He was born in 1595, entered the Society of Jesus in 1612, and died in 1640. The other was an Augustinian monk, called the "Swan of Grenada," where perhaps he was born in 1527, but the better supported place is Belmonte, about ninety miles southeast of Madrid. He studied at Salamanca, where he also taught as full professor of theology since 1561. On March 27, 1572, he was arrested by an officer of the Inquisition, taken to Valladolid, and there confined till December 15, 1576. He was cleared and restored to his professorship. The jealousy of a rival seems to have been the principal cause of his arrest, for the charges were very trumpery. See Fr. H. Reusch, *Luis de Leon und die spanische Inquisition* (Bonn, 1873). Passing in silence over this period of suffering and shame he opened his first lecture after his restoration with the words: "As we were saying yesterday." He died at Madrigal, fifty miles east by north of Salamanca, April 23, 1591. His lecture-room is preserved today just as he left it. I saw it on Saturday, June 26, 1909.

9. Lauda Sion. | Hymnos sacros | antiquiores | latino sermone et vernaculo | edidit | Carolus Simrock | Ph. Dr. | Coloniae Agrippinae | Sumptibus J. M. Heberle (H. Lempertz). | MDCCCL. | Typis J. S. Steven. |

On the opposite page is the German title, which is an exact translation of the Latin, as follows:

Lauda Sion. | Altchristliche | Kirchenlieder | und | geistliche Gedichte | lateinsch
und deutsch. | Von | Dr. Karl Simrock. | Köln am Rhein, | Verlag von J. M.
Herberle (H. Lempertz) | 1850. | Druck von J. S. Steven. |

The page measures $7\frac{3}{8}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width; the Latin type-page: length $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the German: length $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. 359. British Museum press-mark, 3434. e. 16.

Rev. John Julian, in the first and second editions of his *Dictionary of Hymnology* (p. 533, col. 2, l. 21), states that Simrock on p. 286 gives an extract from our Bernard's poem. But this is an error; what Simrock there gives is a few lines from Bernard of Clairvaux's *De contemptu mundi*, under the caption "Mundi vanitas." On p. 292, however, Simrock gives the familiar eight lines from Bernard of Cluny, but without author's name, under the caption "De Novissimis," each divided into three lines; and opposite he puts his translation into German meter, thus:

Hora novissima	Stündlich, ach, wächst der Zeit
Tempora pessima	Arge Vermessenheit:
Sunt vigilemus!	Lasset uns wachen!
Ecce minaciter	Siehe mit Drophewort
Imminet arbiter	Nahet der Hohe dort
Ille supremus;	Ende zu machen.
Imminet, imminet	Nahet schon, nahet schon,
Recta remuneret,	Gutes er treu vergilt;
Anxia liberet,	Löset von Sorgen mild,
Aethera donet.	Himmlisch versöhnend.
Auferat aspera,	Tilget was rauh und schief,
Duraque pondera	Hebet die Schwere tief
Mentis onustae;	Geistigen Leides;
Sobria muniat,	Lohnt der Enthaltsamkeit,
Improba puniat,	Züchtigt Gewaltsamkeit,
Utraque iuste.	Billig ist Beides
Ille piissimus,	Sieh, dieser liebende,
Ille gravissimus	Strenge doch übende
Ecce venit rex.	König, schon naht er.
Surgat homo reus,	Sündiger Mensch, ersteh,
Instar homo Deus,	Gottmensch ist in der Näh,
A patre iudex.	Er für den Vater.

Simrock's book consists entirely of Latin hymns with a German translation on the opposite page, and gives no authors' names, indications of dates, sources, or any further information.

10. Mediæval hymns | and | sequences. | Translated by | the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., | Warden of Sackville College. | "loquendi | Cura de Sanctis vitiosa non est, | Nec rudis unquam." | Prudentius. | London: Joseph Masters, Aldersgate Street, | and New Bond Street. | MDCCCL. |

The page measures $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by 3 inches in width; type-page: length $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Pp. xiii + 158. British Museum press-mark, 3434. a. 10.

After a search I was able to locate Neale's quotation from Prudentius. It is from his hymn "In honorem XVIII Martyrum Caesar-augstanorum" (Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, LX, col. 375). The whole verse reads thus:

Carminis leges amor aureorum
Nominum parvi facit, et loquendi
Cura de sanctis vitiosa non est,
Nec rudis unquam.

Which, being interpreted, is this: "The love of precious names rises superior to the laws of verse, and care in speaking of the saints is never injurious or clumsy."

Mediaeval hymns | and | sequences. | Translated by | the Rev. J. M. Neale. D.D., | Warden of Sackville College. | Second edition, | with very numerous additions and corrections. | "loquendi | Cura de Sanctis vitiosa non est, | Nec rudis unquam." | Prudentius. | London: | Joseph Masters, Aldersgate Street, | and New Bond Street. | MDCCCLXIII. |

The page measures $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by 3 inches in width; type-page: length $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches. Pp. xvii + 224. British Museum press-mark, 3434. a. 11.

The third edition is an exact reprint of the second. There is no copy in the British Museum. I used the copy at Columbia University. The title-page reads thus:

Mediaeval hymns | and | sequences. | Translated by the late | Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. | Third edition | with very numerous additions and corrections. | "loquendi | Cura de Sanctis vitiosa non est, | Nec rudis unquam." | Prudentius. | London | Joseph Masters, Aldersgate Street, | and New Bond Street. | MDCCCLXVII. |

In the first edition Neale, on pp. 52–64, under the caption "Hic breve vivitur," gives his translation of Trench's cento from Bernard of Cluny, and in his "Notice" (just after "Introduction"—the page is unnumbered) candidly acknowledges that he was indebted entirely to Trench for his knowledge of the poem. He shows that he was by stating in his special preface to his translation that the part which he had translated was near the conclusion, whereas it is near the beginning of Bernard's first book. He also says that he had made no attempt to imitate the meter of the original, and "I should also add that I have very much abbreviated the original: and perhaps the lines which follow cannot claim to be more than a close imitation." The translation goes from "Brief life is here our portion" to "O realm and Home of life!" It is followed by notes with parallel passages from other poets, with translations of his own and explanations of the allusions in Bernard. Among his original translations is that of the lines of Casimir's ode which Trench quoted in his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, as noted above.

In the second edition, on pp. 68–92, Neale puts a prefatory note

headed "Hora Novissima," in which he gives some information as to Cluny and Bernard. The note is substantially a reprint of his preface to his separately issued translation of these lines of Bernard under the title the *Rhythm of St. Bernard* (see below). After expressing his indebtedness to Trench for the 95—he should have said the 96—lines he had originally rendered, he mentions that in the present edition he has translated more lines. He alludes to the great popularity of those he had rendered. This enlarged translation runs from p. 71 to p. 86, and is followed by the same notes and translations from other poets as in the first edition, with the addition of the note on decachord which he had given in his separate edition of Bernard. The lines are from "The world is very evil" to "Thou shalt be and thou art."

11. Auswahl | altchristlicher Lieder | vom zweiten bis funfzehnten Jahrhundert. | Im Urtext und in deutschen Uebersetzungen. | Mit lebensgeschichtlichen Skizzen und erläuternden Anmerkungen | von | Ferdinand Bässler, | Oberprediger zu Neustadt-Magdeburg. | Berlin, 1858. | Verlag der Königlichen Geheimen Ober-Hofbuchdruckerei | (R. Decker). |

The page measures 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width 5 inches. Pp. viii + 256. British Museum press-mark, 3434. f. 12.

On the first 149 pages Bässler gives German verse translations of the Greek and Latin texts, which he gives on pp. 153-249. Thus on p. 149 as selection no. 139 he gives under the caption "Vermessenheit der Zeit. | Hora Novissima. |" the translation reprinted from Simrock, of the same first eight lines of Bernard's poem which he gives in their Latin original on p. 249 under the caption "De Novissimis." He credits his translation to Simrock, but attributes the authorship of the original to some person unknown of the fifteenth century, or later! (Simrock does not attempt to assign him a century.) How small must have been the circulation of those six German printed editions of the entire poem!

12. The rhythm | of | Bernard de Morlaix, | monk of Cluny, | on the | Celestial Country. | Edited and translated by | The Rev. J. M. Neale, M. A. | Warden of Sackville College. | London: | J. T. Hayes, 5, Lyall Place, Eaton Square. | 1859. |

The page measures 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width;

type-page: length $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width 2 inches. Pp. 47. British Museum press-mark, 11405. a. 6.

The extraordinary popularity of this little volume induces me to give it and its author more than the brief notice given of the other books mentioned in this bibliography. Published in 1859, it went almost immediately into a second edition, a third in 1861, a fourth in 1862, a fifth in 1863, a sixth in 1864, and a seventh and last edition during the author's lifetime in 1865. In 1866 Rev. Richard Frederick Littledale, D.C.L., brought out the eighth edition, whose title-page reads thus:

The rhythm | of | Bernard de Morlaix | monk of Cluny, | on the | Celestial Country. | Translated and edited by | The Late Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D Warden of Sackville College. | London: J. T. Hayes, Lyall Place, | Eaton Square. |

The page measures 6 inches in length by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width 2 inches. Pp. xxii + 55 (the translation, 1-35; the Latin text, 36-55). British Museum press-mark, 11405. aa. Littledale reprints Neale's prefaces to the first, third, fourth, sixth, and seventh editions, and adds a preface of two pages (xxi-xxii), dated London, Vigil of S. Matthew, 1866, which imparts no information.

But the enumeration of these editions conveys less idea than usual of the popularity of the translation. The public did not care at all that Neale had paraphrased rather than translated the Latin lines; that he put in his preface a lot of erroneous information as to the author; that he depended on Trench for all he knew about Bernard's poem, and on other persons for all he knew about its size and contents. The public only cared that it had another poem of great beauty upon heaven, and read it with avidity. Compilers of hymnbooks counted it among their luckiest finds, separated it into suitable lengths, and some devoted themselves after their kind to its alteration—a performance which Neale deprecated. Several composers of music gave it a musical setting. In every way the public passed an approving sentence upon Neale's work, and today the translation, in whole or part, is a hymnological classic. As printed now as a little volume, it embodies certain changes by Neale, which he considered improvements. They appeared first in his third edition, in which he says of

them: "a few verses have been a little polished, and one or two phrases brought nearer to the original." In his fourth edition he praises the tune written for it by "Mr. Ewing," who afterward became Right Rev. Alexander Ewing, D.D., Episcopal bishop of Argyle and the Isles, and those by "Rev. H. L. Jenner," afterward Right Rev. Henry Lascelles Jenner, lord bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand, and by Mr. Edmund Sedding, an architect as well as musical composer. Mr. Ewing's tune has found most general acceptance. It is that given in *Laudes Domini* and other American hymnbooks.

John Mason Neale, the translator, was born in London, January 24, 1818, and died in East Grinstead, twenty-six miles south of London, where is Sackville College, an almshouse, of which he was warden, August 6, 1866. In 1906 Mrs. Charles (Eleanor A.) Towle published the first worthy biography of Neale, and in 1910 his daughter, Mary Sackville Lawson, his letters (Longmans). Neale was a most prolific author and noted for his histories, sermons, and books for children, no less than for his skill as a translator of Greek and Latin sacred poetry. Yet he never had ecclesiastical recognition or academic honors. His very degree of D.D. was given him by Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., in 1861, at a time when American degrees were little esteemed by English churchmen. He had a salary of only twenty-seven pounds a year as warden.

Although Littledale in his preface to the posthumous, or eighth, edition of Neale's *Rhythm* says, "once more the growing love for Bernard's verses has made an editor's care needful," he appears to have given no care to the new edition; at all events he did not correct Neale's misleading or erroneous statements. It is well to point these out, as they have been perpetuated by many writers who have not taken pains to examine the facts about Bernard for themselves, or had not the facilities or the time to do so, but have merely copied Neale's preface to his *Rhythm*. They are these: (1) "De Morlaix," whereas it is probable that Morlas was his birthplace. "De" in the twelfth century did not imply noble birth; still undoubtedly the use of the term was misleading. (2) Neale calls Flacius' book "Varia poemata de corrupto ecclesiae statu," which is an abbreviated and altered title quite consistent with his having seen the book, but more with his not having seen it,

for the correct title is *Varia doctorum piorumque virorum, De corruptio Ecclesiae statu, Poëmata.* (3) It was a blunder to give the date of Flacius as 1556. There is no date on the title-page, but in perfect copies there is a colophon, and that gives the date plainly as 1557. (4) He gives the fourth edition of Bernard as at Leipzig, whereas it was at Rinteln; and the fifth as emanating from Lubinus at "Lunenburg," whereas it was the third edition which Lubin brought out, and that was at Rostock in 1610; the edition from Luneburg—German Lüneburg, not Lunenburg—was published by the Brothers Stern in 1640. So Neale has got things badly mixed. (5) Neale mentions "Wachler's *New Theological Annals*, December 1820," as if it was an English publication, whereas it beats the Dutch and hails from Frankfurt-am-Main. (6) But never having seen the publication, any more than other of the books he quotes, he puts it down among the editions of Bernard's poem, whereas it gives only the eight opening lines. (7) For the same reason he states that in "Mohnike's *Studien I. 18*" (should be I. 103) there is another reprint of the poem, whereas only the same eight lines are there found.

In explanation of these blunders the reader is referred to (Polycarp) Leyser's *Historia poetarum* (Leipzig, 1721), which Neale quotes as his authority. On p. 412 of Leyser we find the editions erroneously given and that Neale merely copied Leyser without verification. Leyser is not to be blamed for knowing nothing of the reprint of Flacius which came out in 1754. But because he does not mention it Neale does not. How he came to hear of Wachler I know not, nor how he was saved from Trench's blunder of referring to Mohnike's *Forschungen*, instead of his *Studien*. More about Leyser is found in the closing part of this bibliography.

Neale acknowledges his indebtedness to Trench at first for all of his text, but is unnecessarily severe in his criticism of Trench, in view of the fact that he committed the same faults himself. "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones." He says:

Dean Trench, in his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, has given a very beautiful cento of ninety-five [it should be ninety-six] lines, [but Neale had not stopped to count them himself] from the work [of Bernard]. Yet it is a mere patchwork—much being transposed as well as cancelled; so that the editor's own admission that he has adopted "some prudent omissions," would scarcely give a fair idea of the

iberties which have in reality been taken with it. From that cento I translated the larger part, in my *Mediaeval Hymns*, following the arrangement of Dean Trench, not of Bernard.

The great popularity of his translation induced Neale to give more extracts from Bernard and to translate more. These fresh fruits appear in the separate edition in the enlarged translation and in the Latin text which comes at the end. Examination shows that his text was arranged to suit himself, and that he committed the faults for which he rather sharply rebukes Trench. What edition he used for his fuller text he does not say, and I do not feel at all sure that he himself used any. His text is not consecutive, any more than Trench's is, and, although all the lines are from the first book, he does not say so, nor are his lines any more really representative of the poem than Trench's are. Besides, as Mr. Charles Lawrence Ford (see further for his translation of Bernard mentioned in this bibliography) acutely remarks (p. v.), Neale prints 218 lines of text, but his translation calls for 235 lines, and these lines Mr. Ford inserts in their proper places. I fear Neale relied upon others for his facts.

Neale discusses in the concluding part of his preface the meter of Bernard, which he admired, and quotes in a garbled fashion what Bernard has to say about it himself, and also claims to give Bernard's argument to his poem; but I think this argument, already given by me on p. 24, is not by Bernard but by a copyist of his great poem.

In the earlier editions he dedicated his translation thus: "To the Sisters of Saint Margaret's Home, East Grinstead, this translation of their favourite poem is affectionately dedicated;" but in the seventh edition a significant change is made: "To the Sisters of Saint Margaret's Convent, East Grinstead, and of Saint Margaret's of Scotland, Aberdeen, etc." To those who read between the lines this change tells the story that this sisterhood, which resembled active orders for women in the Roman Catholic church and was bound by conventional rules, had, notwithstanding the opposition it had met with, spread into Scotland.

Neale appends to his translation a few notes, of no special importance or length, and at the end an asserted text in Latin which was the basis of his translation; but, as appears above, it comes 17 lines short.

13. *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta family.* | By the author of "The voice of Christian life in song," "The three wakings," &c. &c. | London: T. Nelson and Sons. | Paternoster Row; Edinburgh; and New York. | 1864.

The page measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 5 inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. 477. British Museum press-mark, 4414. dd.

The author of this famous book was Elizabeth Rundle (born at the Band, Tavistock, thirteen miles north of Plymouth, England, January 2, 1828; married in 1851 to Andrew Paton Charles, who died in 1868; died in London, March 28, 1896). In the section numbered XIII, and supposed to be part of Eva's story, occur these words: "Sister Beatrice likes much to hear me sing the hymn by Bernard of Clugni, on the perpetuity of joy in heaven;" and then follows Mrs. Charles's original rendering into verse of lines from Trench's cento, beginning "Hic breve vivitur." It reproduces quite successfully the Latin meter. The British Museum copy is stamped 24 Dec. 63.

14. *The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country.* | Translated by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. | Warden of Sackville College. | New York: H. R. Durand, 49 White Street, | 1864.

The page measures $5\frac{5}{8}$ inches in length by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width 2 inches. Pp. 24. In Union Theological Seminary are two copies, dated 1864 and 1867 respectively, which are identical, except that in that of 1867 the publisher's address is given as 11 Bible House.

The preface has been rewritten from Neale's and derives all its information and misinformation from it. It closes thus: "As many if not all of the following verses are well adapted to be used as hymns, a tune written for them, and to which they have been extensively sung in England, is appended to this edition." The tune is Ewing, mentioned also by Neale. Neale's dedication is omitted, and no editor's name is mentioned. There is only one footnote, that from Neale on decachord.

15. *Lyra mystica: hymns and verses on sacred subjects, ancient and modern.* | Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. | London: Longmans, Green, Longmans, Roberts, | and Green. | 1865.

The page measures $6\frac{3}{8}$ inches in length by 4 inches in width; type-page: length $4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Pp. xiv + 448. British Museum press-mark, 11651. aa. 3.

On pp. 113-17 is found the translation of certain lines from the first book of Bernard of Cluny's poem, made by Rev. Gerard Moultrie, under the caption, "The heavenly Fatherland. | The rhythm of Bernard of Clugny. |" As the Latin text is not given, it is difficult in so free a translation to determine exactly what lines have been rendered, but apparently the translator used Trench's or Neale's cento.

16. The | seven great hymns | of the | Mediaeval Church. | Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean! | Thou hast no time, bright Day! | Dear Fountain of refreshment | To pilgrims far away! | New York: | Anson D. F. Randolph, | 770 Broadway, cor. of 9th St. | 1865. |

The page measures $6\frac{3}{8}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, width $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Pp. iv + 122. British Museum press-mark, 3437. f. 47. The seventh edition, enlarged, has no date on the title-page, but the copyright notice is dated 1868, and the "revised edition," which is probably identical with it, is dated June, 1866; it has vi + 154 pages.

The | seven great hymns | of the | Mediaeval Church | annotated by | Charles C. Nott | Revised and enlarged edition | New York | Edwin S. Gorham, publisher | Church Missions House | MCMII |

The page measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 5 inches; type-page: length $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width 3 inches. Pp. xxiii + 154.

The original issue of this book was anonymous, but Dr. Schaff supposed it came from William Cowper Prime, and so attributed it to him in his *Library of Religious Poetry*, p. 981. But its authorship is no longer a secret. All the connection Mr. Prime had with it was to suggest the compilation to the author, Charles Cooper Nott, long the chief justice of the Court of Claims. He puts Bernard's lines in Neale's translation in the first place in his compilation. To it he gives a special introduction showing independent study. Thus he assigns Bernard to Morlas in Béarn, though citing also Morlaix, in Brittany, or England as his birthplace in the estimation of others. He mentions five poems of Bernard, though he names only *De contemptu mundi*; gives the opening lines, marked to show the meter, and followed by a translation which attempts to bring out the meter in English; shows

his acquaintance with Bernard's preface by quoting from it; repeats the incorrect statement that the first edition of Bernard's *De contemptu mundi* appeared in Paris on December 10, 1483, from the house of Gaillard, whereas it was Bernard's "Golden Booklet" which then appeared. Judge Nott then has a few words about Neale, and proceeds to reprint Neale's "Celestial Country," and follows it with Trench's cento. The notes which follow are mostly from Neale. On p. 43 of both editions he states that he knew of no copy of Bernard of Cluny's poem in the United States. It is indeed scarce. I know of only one in a public library—that of Boston. In the enlarged edition he adds a note explanatory of the changes he had made in printing Neale's translation.

17. *Laus Patriae Celestis.* | Translation of an ancient | Latin hymn. | Albany: |
Joel Munsell. | 1867. |

The page measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 5 inches in width; type-page: length $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, width 3 inches. Pp. v+16. On back of title-page: "Edition 100 copies. For Private Distribution."

I am indebted for a sight of this scarce volume to Rev. Henry Ulyate Swinnerton, who was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Cherry Valley, N. Y., from 1868 to 1907 and who received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Union College in 1877. I got on the track of it by it being mentioned in a footnote to p. 223 of Duffield's *Latin Hymns*. But there it is simply referred to as the work of "'O. A. M.' of Cherry Valley, N. Y.'" I wrote to Mr. Swinnerton to learn if he could tell me who "O. A. M." was, and found to my delight that he knew him well. His name was Oliver Andrew Morse. He lived in Cherry Valley and was elected to Congress in 1856, on the formation of the Republican party. He was a man of extensive reading and scholarly culture, and much esteemed. He died April 19, 1870. No name appears on the title-page of the copy I saw, but the brief preface is signed "O. A. M." and dated "Cherry Valley, Feb. 20, 1859." Mr. Swinnerton informs me that twenty-five copies had a different title-page, on which after the word "hymn," came | by O. A. M. | The translation does not pretend to imitate the verse measure of the original. All that Mr. Morse knew of the original came from Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*.

Mr. Swinnerton kindly procured for me the loan from Mrs. James O'Connor, daughter of Mr. Morse, of a copy of her father's work. I copy the translation as probably it is practically inaccessible:

LAUS PATRIÆ CELESTIS

Life now so brief, in its Joys and its Tears,
 Will find Retribution in oncoming Years;
 O blest Retribution! a Moment of Strife,
 And Time will be merged in perennial Life;
 O blest Retribution! which dawns on our Sight,
 From thy full flowing Glories, fair Mansion of Light!
 Where the Lowly will breathe in thy Æther divine,
 And thy Stars on the Sinful in Whiteness will shine.
 For here is the Battle, but there the Reward,
 The Refreshment and Peace in the Towers of the Lord;
 When, the Mysteries solved and the Glories expressed,
 They'll forever repose in their Sabbath of Rest.
 The Hebrew from Egypt will travel forth free,
 And find in yon Canaan a long Jubilee;
 Will dwell in that quiet and luminous Land,
 With Throngs of the Ransomed of Israel's Band;
 And the Faithful, now Pilgrim, long torn by the Thorns,
 Will inherit a World which all Beauty adorns;
 And there, as they track its strange Streams to their Springs,
 Will meet, Face to Face, with the King of all Kings.

Majesty, Wisdom, and sanctified Peace,
 Shall rule in that Realm where Tumult shall cease,
 And Leah and Rachel to Jacob shall bring
 Their Pitchers celestial fresh-filled from the Spring:¹
 And then, O our Syon, at Peace and at Rest,
 He'll clasp in thy Halls his Beloved to his Breast.

O country so dear! I behold thy blest Flame,
 And weep for the Glories that hallow thy Name;
 A Name whose sweet Mention is Unction and Cure,
 As pure to the Soul as thy Æther is pure.
 Alone in thy Beauty, O fairest of Heights!
 So jocund with Laughter, so calm with Delights,
 Where Laurel and Cedar and Hyssop for all,
 Unite in gay Garlands on thy jasper Wall;

¹ In the copy I had these lines are altered in ink so as to read:
 "And Leah, then Rachel to Jacob shall bring
 The Pitcher celestial fresh-filled from the Spring."

Where Synods celestial, thy Fabric, arise,
 Adorned with the Pearls and the Gems of the Skies;
 But their Onyx and Topaz and Jewels unpriced,
 Are dimmed by the Lustre which circles their Christ.

O Day without Time, O Sea without Shore,
 O sweet Fountain flowing with Wine evermore,
 The Waters of Life come gushing alone,
 From thy Wells which are set in the pure living Stone.
 Fair Bride! bedecked with the Laurel's best Flower,
 And graced with the Brightness of thy golden Dower,
 In Necklace of Lilies and Garments of White,
 Thy Lips shall be pressed by the Prince in Delight;
 And Canticles sweet shall be murmured along,
 And Love for thee breathed in conjubilant Song.

O Syon so golden, O City so pure!
 Thy Beauty and Brightness what Heart can endure?
 I know not, I know not, the Joy and the Light
 Which in thy grand Portals will burst on my Sight,
 And vanquished I falter to utter thy Praise,
 Am conquered, exhausted, thy Glories to raise.
 Fair Syon! thy Halls are resounding with Song,
 Full, full of the Pæans of Earth's martyred Throng,
 Bright Bands of the Blessed, their Prince stands between,
 And shining the City with Light aye serene.
 There Pastures are flowering in unfading Spring,
 And there is the Throne of the Lamb and the King,
 And there is the Sound of the Song and the Feast,
 And there are the Saints and there is the Priest;
 And there is our Syon, in calm, holy Seats,
 A Leader in Splendor his loved People meets.

When seen thou unfoldest, O City renowned,
 To the Eyes of the Soul thy Blessings profound;
 But the Light deep within me, the Edge of the mind,
 Alone while on Earth thy Blessings can find;
 Still all Hearts burning now with Hope at thy Gate,
 Shall reach thy Rewards and possess them by Fate.

O Mansion unseen, O Syon so dear,
 For thee spreads the Joy, for myself flows the Tear;
 For my Flesh is of Earth, and earthward must keep,
 Far, far from the Gladness I yearn for and weep.

O City eternal, built safe on the Shore,
 Thy Walls and thy Turrets shine white evermore.
 I seek thee and cherish, I mourn and I long
 For thy Beauties which kindle yet baffle my Song.
 But not by my Merits I ask for thy Breath,
 For by Merit 'tis mine to perish in Death;
 Yet in Hope will I walk along my lone Way,
 And demand thy Rewards by Night and by Day;
 Unceasing will seek, though blindly I grope,
 Thy Rewards everlasting, in Faith and in Hope.
 For my Father, the best, the holiest One,
 Created in Light his now sinful Son.
 In Light he created, in Light he sustains,
 And in Light yet will wash my Sins and my Pains;
 And the Fountain of David flows onward with me,
 Still speeding and surging to its shoreless Sea;
 Aye healing and cleaning wherever it laves,
 And the Vilest of Earth shall be washed by its Waves.

Finis

[The word "Finis" is printed on a rising sun sending forth its rays over dark clouds.]

18. Old gems | in new settings | comprising the | choicest of mediæval hymns | with original translations | by | Abraham Coles, M.D., Ph.D. | With photographic illustrations. | New York | D. Appleton and Company | 1867 |

The page measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 5 inches in width; type-page: length $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. 77.

The second edition appeared in 1868 and the third in 1891.

Bernard's poem comes first, under the caption "Urbs coelestis Syon; or, The Better Country." The preface is on pp. 7-19, and the translation and the Latin original on opposite pages come on pp. 20-43. The Latin is Trench's cento, but the translation is quite unlike what Neale made of it. On p. 9 Dr. Coles confesses that he had not seen a complete text of the poem. He gives the first edition of it as Paris, 1483, which is the date of the first edition of Bernard of Cluny's "Golden Booklet," attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux, but gives the correct date, 1557, for Flacius' edition. He repeats the error, however, as to Wachler's *Annals*. His third edition makes no allusion to the Rolls edition of Bernard's *De contemptu mundi* which had appeared in 1872. Did that show he did not know of it?

19. The | heavenly land | from the | De contemptu mundi | of | Bernard de Morlaix monk of Cluny (XII. century) | rendered into corresponding [English verse | by | Samuel W[illoughby] Duffield | New York: | Anson D. F. Randolph | 770 Broadway | 1867.

The page measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width 3 inches. Pp. xv+19. British Museum press-mark, 11408. aaa. 21.

First comes the dedication to his father, Rev. Dr. George Duffield, author of the stirring hymn "Stand up, stand up for Jesus;" next an original English poem of five stanzas with the Latin title "De hac poema," then the introduction derived from Trench as to Bernard and the poem as a whole. Mr. Duffield criticizes adversely Dr. Coles's translation because it lengthens the third portion of each line and lacks "the soaring fervor" of Neale, but states that it was Dr. Coles's assertion that a nearer approach to the original could be made, which induced him to work at this translation from the latter part of 1866, while he was in Chicago, till April, 1867, while he was in Philadelphia. He then describes the meter and his principles of translation very minutely. He prints the Latin, which is Trench's cento, and his translation on opposite pages. On pp. 18 f. he presents a Latin translation of Charlotte Elliott's "Just as I am."

20. ΙΧΘΥΣ | Christ in song. | Hymns of Immanuel: | selected from all ages, with notes, | by | Philip Schaff, D.D. | New York: | Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, | 38 East Twenty-third Street. | [1868.]

The page measures $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. xxiv+711. British Museum press-mark, 3435. f. HS. 28.

- ΙΧΘΥΣ | Christ in song. | Hymns of Immanuel: | selected from all ages, with notes, | by | Philip Schaff, D.D. | A new edition, revised and enlarged. | Vol. I. [II.] New York: | Anson D. F. Randolph & Company. | [1895.]

The page measures $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 6 inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Vol. I, pp. xxvi+400; Vol. II, pp. xiv+389.

The new edition was prepared by Dr. Schaff's son, Rev. David Schley Schaff, D.D., now professor of church history in the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa., attached to the Presbyterian body, but he has made no changes in the section relating to Bernard.

The translation incorporated is Neale's, divided into three portions, headed respectively "Brief life is here our portion," "For thee, O dear, dear country!" and "Jerusalem the Golden," and under each head the line of the Latin with which the English corresponds.

The prefatory note to these excerpts is identical in both editions (pp. 642, 643; II, 242, 243). The entire section is headed "The Heavenly Jerusalem. (*Hora novissima.*)" But the portion of Neale's translation representing *hora novissima* is not here reprinted. The note is correct in most particulars, and instructive, as anything from Dr. Schaff was sure to be. But it contains these statements which might be corrected in subsequent editions and so improve it: (1) The reference to Morlaix as Bernard's birthplace, whereas Morlas is the more probable, at all events we are not shut up to Morlaix. (2) The reference to Trench might have specified that the book meant was his *Sacred Latin Poetry*. (3) To the Latin-line part of the caption to his Part I, Dr. Schaff prints in a footnote the verse translation "Briefly we tarry here, briefly are harried here, | Here is brief sorrow." He does not give its author, but it should have been referred to Samuel W. Duffield.

As interesting features of this headnote may be mentioned the reprint of the first four lines of the original Latin, so printed that the meter is revealed by means of typographical marks and italic letters. The same four lines thus printed are given by Neale in his *Mediaeval Hymns and Sequences*, by Judge Nott in *The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediaeval Church*, issued anonymously in 1865, in revised and acknowledged edition in 1902, and by F. A. March as mentioned below. The last two syllables are *italicized*. Samuel W. Duffield declares this a blunder, that the last three, that is the foot itself, should be *italicized*. Another feature is Dr. Schaff's reprint of the opening lines of Dr. Coles's and of Samuel W. Duffield's translations from Bernard. Both of these translations will be found mentioned in their chronological place in this bibliography, immediately preceding this.

21. Hymns of the Latin | Church. | Translated by | David T[homas] Morgan. | With the originals appended. | [Device] | [Privately printed.] | 1871. | [at the Chiswick Press, London.] (The words "Privately printed" are in the title-page.)

The page measures 7 inches in length by $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length 5 inches, width $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Pp. 291. Not in the British Museum.

Hymns and other poetry | of the | Latin Church | translated by | D[avid] T
-[homas] M[organ] | arranged according to | the calendar of the Church of
England | Rivingtons | Waterloo Place, London | Oxford and Cambridge |
MDCCCLXXX |

The page measures $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches in length by $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, width 3 inches. Pp. vi + 309. British Museum press-mark, 3437. ff. 35.

Comparing these two editions, we find that in the first the translations are on pp. 1-178, and the originals on pp. 181-291. In the second the originals are omitted. In the first edition the translation from Bernard is based on Trench's cento. It appears on pp. 159-61 under the caption "Urbs Syon inclyta," whereas the corresponding Latin is on pp. 281, 282, headed "Laus patriæ coelestis." In the second edition the translation comes on pp. 288-90, and differs slightly from that in the first. No attempt is made to reproduce the meter of the original or to translate closely.

22. Latin Hymns, | with English notes. | For use in schools and colleges. | By F. A. March, LL.D., | professor of comparative philology in Lafayette College. | [Harpers' device] | New York: | Harper & Brothers, publishers, | Franklin Square. | 1874. [Now the property of the American Book Company, so the places of publication now are New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.]

The page measures $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches in length by 5 inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width 3 inches. Pp. xii + 333. British Museum press-mark, 3522. aa. 9.

The volume is the first of a projected series of Christian Greek and Latin writers endowed by Benjamin Douglass for their study in Lafayette College. On pp. 126-29 March reprints some lines from Bernard's poem, namely, the familiar eight opening lines, under the caption "I. Hora novissima," and then Trench's cento of 96 lines, under that of "II. Laus patriae coelestis." On pp. 279-81 he gives a few notes designed to help the student in translating. He shows no independent study of the poem, but depends on Trench, Neale, and Schaff. So he is shut up to Morlaix as Bernard's birthplace. On p. 321 he quotes the lines:

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur:
 Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur.

and by the use of types shows they are examples of hexameters rhymed.

23. The rhythm | of | Bernard de Morlaix | in English, | on the | heavenly country,
 | by | Jackson Mason, M.A., | vicar of Pickhill, Yorkshire. | MDCCCLXXX.|

The page measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width;
 type-page: length $4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, width $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches. Pp. 43.

In his preface the author lauds what Trench calls the want of progress in the poem, because he finds it "the very drift of the design." He then says:

I have endeavoured, at whatever hazard, to reproduce the original cadence, pleading for favourable indulgence on the ground of what Dr. Neale calls "its intense difficulty." Bernard himself attributes his success to nothing less than the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, which "flowed in upon so difficult a meter." In the same "Propinator sermonum" I would humbly commend the Rhythm in English, with a few Hymn-preludes which lead up to its subject, "The Heavenly Country."

These "hymn-preludes" are verse translations of three Latin hymns, which are printed on the pages opposite, and cover 15 pages. Then comes the selection from Bernard, headed "Bona Patria," opposite "The Heavenly Country." The translation of the latter is very close, and the imitation of the meter is good.

24. The land of light. | Jerusalem the golden. | A new transcript from the Rhythm of | Bernard de Morlaix. | With outline illustrations by | H. J. A. Miles. | London: | William Wells Gardner, | Paternoster Buildings. | [1880.]

The page measures $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches in length by $4\frac{3}{8}$ inches in width;
 type-page: length 3 inches, width $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Pp. 36. British
 Museum press-mark, 11403. aaa. 19.

There are six illustrations, probably by a man; but if so, why did he give only initials with his surname, as if he wished to disguise his sex? The author of the translation was perhaps the same as the illustrator; at all events, he is not named at all. The translation is good and quite unlike Neale's. It is divided into two parts: I, "Hora novissima," pp. 7-22; II, "Urbs Syon aurea," pp. 23-33. At the end 81 lines from the original are given, probably from Neale's cento. The translator doubles, as Neale does, his last Latin line, "Plaude

cinis meus, est tua pars Deus: ejus es, et sis," and, also like him, leaves the line of the original, "Rex tuus est tua portio, tu sua, ne sibi desis," untranslated.

25. A | library | of | religious poetry. | A collection | of | the best poems of all ages and tongues. | With biographical and literary notes. | Edited by | Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. | and | Arthur Gilman, M.A. |

"Blessings on them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares;
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of Truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

William Wordsworth.

With illustrations. | New York: | Dodd, Mead, and Company. | 1881. |

The page measures 10 inches in length by 7 inches in width; type-page: length 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Pp. xxxi + 1004. British Museum press-mark, 11603. gg. 5.

On pp. 981-85 Neale's paraphrastic translation of lines from Bernard's poem as given in Neale's *Rhythm* is reprinted in full, and also one note, that of Neale's on decachord. The reprint is signed: "St. Bernard of Cluny. Translated by John Mason Neale, 1851." Which contains two blunders: The author was not a saint in the church sense, and the lines here reprinted are not from Neale's *Mediaeval Hymns and Sequences*, which indeed came out in 1851, but from his *Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix*, which appeared in 1859. To this reprint, which is under the caption "The Celestial Country," is prefixed a note which contains the erroneous information that this poem of Bernard's was printed in Paris in 1483, whereas it was Bernard of Cluny's "Golden Booklet," attributed to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, which then appeared; further, that Mr. William C[owper] Prime edited *The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediaeval Church*, whereas this book was published anonymously and really was done by Charles Cooper Nott; and, finally, that Neale "has freely reproduced the principal portions" of Bernard's poem of three books, whereas he has translated only a few lines of the first book.

26. Jerusalem | the | golden. | With illustrations by | Clark Stanton, R.S.A. | Thomas Nelson and Sons, | London, Edinburgh and New York. | [1886.]

The page measures 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 5 inches in width; type-page: length 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width 3 inches. Pages not numbered,

but there are 20 leaves printed only on one side. British Museum press-mark, 11649. df. 48.

The reprint of the familiar hymn made out of Neale's translation is preceded by a sketch of John Mason Neale covering 5 pages and signed by the initials "H. L. L."—i. e., *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, the familiar nom de plume of Miss Jane Borthwick (1813-97) derived from her best-known book. It leans heavily, as it professes to do, on the sketch of Neale contributed to the New York *Independent* by Rev. Frederick Mayer Bird, professor of psychology, Christian evidences, and rhetoric in Lehigh University from 1881 to 1886, and at one time the possessor of a large collection of hymnological literature, which is now in the Union Theological Seminary, Manhattan, New York City. The reprint gives next the tune "Ewing" already referred to; then comes the reprint itself, which covers only one page; after which come the twelve illustrations, with the lines beneath to which they apply.

27. The | Latin hymn-writers | and | their hymns. | By the late | Samuel Wiloughby Duffield, | author of "The heavenly land," "Warp and Woof," "The burial of the | dead," and "English hymns: their authors and history." | Edited and completed by | Prof. R. E. Thompson, D.D., of the University of Pennsylvania. | "Et semper in hunc studiorum quasi munitissimum portum ex hujus temporis tempes- | tatibus lubenter configuisse."—H. A. Daniel. | "In diesem Sinne betrachte ich diese, uns von der Vorzeit überlieferten ehrwürdigen | und erhabenen Kirchlichen Dictungen als ein geistiges Gemeingut."—G. A. Koenigsfeld. | Funk & Wagnalls, |

New York:
18 & 20 Astor Place.

1889.

London:
44 Fleet Street.

All Rights Reserved.

The page measures 8½ inches in length by 6 inches in width; type-page: length 6½ inches, width 3½ inches. Pp. xi + 511.

This is the posthumous work of an enthusiastic student of hymnology. Chapter xxi (pp. 222-26) is upon Bernard of Cluny. Mr. Duffield relied too much on others for his information as to Bernard, and so fell into the usual blunders. But he adds some welcome information and raises some interesting queries. By corresponding with Rev. Henry Ulyate Swinnerton, the Presbyterian pastor of Cherry Valley, N. Y., I learned who the "O. A. M." to whom Mr. Duffield refers was, and have given his version in this bibliography;

but I should like to know who was the English clergyman who translated Neale's paraphrase into Horatian Latin, and who was the Theodulus who wrote a poem of 900 lines on the same theme and in the same meter as Bernard? Mr. Duffield's remarks on Bernard's meter are valuable. He points out that Peter Damiani had previously used it. On pp. 485-93 Professor Thompson reprints, from the edition of Bernard's poem published in 1610, what he calls "the introduction which Bernard of Morlaix wrote for his poem, *De Contemptu Mundi*," under the caption: *Bernardi Morlanensis de vanitate mundi et appetitu aeternae vitae, libellus aureolus*. This "Golden Booklet" is translated in this volume. On examination, it turns out to be the *Carmen paraeneticum* attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux and often printed under his name as in Mabillon's edition, Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, CLXXXIV, cols. 1307-14. It is this circumstance which accounts for the confusion as to the date of the appearance of the first edition of Bernard of Cluny's poem.

28. Hymns | on the | Celestial Country. | Revised and annotated. | "Let light be." | [Diagram] | "Behold! I make all things new." | Issued by the Order of the Golden Age, | Paris, Jerusalem, Madras. | 50 centimes. Fivepence. | [1890.]

The page measures $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width 2 inches. Pp. 32 (p. 1 on outside cover, with title). British Museum press-mark, 4136. a. 42(3).

This booklet is printed on a light green paper. The prefatory "Note" is here given in full:

This famous hymn on "the Heavenly Country" given first in the inspired words of Bernard de Morlaix, and afterwards translated by J. M. Neale, is here reproduced by permission of the Editor, having first been revised by the light of the highest and fullest revelation of divine Truth. "The poet," observes Archbishop Trench, "instead of advancing, eddies round and round his subject, recurring again and again to the idea which he seemed to have treated and dismissed," and this observation shews the difficulty of a close translation, which, however, is not here attempted.

Given here for the first time in this form, it has for convenience been divided into Seven Cantos, with a Prelude and Terminal, according to the number of days in the week, and of the sacred Hours in the day, as observed in the Christian Church, viz.:—Daybreak, 3 a.m.; Matin, 6 a.m.; Terce, 9 a.m.; Sext, 12, midday; None, 3 p.m.; Vespers, 6 p.m.; Nightfall, 9 p.m.; with Nocturns, 12, midnight. Each Canto has 16 verses, or 18 with the Terminal, which may be

used by itself or sung as prelude, or a Terminal after each Canto. The tunes most expressive of the meaning and best fitted to the words are those by B. [should be R. L.] Jenner ("For Thee, O dear, dear Country"), and by A. Ewing ("Jerusalem the Golden") in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and by Rossini, no. 46, of "Crown of Jesus Music" (Burns), slightly altered. In these and the "Hymnal Noted" (Novello) will be found other suitable tunes for this and other hymns.

The reader is requested to read Dhey, Dheir, Dhein, for "They, Their, Them," wherever this pronoun is so used to express the Duality in the Deity, giving Dh the pronunciation which at present is wrongly given to Th in They, &c., of which the correct pronunciation is the same as Th in thyme or thesis.

The J in "Jesus" and "Jerusalem" has been replaced throughout by Y, as giving the nearest correct pronunciation of these words.

On the back of this "Note" comes:

These two verses are sung after each Canto. O Thou eternal City, the Home of God's elect; O sweet and blessed Country, That eager hearts expect. Christ Yesu-Mari, bring us, To that dear land of rest; Who, with the Father-Mother, Art God for ever blest.

The numbered pages begin with p. 6, and the translation, which is Neale's altered, added to, and freely handled, goes to p. 19. Appended to the translation, arranged as stated above, are numerous short notes, covering pp. 20-25, interpreting the verses mystically, with considerable ingenuity. In one of them—that to Canto V, vs. 15 (p. 24)—the assertion is made that the new word "dhey" to express the duality in the divine "must sooner or later come into use."

After these notes comes, on pp. 26-32, a free translation in verse of a poem entitled "Hierusalem Beata," attributed to St. Augustin, "like the preceding revised in the light of the latest, fullest divine Revelation, which, be it noted, is in strict harmony with the earliest revelation of the Divine Mind."

It is not plain who was the "editor" mentioned above, but the reviser who enjoyed the enviable acquaintance with the Divine Mind doubtless was Rev. Gideon Jaspar Richard Ouseley, 3 Eveleyn Terrace, Brighton, England.

29. The Rhythm | of | Bernard de Morlaix, | including | Brief Life is here our
Portion. | Jerusalem the Golden. | For Thee O dear dear Country. | Trans-
lated by | The late Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. | Warden of Sackville College. |
Illustrated by | E. C. Gardner. | Eyre and Spottiswoode, | Her Majesty's
Printers, | London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Melbourne, Sydney & New York. |
By permission of Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. | [1894.]

The page measures $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width 3 inches. Pages not numbered. British Museum press-mark, 11408. g. 31.

In this reprint Neale's *Rhythm* is given entire (twenty-four pages); also the prefaces to the first and eighth edition (four pages); but the Latin text is omitted. There are twelve illustrations, which were probably much admired by the artist's friends.

NOTE.—Was E. C. Gardner a woman? Women—and alas! also men—put themselves on title-pages with initials only before their surnames. Women do this sometimes to disguise their sex. Do they feel flattered when the reviewer speaks of them as if they were men? But women also so put their names in full that their marital state is a matter of doubt. Under these circumstances the poor reviewer refrains from using the appellation of "Miss" or "Mrs." unless he knows whether Mary Jones Smith, for instance, is Miss Smith, Mrs. Jack Robinson Smith, or the widow Smith, and resorts to the desperate expedient of printing the name in full or avoiding the use of pronouns altogether in speaking of the authoress. Here again the female author laughs at the perplexity of the would-be-polite male. It would be well if it were made an inviolable rule that all persons using initials solely in connection with their surnames on title-pages be taken for women, and all women who do not say expressly that they are married by putting Mrs. before their names be taken for unmarried women.

30. Jerusalem | the Golden | by | St. Bernard of Cluny | With drawings by Blanche McManus [Mrs. M. F. Mansfield] | Issued from the publishing house of M. F. | Mansfield and A. Wessels, New York City | [1897]

The page measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches, width 4 inches. Pages unnumbered.

On the cover is printed "Jerusalem the Golden," and beneath is the representation of an angel clad in a star-bedecked garment, playing on an archaic harp, and singing at the same time. Inside that part of Neale's *Rhythm* which is commonly called the hymn "Jerusalem the Golden" is printed, each of its six verses on an unnumbered separate page, under a drawing in which angels appear.

31. Hora Novissima | a metrical version of some portions of | the first book of the Latin poem by| Bernard de Morlaix,| entitled "De contemptu mundi,"| with the text appended. | By | Charles Lawrence Ford, B. A., | author of "Lyra Christi." | "Novissima hora est."—I John ii. 18 (Vulg.) | London: | Houlston and Sons, | Paternoster Square, E. C. | 1898. |

The page measures $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches in length by $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. vii + 35. British Museum press-mark, 11408. ee. 73.

The title sets forth the contents with remarkable accuracy, and the author has worked independently. He points out what none other has, that, whereas Neale prints 218 lines of Latin from Bernard in his eighth edition, his translation calls for 235 lines of the original. "The seventeen lines of the Latin, there by some oversight omitted, are here supplied, together with a few others, and are distinguished by being inclosed in brackets." He has used the edition of the poem in the Rolls Series, but followed Trench and Neale in transposing lines, but not in being silent as to the fact. He praises Moultrie's version, found in Orby Shipley's *Lyra mystica* (above, No. 15), elaborately analyzes the part of Bernard which he has rendered, and prints his rendering opposite to the corresponding Latin text on pp. 12-31. At the foot of these pages are references, mostly to Scripture passages. On pp. 33-35 are original explanatory notes of superior quality.

32. The | Celestial Country | hymns and poems | on the | joys and glories of Paradise | with illustrations | after Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, | Lippi, Bernardino Luini, Benozzo Gozzoli, | and Carpaccio | London | Seeley and Co. limited | 38 Great Russell Street | 1900 |

The page measures $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches in length by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length 7 inches, width $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Pp. vii + 96.

This beautiful book has only nine illustrations, but the angels who are here portrayed really make heaven seem an attractive place, whereas the angels who appear on the pages of the other illustrated volumes in this bibliography do not to me.

In a setting worthy "of the most beautiful words ever uttered on heaven,"—outside of the Bible—John Mason Neale's *Rhythm* of Bernard is here included with other verses on the same theme. The *Rhythm* comes on pp. 14-28. There are two illustrations to it, one each by Fra Angelico and Benozzo Gozzoli.

33. Jerusalem | the | Golden | Translated | from the Latin by | John M. Neale. | D.D. | London: Ernest Nister. | New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. | [1903.]

The page measures $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width.

The book is printed in Bavaria, and was issued for the sake of the six illustrations, which are of angels playing on musical instruments. I have never seen an angel, and long ago gave up all expecta-

tion of being one myself; but, with all due respect to the artist, I question whether angels look like those here portrayed. The letter-press is spread irregularly on the pages a couple or more lines on a page, in fancy printing. The lines are those in Neale's translation which go from "Jerusalem the Golden" to "And Spirit ever blest."

34. The Students' Series of Latin Classics | Latin Hymns | Selected and annotated | by | William A[ugustus] Merrill | professor of Latin, University of California | οὐ πόλιν διλαδ τοιότ | Benj. H. Sanborn & Co. | Boston, U. S. A. | 1904. |

The page measures 7 inches in length by 5 inches in width; type-page: length $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The compiler and editor on pp. 47-49 reprints sixty-two lines from Bernard's *De contemptu mundi*, prefacing them with a few words and following them with a few notes. The text is Neale's.

35. The | Celestial | Country | by | Saint Bernard | of | Cluny | translated | from the Latin | by | John Mason Neale | G. P. Putnam's Sons | The Knickerbocker Press | New York and London | [1905]

The page measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, width $\frac{3}{4}$ inch. Pp. 113.

This is one of the so-called "Vestpocket Series." It contains only Neale's *Rhythm*, omits Neale's notes and Latin text, but includes a prefatory note drawn from Neale's preface. It has no illustrations and no pretensions.

36. The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix | on | the Celestial Country | and the Hymn on | the Glory of Paradise | by | Peter Damiani, Card., | With translations by J. M. Neale. | London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet St. | Newport, Mon.: John E. Southall, 149 Dock St. | 1908. |

The page measures $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width; type-page: length 4 inches, width $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. xv+51.

The compiler, John Edward Southall, is a Friend. His preface is biographical and mildly critical. He gives the Latin text of the poem reprinted. He also reprints Neale's notes.

37. Great Hymns | of the | Middle Ages | compiled by | Eveline Warner Brainerd | [device] | New York | The Century Co. | 1909. |

The page measures $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches in width; type-page: length $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. xxvi+122.

The frontispiece is a reproduction of Botticelli's picture of St.

Augustine, found in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, daintily printed in color. The device on the title-page is very churchly. The little book belongs to the Thumbnail Series, and emerged from the DeVinne Press—which accounts for its attractive appearance—October, 1909.

It has an introduction by Miss Brainerd, interesting and able but not helpful bibliographically, as she does not discuss sources of her texts and translations. John Mason Neale's translation of Bernard of Cluny is given on pp. 63-83, under the heading, "Hora Novissima." The hymns have uniformly Latin captions but the text is entirely English and there are no notes.

IV. MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

It is not my intention to run down every reference to Bernard of Cluny in books of reference, but there is one such book which, because of its special nature and high, deserved standing, must be mentioned, and its treatment of Bernard emended. I allude to—

A | dictionary of hymnology | setting forth the | origin and history of Christian hymns | of all ages and nations | with special reference to those contained in the hymn | books of English-speaking countries, | and now in common use | together with | biographical and critical notices of their authors and | translators | and | historical articles on national and denominational hymnody, | breviaries, missals, primers, psalters, sequences, | &c. &c. &c. | edited by | John Julian, M.A. | Vicar of Wincobank, Sheffield | New York | Charles Scribner's Sons | 1892 |

A dictionary of | hymnology | setting forth the origin and history of | Christian hymns of all ages and | nations. Edited by | John Julian, D.D. | Vicar of Topcliffe, Yorkshire; Prebendary of Fenton in York Minster; | and canon of York. | Revised edition, with new supplement. | London | John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1907. |

The page measures $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length by $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width; type-page: length $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, width $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Pp. xii + 1616. British Museum press-mark, of the first edition, 2002. c. (i. e., it is among the books of reference on the open shelves).

The treatment of Bernard was assigned to two persons, and their articles are reprinted in the new edition unchanged. Consequently the errors to be pointed out remain. The late Rev. Digby S.

Wrangham, vicar of Darrington, Yorkshire, wrote on "Bernard of Morlaix" (p. 137), and so stood committed to that origin of the poet. He leaned heavily on Trench and Neale. I should like to know where Dean Stanley said anything about Bernard, as Mr. Wrangham says he did. On pp. 533 ff. the poem itself is criticized and annotated in the fashion adopted for this dictionary by the editor himself, under the title of its opening line, "Hora novissima, &c." I know that it would be unreasonable to expect the editor of a dictionary to spend as much time on any single article as I have spent on this. But I do wish he had taken the trouble to have visited the British Museum library, and there have verified his references, instead of copying them from Trench and Neale without doing so. If he had, he never could have printed the series of blunders given in the first paragraph of his article, that entitled "Publication." (1) The date of the first edition of Flacius' *Varia Poëmata* is not 1556, but 1557. (2) The list of subsequent editions is defective. The eight lines of Wachler—which was not an English, but a German, publication—and of Mohnike, were in no sense an edition of the poem. But, what is still more strange, there is no mention of the complete edition in the Rolls Series. (3) The reference to Simrock is not p. 286, but p. 292. (4) The joint author (and therefore he should have been mentioned) of the *Library of Religious Poetry* was Mr. Arthur Gilman. (5) The date of publication was 1881, not 1883. (6) Dr. Schaff's blunder as to the Paris edition of the *De contemptu mundi* of 1483 should not have been repeated. It was Bernard of Cluny's "Golden Booklet," often called *De contemptu mundi* and attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux, which was then and there printed.

In the second paragraph of his article, entitled "Design and Execution," he quotes Neale's paraphrase of Bernard's argument of his poem, which differs so from the original text that Neale could not have meant it for a translation. But for the rest of the article I have no criticisms, only commendations. I have been put on the track of much interesting matter, which I probably should not have otherwise discovered, by his excellent treatment of the translations of parts of Bernard's satire.

A book alluded to as a source of knowledge and also of error is

Polycarp Leyser's *Historia Poetarum* [Leipzig, 1721] (pp. 412-14), which states, as translated from the Latin:

A. D. 1140. Bernardus Morlanensis. Morlanensis, or Morlavensis, otherwise Morlacensis. From England. A monk of Cluny of the order of St. Benedict. Flourished about 1140. He wrote (1) Rhymed dactylic hexameters on scorn of the world, beginning "Hora novissima, tempora pessima, vigilemus" [notice that Leyser leaves out *sunt* before *vigilemus*]. They appear in the "Varia doctorum piorumque virorum de corrupto ecclesiae statu poemata," by Matthias Flacius, Basel, 1556. Afterwards in 1597 Nathan Chytraeus published them in octavo at Bremen, putting up the claim that he was the first to bring them to light. They were printed afterwards at Rostock in 1610; at Rinteln and Leipzig in 1626, octavo; at Lüneburg in 1640, 12mo, edited by Eilhard Lubin. I have come upon a fragment of this poem in a manuscript in the library of the University of Helmstedt [I corresponded with the University of Helmstedt without results] from which some points in the edition of Flacius can be corrected. I will present the more striking divergencies. [Here he gives various readings.]

2. One book in verse on the world, beginning: "Vita mori mundo est, sed mors est." [No more is known of this poem.]

3. There are some verses in praise of Symon, abbot of York, and of Count Wulnoth added to the three books of Bernard's On scorn of the world in the manuscript in the Cottonian collection [now in the British Museum, already described and here translated], which are perhaps Bernard's.

Bernard is especially worth reading among all rhythmic writers, in the opinion of Olaf Borch, not only because of his easy and clever diction, but because of his spirited castigation of the corrupt manners of his time.

In his notes Leyser refers us to three books worthy of attention: (1) Johannes Pitsius, *Relationum historicarum de rebus Anglicis* (Paris, 1619). On p. 205 of this book we find the catalogue of John Boston of Bury as authority for the statement that Bernardus Morlanensis wrote several pieces. This catalogue is found in full in John Bale's *Scriptorum illustrium Maioris Brytanniae* (Basel, 1559), p. 38, and in it it is stated that Bernard wrote *De contemptu mundi* in three books, "Versus de mundo" in one book, "De verbi incarnatione" in one book, and in the last is a colloquy between Gabriel and Mary. [Nothing more is known of it.] Boston's catalogue is reprinted in Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica* (London, 1748), pp. xvii-xliii. David Wilkins, in his preface (p. xv), calls attention to the fact that Boston in his catalogue did not confine himself to the mention of British authors. It was the supposition that he did which probably led to the assertion that Bernard was of British

ancestry, and to the translation of his birthplace to Brittany. (2) Christophorus Hendreich, *Pandectae Brandenburgicae* (Berlin, 1699), p. 53. This is a biographical dictionary, and the entry is this:

Bernhardus Morlanensis, vel Morlavensis, alias Moriacensis Anglus Monachus Cluniacensis. Ord. S. Benedict. De vanitate et contemptu mundi et gloria coelest. lib. 3 carmine rhythmico (dactylico, vel Dactylico rhythmico, artificiosè et ingeniosè satis). Hoc opus ex vet. membranis primus Ann. 1557 Matt. Flacius Illyricus Basileae edidit. Postea A. 1597 Bremæ in 8. vulgavit Nathan Chrytræus: qui errat asserens se primum eos prodire fecisse. Imp. et postea Rostochii 1610. Rintelii & Lipiae. 1626. 8. cura Eilhardi Lubin. Versus de mundo lib. 1. 84. Item alii ejusdem libri tres, ejusdem ferè argumenti, edente Eilhardo Lubino. 8. His tribus libris, in Curiae Romanae, & Cleri ejus scelera stilo satyrico gravissimè invehitur. Luneb. 1640. 12. Colloquium Gabrielis atque Deiparae de incarnatione verbi lib. 1. Flor. circa A. 1140.

(In English: "The vanity of the world and scorn thereof and the glory of heaven by Bernard Morlanensis, or Morlavensis, alias Moriacensis, an English monk at Cluny, of the order of Saint Benedict. Three books in rhymed verse (dactylic or rhymed dactylic, cleverly and ingeniously enough done). This work was first published from old manuscripts by Matthias Flacius Illyricus at Basel in the year 1557. Afterwards in the year 1597 Nathan Chytræus issued it at Bremen, and is wrong in saying that he was the first to have published the verses. It was afterwards printed at Rostock in 1611, at Rinteln and Leipzig in 1626, in octavo, by Eilhard Lubin. Eighty-four verses of the first book and three other books by the same author on about the same subject were likewise published in octavo by Eilhard Lubin. In these three books a most weighty arraignment is made of the sins of the Roman Curia and its clergy in the style of satire. Lüneburg, 1640, 12mo. Dialogue between Gabriel and the Virgin on the Incarnation of the Word, One book. He flourished about the year 1140.")

And (3) Olaus Borrichius (Olaf Borch) who is the favorable critic of Bernard. His book's title-page is this:

Olaï Borrichii | Dissertationes Academicae | de | Poetis, | Publicis Disputationibus, in Regio | Hafniensi Lyceo, assertæ, | Ab Anno 1676. ad Annum 1681. | Nunc iterum evulgatæ. Anno 1683. Francofurti, | Pro Sacra Regiae Majestatis Danie ac Norvagiæ Librario Daniele Pauli, | excudit Johann. Georgius Drullmann. |

(In English: "Olaf Borrichius' Academical Theses on the poets, maintained in public disputation at the Royal University of Copenhagen, from the year 1676 to the year 1681. Second edition, Frankfurt, 1683, printed by Johann Georg Drullman for Daniel Pauli, librarian to His Sacred Majesty, the King of Denmark and Norway.")

On p. 88 he says:

Circa eadem tempora, secundum Possevinum, scripsit Bernhardus Morlanensis elegantissimos de mundi contemptu rhythmos, legi præcipue dignus inter omnes scriptores rhythmicos non tantum ob dictionem facilem & argutam, sed quia corruptos seculi mores ingeniose perstringit. Ut transeam editionem Rintelensem & Lüneburgensem, certe curam huc etiam contulit Nathan Chytræus, & Eilhardus Lubinus.

(In English: About the same period, according to Possevin, Bernard of Morlas wrote some most choice rhymes on "Scorn of the World," which are particularly worth reading among all writers of rhyme, not only on account of their easy and clean-cut diction but also because of their clever castigation of the corrupt manners of the age. To pass by the Rinteln and Lüneburg edition, Nathan Chytræus and Eilhard Lubin certainly also worked in this field.)

THE PROSE TRANSLATION OF THE TEXT OF NEALE'S AND FORD'S VERSE TRANSLATIONS OF BER- NARD'S "CELESTIAL COUNTRY"

For the convenience of the reader who may desire to see them I have here brought together those portions of Bernard's long poem which constitute the text translated by John Mason Neale and by Charles Laurence Ford. This text is substantially the same in the two cases, but Mr. Ford has taken in a few lines more. As will appear from a comparison of these portions with the full translation which follows, the lines chosen by the verse translators are not consecutive. Mr. Ford's text is that of the Rolls Series, edited by Wright, as he states. Neale at first used Trench's cento, wherever that came from, but afterward got a fuller text from an unnamed and to me unknown source.

The hour of doom is at hand; the times are out of joint. Let us awake! Behold, the Supreme Judge stands threateningly over us, to end the evil, crown the right, reward the good, free the troubled, and give us the realms of light. He will take away the hard and heavy load of the burdened soul, will strengthen the worthy, and punish the wicked, with justice to both. Behold, the King of Piety and Majesty is come; let culprit man arise. The Man-God is at hand as Judge and not as Father.

Run, good man, avoid the slippery, and choose the virtuous. Be wrung with tears, and by your tears you shall win the delights of heaven. You shall be filled with light without a moon or evening star. There shall be a new light, a golden light, one only light. When wisdom or power delivers over its ancestral kingdoms to the Father, then shall thy path go to him. Then shall new glory illumine the worthy heart, and make all that puzzled plain. The true and lasting sabbath shall appear.

The Hebrew shall walk free from his foes and them that lord it over him. He shall be held free and celebrate the Year of Jubilee. Their land of light, unknowing storm and strife, shall be peopled with new citizens and filled with the sons of Israel. The gleaming land, the blooming earth, shall be freed from thorns, and given to the faithful citizens there which here is held by strangers. Then shall all the holy look upon the face of the Thunderer in full power and knowledge and peace that faileth not. All the faithful shall have that peace, that blessed peace, inviolable, unchangeable, and unalloyed; peace without sin, peace without storm, peace without strife, the end of toil and uproar, an anchor sure. One

peace shall be for all—but whom? The spotless, the gentle of heart, standing firm in their place, and holy of speech. That peace, unfailing peace, has been given to them above, and is to be given to the humble, and the courts shall be filled with their festal voices and songs.

This Garden of Eden shall abound in all sweet perfumes, and there shall be full grace, full joy, song, and rippling laughter—full redemption, full renewal, full glory; while violence and misery and grief are fled, and suffering banished. No weakness is there, no sadness, no tearing asunder; there is one common weal, one only peace, peace without a flaw. Here are mad passions, evil schisms, scandals, peace without peace; on Zion's heights is peace without strife and without grief.

O sacred draught, sacred refreshment, vision of peace, anointment of the soul, not refreshment of the greedy belly! On this man leans, by this he walks, this uses, and shall enjoy. The peace unfailing, now but a hope, shall hereafter be found a fact. Good Jesus and his comeliness shall be the food of the blessed, feeding their souls that thirst for him and are filled. And thou shalt thirst, and shalt be filled with this feast of life, no toil in either, one rest, one love for both. Thou, a stranger, shalt be united with the citizens of heaven, thyself a citizen. Here is the trumpet of battle; there peace and life await thee that livest well. All the faithful shall have this one Last Supper. Then shall the net be heaped up and filled to overflowing. Then at last, unharmed by the vast numbers of great fish, it shall be glorified, and the serpent shall be driven from the lambs.

The forces of them that fall shall be sundered, of them that stand shall be saved, and thou shalt burn the one and stablish the other, O God. A new people, a new flock, this goodly number of the good, shall seek Jerusalem—the pious sow here and shall reap there. It shall be a glorious flock, in him rejoicing as Father, on him leaning as Leader, who took away all guilt by his blood—the Crucified King. This flock in holy order, in gleaming lines, and filled with light, shall live under his leadership who suffered on the cross—the King of Nazareth. Nourished by the savor of the spirit and the nectar of heaven, it shall live in sweet repose amid perpetual spring. Among sacred lilies and springing buds of flowers the ranks of the pious shall stroll and practice melody, preparing their hearts for praise and their lips for song, as they stand recounting their old-time slips and sins. The greater their wrong-doing was, the wickeder their hearts, the greater shall their praise be and the loftier their hymns to him who set them free. Then there will be one song, full of the mercy of the Thunderer, one hymn of praise of him who gives heavenly rewards for husks—rewards for husks, joys for woe, life for death—life wherewith the Israelite shall be filled again.

Here we live a little while, and wail a little while, and weep a little while; the recompense shall be a life not brief nor e'en brief tears. Oh, recompense! Our brief course here eternal life awaits. O recompense! A heavenly mansion waits for them of misery full.

What is it that is given, and to whom? Heaven to needy creatures who merit the cross, the starry skies to worms, good gifts to guilty souls, the stars to sinners. Heavenly grace not only gives us all the gifts of light, but crowns our flesh above

the stars. All shall receive one recompense of heavenly grace—all, all who weep for woe. Then shall the rose flash red as blood, the lily virgin white, and joy surpassing make thee good, O pious tear. Now is thy portion sadness, but then joy—joy greater than tongue can tell or eye can see or touch can grasp. After the dark, fierce, wicked scandals of the flesh, light without darkness, peace without disturbance, await thee. Now we have battle, but hereafter rewards, and of what sort? Complete; complete renewal, free from all suffering and trouble. Now we live on hope only, and Zion is vexed of Babylon; now is our portion tribulation, but then new birth, a scepter and a crown. He who is now but believed on shall himself be seen and known, and shall be theirs who see and know him. Complete renewal, then the pious vision, vision of Jesus. Him shall Israel behold, and be filled with feeding on him, shall be filled with him and dwell with him on the heights of Zion.

O good King, none needs there to say to thee, "Spare." There shall be no wretched heart any more, nor wasted time, no corpses, funerals, or tombs; and, what is still more blessed, all evil shall be far away. Thine eyes shall no more be wet for thy sins, and the mournful joys and soft-tongued attacks of the flesh shall be gone. An enviable race and blooming life, the welling fount of David there. The light will golden be, the land with milk and honey flow. That light will have no evening, that race no woe, that life no death. Jesus will be there, holding all and held of all. His light will feed the blessed, his light alone, food without food to them adapted whose hearts are as fire. Him we shall behold, and shall be satisfied beholding him, while our chorus of earth shall fill the star with its holy bands.

We lean on hope now, and here are fed on milk, but there shall eat the bread of life. The night brings many ills, the morn will bring deep joy. The passion brings joys, redemption kingdoms, the sacred cross a haven, tears rejoicing, suffering rest, the end new birth. Jesus will bring high trophies to all them that love him; Jesus will be loved and will appear in Galilee. The morning will appear, darkness flee away, and order reign. The morning will be bright, and he who brings good gifts will shine brightly. Then shall the pious ear take note and hear the words, "Behold thy King." Behold thy God, thy Glory is here, and the Law is done away; my portion, my King, God in his own glory shall be seen and loved; the Creator shall be seen face to face. Then Jacob shall be made Israel and Leah, Rachel. Then shall the courts of Zion and the beautiful country be perfected.

O fair country, the worthy eye beholds thee, at thy name tears gather in the worthy eye. The mention of thee is as ointment to the soul, the healer of pain, the fire of love to the soul that takes in heaven. Thou art the one and only peace, the heavenly paradise. No tears hast thou, but peaceful joy and smiles. There is the bay planted and the tall cedar and hyssop; the walls gleam with jasper and are brilliant with golden bronze. Sardius is thine, and topaz and amethyst. Thou art wrought of the heavenly congregation, and Christ is thy crowning gem, thy light the death on the cross and the flesh of the crucified Leader. Praise,

benediction, hallelujahs resound for him. A blooming dower and brilliant gems are thine, the King of Nazareth, Jesus, man and God, the Golden Ring, the Garden of Delight—the Door and Doorkeeper, at once the Ferryman and the Haven. He is thy salvation-bringing Day-Star, thine Ark, Champion, and Garden. Thou art the fount and stream without bounds of space or time; sweet of taste art thou to the good, and thou hast the living rock all about thy brink. God himself is thy golden stone, thy wall, indestructible, insuperable, and never doomed to fall.

The bay is thine, a golden dower is given thee, lovely Bride, and thou receivest the first kisses of the Prince, and lookest upon his face. White, living lilies are thy necklace, O Bride! Thy Bridegroom, the Lamb, is beside thee; thou standest in beauty beside him. Peace, thy rewards, the Founder, the halls, the holy cross upon the gate, thy skill to praise, thy function to live undying, thine only work to make sweet music, and jubilant sing thy ills deserved and blessings given. Thy lot is joy without end, without alloy; thy law to shout and sing, "Glory be to Thee, O Christ."

City of Zion, city fair, country of harmony and light, to thy joys art thou ever drawing the pious heart. Blessed Jerusalem, our home, not place of passage, street beautiful, Pythagoras' hand points the way to thy good gifts. Golden city of Zion, country of milk, beautiful in thy people, thou overwhelmest every heart, thou dazzlest the eye and heart of all. I cannot, cannot tell thy happiness and light, thy glad companionships, and thy wonderful glory. Trying to extol them, my heart is overcome and faints. O fair glory, I am conquered, thy praise conquers me utterly. The courts of Zion, filled with the martyrs, ring with hallelujahs amid the gleaming crowd of citizens, secure in her Prince, in the peaceful light. Abundant pasturage for the soul is there, assured to the holy; the throne of the King is there, and the sound of a feasting throng. A race glorious in its Leader, a company shining in white raiment, dwells happy in Zion's halls, those kindly halls. Without sin, or trouble, or strife, the Israelites dwell on the lofty heights of Zion. Blooming peace is there, green pastures, life's very marrow, with naught to vex, no tragedy or tears.

O sacred draught, refreshment sacred, peace of souls! How pious, how good and pleasant, the sound of their hymns!

God is himself sufficient food unto all the redeemed—full refreshment, the actual vision of the Almighty. They are satisfied, and yet they have a panting thirst for him, without fiery heat, without distress, without complaint. To one more, one less, that mighty bounty of the Godhead—many are the mansions, many the recompenses, of the Father. The moon is before the lesser fires, the sun before her. She presides over the night, they over them that sail the sea, he over the day. Thou seest that one star shines more brightly in the sky than another star; so shall the faithful believe there are supreme rewards and rewards more moderate.

O famous Zion, glory due to those who shall be glorified, thou displayest intensest blessings to the inner eye. The eye within, the keen vision of the mind, beholds thee. Our hearts on fire reap hope now, hereafter the reality. O only Zion, mystic dwelling in the skies, I rejoice for thee now; for myself I grieve now,

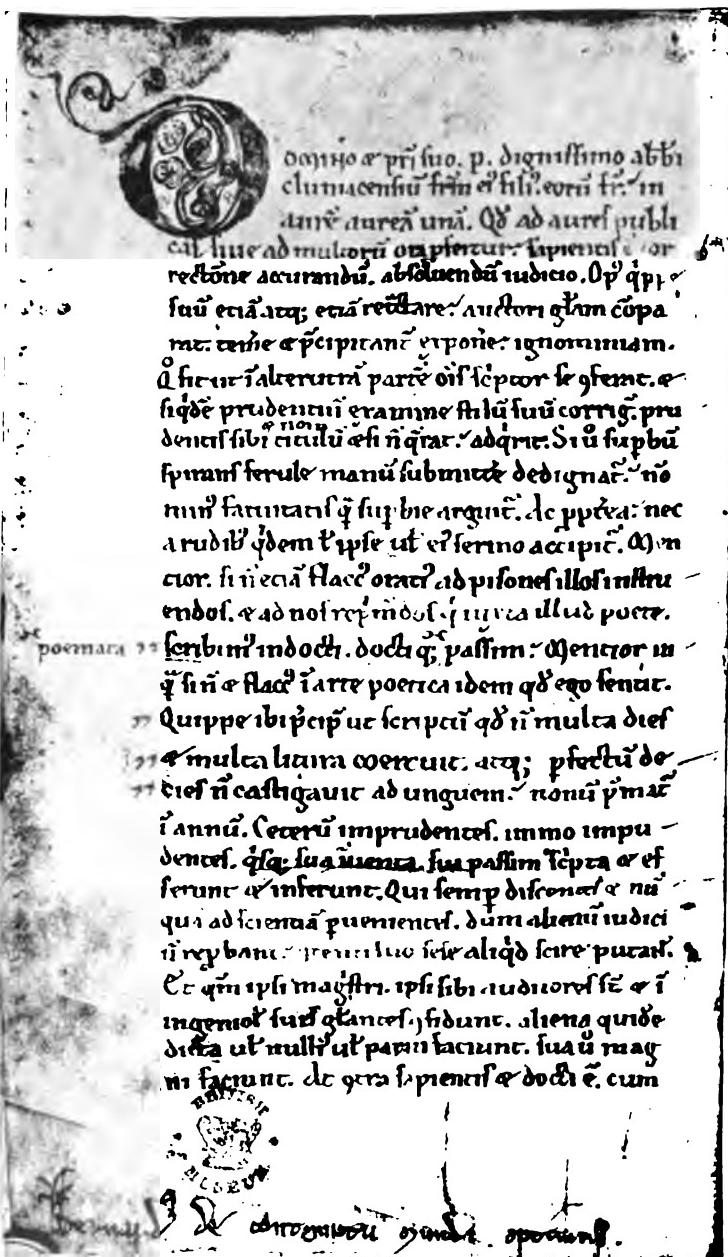
and mourn, and pant. Because I cannot with the body, I often make my way to thee in spirit; but flesh is earth, and earth is flesh, and now I fall back. None can disclose, and none describe in speech the splendor that fills thy walls and thy capitol. I can as little tell it as I could touch the heavens with my finger, or walk upon the sea, or plant a javelin in the sky. Thy beauty overwhelms all hearts, O Zion, O peace; city without time, no praise of thee can go beyond the truth. O dwelling new, the pious company, the pious race, lays thy foundations, carries on the building of thy walls, and brings them to a complete and perfect whole. God cherishes thee, and the ranks of the angels dwell in thee, feasting and playing upon the ten-stringed lyre. Thou bloomest with the prophets, art golden with the twelve patriarchs, and bright with the faithful who are abhored here, but filled there. There are the pure lilies of the virgin couch, the blood-red rose, the purple badge of dignity and worth. The company of the patriarchs adorns thee, a spotless couch is thine, a holy victim and holy tears the penalty for guilt. The Great King presides there and occupies thy courts, the only-begotten of the Father, mystic lion at once and lamb. The King is there, the only Son of Mary, Offspring of the Holy Virgin, Author of Creation, Mouthpiece of Wisdom.

O courts of splendor, blooming land, O land of life without a wrench, without a grief and without strife, 'tis thee I seek, thee I adore, for thee I burn; 'tis thee I wish, and hail and sing. Nor do I seek thee through merit, for as to merit I reap death. In merit I am a son of wrath, nor reign in silence. My life, indeed is very guilty life, is death in life, o'erwhelmed and trampled under deadly sin. And yet I walk in hope, in hope and faith I ask for my reward, the everlasting reward I ask for night and day. The Father of goodness and piety created me, supported me amid filth of the world, raised me out of the filth and from the filth washed me clean. When I take strength from him, I rejoice; when from myself, I mourn. In him I rejoice, in myself I grieve and toil in tears. While I meditate upon his flesh, quick joy is in my heart; but when I view my own mean flesh, my soul congeals, conscious of its meanness. Celestial grace, the welling fount of David, washes all things clean; all things doth wash, and floweth over all, cleansing all.

Thou art all my hope, O Zion golden, more brilliant than gold, glorious in thy ranks, secure in thy Leader, blooming with perpetual bay. O fair land, shall I obtain thy full rewards? O fair land, shall I behold thy joys and thee? Tell me, I beg, and answer give, O say, "Thou shalt behold." I have a well-fixed hope; shall I attain the thing? O say, "Thou shalt attain."

Rejoice, my ashes, God is thy portion, thou art his; see that thou remainest so. Thy King thy portion is, thou his; see that thou fail'st him not.

WORKS ATTRIBUTED TO BERNARD OF CLUNY



OPENING OF PROSE PORTION OF MANUSCRIPT DESCRIBED
ON PAGE 12

ON SCORN OF THE WORLD

DEDICATION

To his lord and father, Peter, honored abbot of the Brethren of Cluny, his son, their brother, would whisper a word of reminder. What is put forth for the ears of the public or the tongues of the many should be polished according to the criticism and made acceptable to the judgment of an expert; for touching and retouching one's work brings glory; putting it out carelessly and hurriedly brings disgrace. Hence every writer takes to one course or the other; and if he corrects his writing according to the verdict of the wise, he wins for himself, even though he does not seek it, the name and title of wise man. If, on the other hand, he be arrogant and scorn to present his hand to the rod of correction, he lays himself open to the charge of silliness as well as arrogance. Neither he nor his discourse, therefore, is accepted even by the unskilled; and I am a liar if Horatius Flaccus,¹ in instructing the Pisos and restraining us who, according to the poet's words, "are forever scribbling verse, whether taught or untaught (*scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim*)"—I am a liar, I say, if Horace in his "Ars Poetica"² is not of my opinion, since he there directs that a writing which has not been corrected by length of time and many erasures, and chastened to a finished production with painstaking care again and again, be kept from seeing the light for eight years. But the indiscreet, or rather insolent, all keep bringing out and bringing in their own productions and casual scribblings, and, while ever learning, though never arriving at knowledge, flout the judgment of others, and complacently fancy that wisdom is theirs. Being their own teachers and their own pupils, and having a lordly confidence in their own little talents, they make other people's utterances of little or no account, their own of great. On the other hand, it is the mark of a wise and learned man to compare one's own works with those of the learned, and to study form and style in them and with them and from them, and try to follow their methods in the arrangement of the ideas and the words themselves. It is certainly customary, if our works need more careful pruning, to prune them; if adornment, to polish

¹ Not, as the reader might suppose, from the "Ars Poetica," but from Horace's "Epistle to Augustus" (Ep., II, 1, l. 109).

² This reference is to the "Ars Poetica" (ll. 386 ff.), and the quotation reads thus, using only the pertinent parts and discarding the verse form: "Si quid tamen olim scripseris . . . nonumque prematur in annum, membranis intus positis."

them; if correction, to improve them, in accordance with the learned judgment of our elders; and only when they need none of these things, to put them forth to be read. Considering this, I have not neglected to offer for your criticism, most learned father, the subjoined work upon Scorn of the World, which I have prepared and completed in dactylic measure. I have not neglected, I say, thus to offer it, for I judged that it should not be published in independent confidence or confident independence, without having been first approved by the mouth of Peter, the veritable rock, fortified by his acceptance, corrected according to his opinion, strengthened by his good word. And I ask that no one will blame me or impute it to flattery that I address you by the simple name Peter, and emphasize the compliment by coupling the name with its etymological meaning. For I know that, as with unrestrained minds glory or praise is the destruction of merit, so with the excellent is it an incentive, and the words of the poet are true, "*gloria calcar habet, glory is a spur.*"¹ For a generous soul, whenever anything is said in praise of it, ever strives, even if it is not true, to make it true because it is said. One never speaks to deaf ears, therefore, in praising a good and honored man, when the very praise of virtue is his subject. But enough of this. Now I come back to the point of digression. To your criticism, therefore, most learned father and lord, I have determined to intrust the little work on Scorn of the World. I have written and divided it, but not yet put the finishing touches to it. If anyone or you yourself should want to know why I preferred to bind myself to verse rather than to write in prose, I will say, quoting the words of the poet,²

*"Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetae
Aut utrumque et honesta et idonea dicere vitae,"*
(A poet seeks to profit or to please or both,
And to say things worthy and fit to live.")

because what is put forth in meter is more eagerly read, and more easily sinks deep into the memory. Hence, while the reader is charmed by the beauty of the lines and the music of the words, he is fired to show forth the virtues of which he hears or reads, and girds himself up to practice

¹ The poet here referred to is not Horace, but Ovid, and the quotation comes from "Ex Ponto," IV, 2 (Severo), l. 36, and reads, discarding the verse form: "Excitat auditor studium, laudataque virtus crescit, et immensum gloria calcar habet."

² From the "Ars Poetica" (ll. 334, 335), with the second line from a different text or defective memory. The quotation as given in A. J. Macleane's text is: "Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetae, aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitae."

them while he contemplates the graces of the language. Therefore, as in verse there is most beauty, so in beauty there is most profit, and each of these hangs together with the other. And this is easy to see; for if the reader take pleasure in the one, he certainly will in the other. For he who gazes with eagerness upon the beauty of the words often grasps more eagerly the fruit of the thought. Hence it happens that all, or nearly all, that poets have written, they have put forth with a metrical safeguard, so to speak, expecting to make attractive, when painted in verse, what they could not make so in prose. Therefore also the Psalter itself, as they call it, is composed in lyric feet. I pass over the point that very many pages of the Testament, which I omit to enumerate, for the reason given were written in meter, not turned into meter. For in the time of revealed grace, when faith and the gospel and our crucified Jesus reigned everywhere, the art of versification came so far into favor that some of the orthodox ventured to turn even the majestic dignity of the gospel's pages into spondees and dactyls. Thus, therefore, I, imitating the style of those whom I emulated in devotion to God, though not able to reach their skill in this or in other branches, yet was both desirous and able to pursue their end, and pursued it. For inasmuch as in the minds of my fellows a reputation for writing good verses hovered about me, though undeservedly, and hardly anyone spoke, much less wrote, in criticism of faults, my heart warmed within me; and when the fire of zeal had burned brightly in my meditations many days and nights, I finally girded myself up, and spoke with my tongue what I had long kept hidden in my mind. For I had often heard the Bridegroom say, "Let thy voice sound in my ears," but had not obeyed, and again the Beloved cried to me, "Open unto me, my sister."¹ So then I arose to open unto my Beloved, and said: "Lord, that my heart may meditate, my pen write, my tongue proclaim thy praise, pour thy grace into my heart and my pen and my tongue." And he said unto me: "Open thy mouth, and I will fill it." So I opened my mouth, and the Lord filled it with the spirit of wisdom and understanding, that through the one I might speak truly, through the other, clearly. This I say not in pride, but altogether in humility, and only for this reason boldly that, unless the spirit of wisdom and understanding had flowed in upon me, I could not have put together so long a work in so difficult a meter. For this kind of meter, preserving as it does an unbroken line of dactyls, except for the last foot, and the leonine sonority, has, in consequence of its difficulty, fallen almost, not to say quite, into disuse. Finally, it is well known how little was composed in it by those most excellent verse-writers, Hilde-

¹ Reference to Cant. 5:2.

bert de Lavardin,¹ made first bishop and afterward metropolitan for his pre-eminent attainments, and Wichard, canon of Lyons.² Hildebert, in writing in hexameters of the blessed sinner, Mary of Egypt, gave but four lines the shading of this meter, and Wichard used it in thirty lines, more or less, of his "Satire." But why do I mention this? That men may understand that it is not without God's help and inspiration that I have written three books in a meter in which these writers wrote so few, so very few lines, begging their pardon for saying so. And now I offer my meditations to the criticism of your judgment, most learned father, and would whisper a reminder of my obedience in so doing. For when you were at Nogent³ a while ago, and had deigned to receive some little works of mine, you bade me also bring you this of which I had happened to speak; and since I could not do it then, not having the work with me, I now offer it to you divided into three books, and beg for your correction here, if it shall be necessary. It is not irrelevant to mention briefly beforehand what subject I have treated in each book. In the first I have discussed Scorn of the World. In the two subsequent books both the subject and the purpose are the same, the subject being the castigation of sin, the purpose to recall from sin, and everyone is aware of the value of such writing and the good it does. To be brief, I have dedicated this work, such as it is, to you, father, writing it with God's favor, and will send it if I cannot be at hand to present it in person. May, therefore, the gracious father graciously

¹ Hildebert, born 1056, became bishop of LeMans 1096, and archbishop of Tours 1125, where he died December 18, 1133. The cathedral of LeMans is his monument. His moral character was publicly exposed by the famous revival preacher Henry of Lausanne, a monk of Cluny. His literary remains, both in prose and verse, are in Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, CLXXI. The poem on Mary of Egypt is in cols. 1321-40. There is a brief quotation from him in the collection of Flacius, *Varia doctorum piorumque virorum, de corrupto ecclesiae statu, poemata* (Basel, 1557; p. 417), in which Bernard's poem first saw the type.

² The name is spelled variously, Guichard, Vuichard, Wichard. The last is the form preferred by the authors of the monumental *Histoire littéraire de la France*, who on p. 444 of Vol. XII give a brief notice of him. The satire mentioned by Bernard is the only piece of his which has survived, and we owe this, curiously enough, to Flacius, who inserted it on pp. 489-91 of the collection mentioned above. It is only thirty-three verses long, and is headed "Satyricum carmen in monachos." Nothing appears to be known of his personal history, save that he wrote in the twelfth century and was a canon of Lyons.

³ There are no less than eight Nogents in France! Probably the one here meant is Nogent-sur-Seine, sixty miles southeast of Paris. Near to it Abelard built his humble oratory which bore the name of The Paraclete and was superseded by Héloïse's abbey of the same name. The ruins of the latter building are still visible.

receive his son's work, the master his pupil's, the lord his servant's! For with approving conscience I dare to say confidently, and I do say, that you have in me a true son, a devoted pupil, a servant without servility. What are you to be to me, or rather what I to you? Surely you will be a father to me, and I shall be a son to you. For the rest, may the God of peace and love preserve you and yours in peace, reverend father. Amen.

BOOK I

The hour of doom is at hand; the times are out of joint. Let us awake! Behold, the Supreme Judge stands threateningly over us, to end the evil, crown the right, reward the good, free the troubled, and give us the realms of light. He will take away the hard and heavy load of the burdened soul, will strengthen the worthy, and punish the wicked, with justice to both. Behold, the King of Piety and Majesty is come; let culprit man arise. The Man-God is at hand as Judge and not as Father.

Arise, and walk the narrow path, all ye who can. The King comes quickly, knowing the facts, and himself the witness against us. Let all the guilt and all the dross be washed away while there is yet time and opportunity. Give to the needy. Make ready a lowly place for him that aspires too high. The Judge stands over us, and will tell exactly what he means to give us and what he has given. He comes back a light unto the good and a terror to the bad.

He that is now slighted will appear in lordly power, inexorable, terrible in his wrath, and not to be withheld. In his right hand he will hold the worthy hosts and the wicked hosts. On one side the accepted will have their place, on the other the rejected. The wicked on one side, the worthy on the other, will hear the words: "Go, go, ye guilty troop. Come into my kingdom, my flock." The concourse on the right hand shall go to heaven with Christ at their head. The crowd lost in sin shall wail in their ranks on the left.

The crowd lost in sin, condemned by sin to hell, stands fast now, but shall fall then; stands fast here, but shall there forever atone for its deeds. Then shall ye who weep now receive eternal joy, believe me, ye holy concourse, new-born in holiness. The flock shall be restored, and the thief shall be removed from the flock, the new from the old, the accepted from the rejected, the white from the black, the foe from his bold schemes, the lamb from his foes, the goat from the lambs. The humble shall mount to the stars, the lofty go down to the lowest place. He that weeps shall flit to heaven, and he that delights in sin shall depart to regions below. The drunken soul shall atone for carnal pleasures; the sober and worthy rejoice.

Finally, the last fire shall rise higher than any mountains, while the slothful occupy places below, and the blessed the stars; and the flame shall rise free into the air, shall rise to the stars, and destroy palaces and kingdoms, villas and cities and castles. It shall boil away all the elements that now reek with filth, and shall make all things shine with light, removing the impurities.

The world shall be occupied and renewed, itself yet different—different in aspect, though not in source; and no man shall be poor there or feeble or sad. There shall be no raging madness or strife, no food or cooks, no passion, no jeers or swelling pride or violence. The earth shall be moved, and the form of its circle made over which is now seized, defiled, destroyed by one whirling chaos.

The earth bears our fathers' bones; hereafter it shall be like the Garden of Eden. No more shall the husbandman till it as now, leaning on the help of the ox. The atmosphere shall no longer have the same complexion, but be free from snow and clouds, lightning, thunder, and rain. The orbit of the sun and the quick-fleeting moon shall stand still; the stars, the pole, the sea shall cease to revolve. All the constellations shall be bright, with the glory of the Right Hand of God, the constellations shall have twofold light, and the sun shall illumine thy courts.

The pious people that weep now shall then shine as the sun, and all have learned minds and beautiful bodies—beautiful and swift and strong, free, charming, sound, and vigorous, exempt from hateful death. The comeliness of Absalom were uncomeliness there, the hair of Sampson stubble, and slow the foot of Asahel, the hind of Israel. Naught there the power of Cæsar that knew no peer, the might and pleasures of Solomon naught. There would not Moses give himself sound eyes and teeth, and brief were the life of Methuselah. Seek these things well, ye souls—seek, seek, arise to seek pure joys, enduring joys that perish not nor ever shall.

Does not the robber, snatched from the cross of woe, to rule rich realms and hold a scepter high, know patent joys? His joy is gloom and nil beside the joys above. Compare them, and thou seest that earthly joy is naught.

We shall see and share and know those heavenly joys, we who weep for slippery joys now. All things closed or open shall be for us all. Our individual members shall be fashioned as eyes. The worthy eye shall look through all things closed as through things open, for God is its sure vision there. We shall look upon the face, and our gaze shall pierce through to what is hidden within; nor shalt thou fear to have thy sins exposed to view, laid away in tears. Thy neighbor shall know thy wrong-

doings, thou his, and feel no shame. More gracious grace, a higher hand shall there be shown to thee. The fiercer thy wounds now borne without complaint, the plainer and surer shall be the healing there. All closed paths shall open before thee and nothing obstruct thy way. Dost know how to imagine good things? The more shalt thou gain, my steadfast voice. Thou shalt march mightier than the world, swifter than winged sight. Thou shalt be found mighty to roll the ages without an effort. Thou shalt be equal to them above, shalt imitate their deeds and follow with skill; thou shalt see the Father's face, O thou of pious speech here. Standing above the clouds, thou shalt safely see black Tartarus below, and have no fear of its gloom and woes, its terrors and its tears.

The troop of the guilty and lost sees the joys afar off now, sees judgment, hence weeps, and, wicked, envies the holy. It weeps because many a tear is in store for it, while joys await the holy. It weeps because it falls and shall not see the face of the Thunderer. As the upright then sees the reprobate troop, so now the reprobate sees the blest, and looks down with scorn upon it below itself.

More beautiful is a swan after a blackbird, white after black, music after groaning, snow after pitch, the good after the reprobate.

Neither the good daughter becomes troubled about her mother nor the son about his father, though the daughter stand while the mother falls, the son is blessed while the father atones for his sins. As you now delight to see the fishes sport in the sea, so you shall not groan with pain to see your flesh in hell.

Run, good man, avoid the slippery, and choose the virtuous. Be wrung with tears, and by your tears you shall win the delights of heaven. You shall be filled with light without a moon or evening star. There shall be a new light, a golden light, one only light. When wisdom or power delivers over its ancestral kingdoms to the Father, then shall thy path go to him. Then shall new glory illumine the worthy heart, and make all that puzzled plain. The true and lasting sabbath shall appear.

The Hebrew shall walk free from his foes and them that lord it over him. He shall be held free and celebrate the Year of Jubilee. Their land of light, unknowing storm and strife, shall be peopled with new citizens and filled with the sons of Israel. The gleaming land, the blooming earth, shall be freed from thorns, and given to the faithful citizens there which here is held by strangers. Then shall all the holy look upon the face of the Thunderer in full power and knowledge and peace that faileth not. All the faithful shall have that peace, that blessed peace, inviolable, unchangeable, and unalloyed; peace without sin, peace without

storm, peace without strife, the end of toil and uproar, an anchor sure. One peace shall be for all—but whom? The spotless, the gentle of heart, standing firm in their place, and holy of speech. That peace, unfailing peace, has been given to them above, and is to be given to the humble, and the courts shall be filled with their festal voices and songs.

This Garden of Eden shall abound in all sweet perfumes, and there shall be full grace, full joy, song, and rippling laughter—full redemption, full renewal, full glory; while violence and misery and grief are fled, and suffering banished. No weakness is there, no sadness, no tearing asunder; there is one common weal, one only peace, peace without a flaw. Here are mad passions, evil schisms, scandals, peace without peace; on Zion's heights is peace without strife and without grief.

O sacred draught, sacred refreshment, vision of peace, anointment of the soul, not refreshment of the greedy belly! On this man leans, by this he walks, this uses, and shall enjoy. The peace unfailing, now but a hope, shall hereafter be found a fact. Good Jesus and his comeliness shall be the food of the blessed, feeding their souls that thirst for him and are filled. And thou shalt thirst, and shalt be filled with this feast of life, no toil in either, one rest, one love for both. Thou, a stranger, shalt be united with the citizens of heaven, thyself a citizen. Here is the trumpet of battle; there peace and life await thee that livest well. All the faithful shall have this one Last Supper. Then shall the net be heaped up and filled to overflowing. Then at last, unharmed by the vast numbers of great fish, it shall be glorified, and the serpent shall be driven from the lambs.

The forces of them that fall shall be sundered, of them that stand shall be saved, and thou shalt burn the one and establish the other, O God. A new people, a new flock, this goodly number of the good, shall seek Jerusalem—the pious sow here and shall reap there. It shall be a glorious flock, in him rejoicing as Father, on him leaning as Leader, who took away all guilt by his blood—the Crucified King. This flock in holy order, in gleaming lines, and filled with light, shall live under his leadership who suffered on the cross—the King of Nazareth. Nourished by the savor of the spirit and the nectar of heaven, it shall live in sweet repose amid perpetual spring. Among sacred lilies and springing buds of flowers the ranks of the pious shall stroll and practice melody, preparing their hearts for praise and their lips for song, as they stand recounting their old-time slips and sins. The greater their wrong-doing was, the wickeder their hearts, the greater shall their praise be and the loftier their hymns to him who set them free. Then there will be one song, full of the mercy of the Thunderer, one hymn of praise of him who gives heavenly rewards for husks—

rewards for husks, joys for woe, life for death—life wherewith the Israelite shall be filled again.

Here we live a little while, and wail a little while, and weep a little while; the recompense shall be a life not brief nor e'en brief tears. Oh, recompense! Our brief course here eternal life awaits. O recompense! A heavenly mansion waits for them of misery full.

What is it that is given, and to whom? Heaven to needy creatures who merit the cross, the starry skies to worms, good gifts to guilty souls, the stars to sinners. Heavenly grace not only gives us all the gifts of light, but crowns our flesh above the stars. All shall receive one recompense of heavenly grace—all, all who weep for woe. Then shall the rose flash red as blood, the lily virgin white, and joy surpassing make thee good, O pious tear. Now is thy portion sadness, but then joy—joy greater than tongue can tell or eye can see or touch can grasp. After the dark, fierce, wicked scandals of the flesh, light without darkness, peace without disturbance, await thee. Now we have battle, but hereafter rewards, and of what sort? Complete; complete renewal, free from all suffering and trouble. Now we live on hope only, and Zion is vexed of Babylon; now is our portion tribulation, but then new birth, a scepter and a crown. Therefore shall Rachel yield to Leah, journeying home, Martha to Mary, the wrath of Saul to David, of Holofernes to Judith, of Ahab to Elijah, and all things obey the meek, while hope becomes reality, the seed fruit, the word deed, the darkness day. He who is now but believed on shall himself be seen and known, and shall be theirs who see and know him. Complete renewal, then the pious vision, vision of Jesus. Him shall Israel behold, and be filled with feeding on him, shall be filled with him and dwell with him on the heights of Zion.

O good King, none needs there to say to thee, "Spare." There shall be no wretched heart any more, nor wasted time, no corpses, funerals, or tombs; and, what is still more blessed, all evil shall be far away. Thine eyes shall no more be wet for thy sins, and the mournful joys and soft-tongued attacks of the flesh shall be gone. Deceit and wrong and wrangling—in short, all evils—shall perish. Thou shalt have no trials, no torments to fear, no wrongs, no injuries, no troubles to bemoan. The cross on which this flesh, these ashes, wear themselves away shall be a blooming flower, and there shall be nothing more to make it afraid. None shall need to feed on husks or to try to turn any man's heart by entreaty, nor shall any one weep, lost in misery or fear of death or torture. By thy tears shalt thou win the right to joy and life—life not defiled by husks or prayers, or misery and death and torture. Heavenly plenty and heavenly grace shall

be spread broadcast, and the soul shall see new light, while God becomes all things to all. An enviable race and blooming life, the welling fount of David there. The light will golden be, the land with milk and honey flow. That light will have no evening, that race no woe, that life no death. Jesus will be there, holding all and held of all. His light will feed the blessed, his light alone, food without food to them adapted whose hearts are as fire. Him we shall behold, and shall be satisfied beholding him, while our chorus of earth shall fill the star with its holy bands.

We lean on hope now, and here are fed on milk, but there shall eat the bread of life. The night brings many ills, the morn will bring deep joy. The passion brings joys, redemption kingdoms, the sacred cross a haven, tears rejoicing, suffering rest, the end new birth. Jesus will bring high trophies to all them that love him; Jesus will be loved and will appear in Galilee. The morning will appear, darkness flee away, and order reign. The morning will be bright, and he who brings good gifts will shine brightly. Then shall the pious ear take note and hear the words, "Behold thy King." Behold thy God, thy Glory is here, and the Law is done away; my portion, my King, God in his own glory shall be seen and loved; the Creator shall be seen face to face. Then Jacob shall be made Israel and Leah Rachel. Then shall the courts of Zion and the beautiful country be perfected.

O fair country, the worthy eye beholds thee, at thy name tears gather in the worthy eye. The mention of thee is as ointment to the soul, the healer of pain, the fire of love to the soul that takes in heaven. Thou art the one and only peace, the heavenly paradise. No tears hast thou, but peaceful joy and smiles. There is the bay planted and the tall cedar and hyssop; the walls gleam with jasper and are brilliant with golden bronze. Sardius is thine, and topaz and amethyst. Thou art wrought of the heavenly congregation, and Christ is thy crowning gem, thy light the death on the cross and the flesh of the crucified Leader. Praise, benediction, hallelujahs resound for him. A blooming dower and brilliant gems are thine, the King of Nazareth, Jesus, man and God, the Golden Ring, the Garden of Delight—the Door and Doorkeeper, at once the Ferryman and the Haven. He is thy salvation-bringing Day-Star, thine Ark, Champion, and Garden. Thou art the fount and stream without bounds of space or time; sweet of taste art thou to the good, and thou hast the living rock all about thy brink. God himself is thy golden stone, thy wall, indestructible, insuperable, and never doomed to fall.

The bay is thine, a golden dower is given thee, lovely Bride, and thou receivest the first kisses of the Prince, and lookest upon his face. White, living lilies are thy necklace, O Bride! Thy Bridegroom, the Lamb, is

beside thee; thou standest in beauty beside him. Peace, thy rewards, the Founder, the halls, the holy cross upon the gate, thy skill to praise, thy function to live undying, thine only work to make sweet music, and jubilant sing thy ills deserved and blessings given. Thy lot is joy without end, without alloy; thy law to shout and sing, "Glory be to Thee, O Christ."

City of Zion, city fair, country of harmony and light, to thy joys art thou ever drawing the pious heart. Blessed Jerusalem, our home, not place of passage, street beautiful, Pythagoras' hand points the way to thy good gifts. Golden city of Zion, country of milk, beautiful in thy people, thou overwhelmest every heart, thou dazzlest the eye and heart of all. I cannot, cannot tell thy happiness and light, thy glad companionships, and thy wonderful glory. Trying to extol them, my heart is overcome and faints. O fair glory, I am conquered, thy praise conquers me utterly. The courts of Zion, filled with the martyrs, ring with hallelujahs, amid the gleaming crowd of citizens, secure in her Prince, in the peaceful light. Abundant pasture for the soul is there, assured to the holy; the throne of the King is there, and the sound of a feasting throng. A race glorious in its Leader, a company shining in white raiment, dwells happy in Zion's halls, those kindly halls. Without sin, or trouble, or strife, the Israelites dwell on the lofty heights of Zion. Blooming peace is there, green pastures, life's very marrow, with naught to vex, no tragedy or tears.

O sacred draught, refreshment sacred, peace of souls! How pious, how good and pleasant, the sound of their hymns!

God is himself sufficient food unto all the redeemed—full refreshment, the actual vision of the Almighty. They are satisfied, and yet they have a panting thirst for him, without fiery heat, without distress, without complaint. To one more, one less, that mighty bounty of the Godhead—many are the mansions, many the recompenses, of the Father. The moon is before the lesser fires, the sun before her. She presides over the night, they over them that sail the sea, he over the day. Thou seest that one star shines more brightly in the sky than another star; so shall the faithful believe there are supreme rewards and rewards more moderate.

O famous Zion, glory due to those who shall be glorified, thou displayest intensest blessings to the inner eye. The eye within, the keen vision of the mind, beholds thee. Our hearts on fire reap hope now, hereafter the reality. O only Zion, mystic dwelling in the skies, I rejoice for thee now; for myself I grieve now, and mourn, and pant. Because I cannot with the body, I often make my way to thee in spirit; but flesh is earth, and earth is flesh, and now I fall back. None can disclose, and none describe in speech the splendor that fills thy walls and thy capitol. I can as little tell

it as I could touch the heavens with my finger, or walk upon the sea, or plant a javelin in the sky. Thy beauty overwhelms all hearts, O Zion, O peace; city without time, no praise of thee can go beyond the truth. O dwelling new, the pious company, the pious race, lays thy foundations, carries on the building of thy walls, and brings them to a complete and perfect whole. God cherishes thee, and the ranks of the angels dwell in thee, feasting and playing upon the ten-stringed lyre. Thou bloomest with the prophets, art golden with the twelve patriarchs, and bright with the faithful who are ahungered here, but filled there. There are the pure lilies of the virgin couch, the blood-red rose, the purple badge of dignity and worth. The company of the patriarchs adorns thee, a spotless couch is thine, a holy victim and holy tears the penalty for guilt. The Great King presides there and occupies thy courts, the only-begotten of the Father, mystic lion at once and lamb. The King is there, the only Son of Mary, Offspring of the Holy Virgin, Author of Creation, Mouthpiece of Wisdom. Here the Father's Word and Wisdom, the Father's Right Hand; as Final Judge he holds all things below, above, within, without. God rules the stars, my clay dares aspire to the stars in him who holds all things created in his hand as his own. With the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost equally hold all things, tower above all things, are all and everywhere. We seek him well, and so shall see him; nay, do see him. We shall gaze upon him and shall thirst for him, and be satisfied. To look continually and forever upon the face of the Thunderer brings lasting gain, unceasing gain to the holy.

O courts of splendor, blooming land, O land of life without a wrench, without a grief and without strife, 'tis thee I seek, thee I adore, for thee I burn; 'tis thee I wish, and hail and sing. Nor do I seek thee through merit, for as to merit I reap death. In merit I am a son of wrath, nor reign in silence. My life, indeed is very guilty life, is death in life, o'erwhelmed and trampled under deadly sin. And yet I walk in hope, in hope and faith I ask for my reward, the everlasting reward I ask for night and day. The Father of goodness and piety created me, supported me amid filth of the world, raised me out of the filth and from the filth washed me clean. Thy greatest hope, thy strongest hope, is fixed and shall be fixed on Him who after thy¹ sins let his light shine into their abyss. When I take strength from him, I rejoice; when from myself I mourn. In him I rejoice, in myself I grieve and toil in tears. While I meditate upon his

¹ The obscurity of this couplet can be better illumined with the *sua* of P [one of the various readings of Wright's edition, to which these notes signed H. P. refer] than with the *sua* of the text, so I adopt it.—H. P.

flesh, quick joy is in my heart; but when I view my own mean flesh, my soul congeals, conscious of its meanness. Let great power and supreme grace relax the great punishment, unloose the tremendous chains of the wicked, overcoming the devil. Celestial grace alone has power to spare the inward rottenness of the whole world, a healing salve to its ills. Celestial grace, the welling fount of David, washes all things clean; all things doth wash, and floweth over all, cleansing all.

O pious grace, make me to see the palaces on high; let me behold the blessings and the celestial festivals of harmony. Let me not be tortured in soul or follow or say anything unholy; let me join the denizens of heaven and follow the Lamb. Let me be free from dross within, from foes and trouble, cold and hail, flesh, lust, death, fear without. O country of heaven, without sin or storm, I, sinner, burn for thee—I will say more, with faithful heart I dare aspire to thee. Thou art all my hope, O Zion golden, more brilliant than gold, glorious in thy ranks, secure in thy Leader, blooming with perpetual bay. O fair land, shall I obtain thy full rewards? O fair land, shall I behold thy joys and thee? Tell me, I beg, and answer give, O say, “Thou shalt behold.” I have a well-fixed hope; shall I attain the thing? O say, “Thou shalt attain.”

Rejoice, my ashes, God is thy portion, thou art his; see that thou remainest so. Thy King thy portion is, thou his; see that thou fail’st him not. My heart, my sinful heart, that portion shall not be torn from thee. Tears are thine, but thou shalt have the better part; ask, and thou shalt receive—the better portion, full refreshment, unfailing peace of soul, the vision of the Deity, the face of Omnipotent Light. Hence the deep thirst, the sacred tear, the panting sigh. Through tears the spirit becomes an offering, weeps for its wrong and covers it with a veil of tears, crushes down the flesh, washes and lightens the deed, the heart, the tongue. It scorns the external, and knocks at the door of the inward night and day. It bemourns and upbraids itself, wrings, drives, tries itself, is a furnace to itself, rouses the heart with wailing, and cries again, “O Zion, O peace!”

To the tearful, the hungry, the tired is the vision of the Father breath and refreshment and new life. O holy, pious, thrice and more times blest is he whose portion is God! O wretched, sinful, he who hath that portion not! The one and only glory of the heavens, the one Creator is himself the Giver of the Gift, the Maker of the sky, and the Gift itself. It warms the heart to look upon his face, to see the bands, to take the rewards and share his light.

Race pious of tongue, but impious in walk, jealous of good morals, why live ye ill and lose those blessings of the good? Race of adamant, with

hearts as hard as stone, why scorn ye the good, to seek the perishable? Reckless race, crowd whirling in the vortex of death, race bereft of deeds without, and hearts turned within, why draw ye back and scorn those inward gifts? Why leave ye the manna and go back to Pharaoh? Why seek ye the things that make ye fall and die? Why cleave ye to that which falls in death and dies at last? O spurious crowd, delirious crowd, whither do ye haste? Whither are ye hurling your guilty bodies, your guilty hearts? Why, I ask, do ye scorn to go before and seek to turn backward? O race condemned, ye turn your face to sin, your back to good. Man, why dost thou prefer the fleeting to the permanent, the fallen to that which stands, the last to the first of things, and spurn the high, all bent upon the low? Rise, turn back, strive to rise, strive to turn back. Make known the sinner, sinner; God is at hand to avenge, to avenge the hidden wrong. Uncover the wounds, uncover the corpses four days old; uncover the wounds, and cover them with tears, smite the sound parts. Race of Babylon, rise, weep for your harmful joys, drive them away with your tears, sweep the place and guard it well.

The hour of doom, the last day, is near with its sin-destroying fire, grateful but terrible, mild and yet harsh, bright but appalling. Vengeance is at hand, death, tribulation—of what character? Bitter. A bright day to them that sleep, terrible to those awake. Though so long-suffering, our Judge stands threatening, as proclaimed by the bards and disclosed by the mouth of the prophets.

O awful crash, as all things fall in flame, aye, even the heavens! The King comes quickly, the sinner and the faithful man tremble at his coming. From this Leader shall we receive our rewards, from this Judge obtain glory. Before this Judge shall fraud fail; through his testimony shall guilt be known. Gentle yet terrible, a lamb yet fierce, other and yet the same, shall he appear, and the heavens obey him. The bands of heaven and the topmost heights shall be shaken; the heavens, the earth, the sea, shall be heard to give forth a sound. The high summits and the high bands shall fall together; the heights and the depths, the sun, the sea, the stars, shall be shaken. Now silent to form a good judgment, he shall thunder forth, roaring and raging and striking against that which is evil. Mild to them that love him, but terrible to his foes, will he be found; merciful to the one, inexorable to the other. His one countenance shall frown upon the one and smile, oh wonder vast, beneficently upon the other. He shall have pity upon the one and crush the other. Long-suffering, kind, bearing the burden of the wicked here, he shall then punish the evil and fortify the acts of the good. One shall be rendered beautiful by merit, another raised aloft

by the grace of the Father alone—grace not deserved by him, but freely given.

When the way is hard and the course of two feeble, one shall be rejected, the other win the heights of heaven. When the way is slippery and the case of two is the same, one shall be loved, the other regarded as an enemy and outcast. Many a pitfall unto many, nay unto all, is this matter of the acceptance of some and the casting out of others in despair. An insoluble, inexplicable enigma, this. We see external goods from the outside only; their Author from within also. God knows the pious heart, denies the impious, just to them both.

Let every man tremble for himself, and let every man rejoice in thy grace. Let every man bemoan his sins, and walk in fear and trembling. He falls from the ranks tomorrow who today stands in line apparently pure. The almighty King who rules all things crushes some and chooses others. The way of man is today wicked, tomorrow pious; today roses, tomorrow dust. Soon the rose becomes a thorn, and the wolf lurks about the sheep-fold tomorrow. Man sees the face, but God the heart; God finds him a sinner who to man seems good. Let each man tremble for his deeds, let God make thy flesh faithful, make it faithful and blot out vile and impious joys with tears.

Sport, oh sport, ye people of Babylon, while your bodies live. Sport, ye of hearts slow to good and prone to evil. The last day is at hand which shall put all your doings to flight, burning your palaces and your treasure-houses. The King of Piety will come, with his rage not like our rage—O inward trembling—stern to some, to others kindly of speech. The King will come, a scourge unto them that fall out of line, a mild unjudging judge to them that keep in line. He has suffered judgment and endured to stand before Pilate. In righteousness will he show it forth, but he has borne it and will make it bearable. The King born of a virgin, himself Giver and Gift, shall be plainly visible. Why weave delays? All flesh shall see the Son of man. The unutterable, wicked crowd shall gaze on him they crucified, him whom they cursed, alas, depraved in tongue and heart. The grain shall be gathered into barns and threshed upon the floor, and he that weepeth now shall receive joy forevermore. The impious race of Babylon, born to die, shall fall, the son of peace shall mount to heaven, the son of wrath go down to hell. Then shall Gehenna be heaped up and overflow with the ranks of sin and lust.

One shall find it mild there, another harsh, another without escape; afterward there shall be no remission or redemption. Bewail your evil here, seek the stars, ye children of Eve. Here pain is profitable, here is

it possible to win your place, but there alas, alas! Fraud is scourged there and pride howls, but in vain. Wantonness weeps, sluggishness grieves with unceasing grief. The fickle heart mourns for what is worthless and weeps for its bitter lot; the race of darkness is lost to self and hope and name. They that burn with Venus' flame now shall be roasted by the fiercest fire of Gehenna; vengeance shall pursue and smite them with fury to their destruction. It roasts the hearts on fire with sin, the limbs on fire with lust, crushes the false witness, rages against the arrogant, lowers over all. It renews and slays, makes whole and cuts, that undying bodies still may die; the standing be laid low, that cold may glow and fire congeal, and they that seek to escape either may fail to find the other. Full many a death is there, flame black as night, and light that is darkness. I cannot touch on all details in my poor verse or in prose. As human voice cannot proclaim the joys of the good, so human voice cannot proclaim the woes of the bad. He that is crafty now shall hereafter find the baseness of his heart and the wickedness of his life punished by dire torture and pain. Verily vengeance like a lash shall be doubled for my deeds, devour the heart and pierce the frame through and through. Let the pious man hear this, that he may stand firm; the impious, that he may rise up quickly. Fear begets firm standing, blesses him that standeth, and cleanses him that is sunk in guilt. Uttermost punishment shall bring hearing to the inattentive ear, and real tears shall be shed at last by the heart caught in sin. Those that wrong-doing binds together here, smiting vengeance shall unite there, bringing the feeble together with the feeble, the depraved with the yet more depraved. Their frivolous life now, punishment then, binds the low to the low, the depraved to the depraved. The ranks of sin are tied up and bound together like a great bundle, and, having no fruition in them, are burned like fagots. They are withered fig trees without fruit within, worthless branches and dry for the burning. Earthy flesh and fleshly earth is the horde of the wicked, a crooked generation, a miscellaneous bundle of kindling wood. Hereafter shall their laughter be changed to weeping, and in the fires and pangs of death they yet die not. The torments of the wicked are as many and great as their sins, but of the many two are the worst, cold and fire. Nor are these relieved by each other; both torture the body and soul according to Christ's judgment. Our temporal fire is a jest and cooling shade beside the fire there. The fire we call so great that not all the billows of the sea could quench it is gentle and a sort of painted picture before those enduring flames. That cold is such that it would freeze the fiery mass of a molten mountain. Such woes shall the course of the guilty meet. The eyes, the temples, brow, lips, chest,

bowels, breasts, mouth, throat, member, legs there feed the flames. There do the eyes weep, weep for their sins long past, become a horrid foulness and foul horror now. The sight of the Demon and face of the Gorgon bristle there, and all shocking and impious things are exposed before all. The race of the wicked is stung by serpents that die not, and tortured by dragons that breathe forth flame. The serpent lives in that actual fire as the fish lives in the sea, and I read that these things shall be as I write them. There are the cross, the scourge, the hammer, the fire, and fiery flood.

O flesh, thick night awaits thee there, a night that knows no light. All the dwellers in the regions of death are in night together. Groan, wail, O man, grieve, tremble, lay aside earthly things. Fiery bonds at last enchain the individual limbs, bonds restrain elusive bodies and fictitious limbs. The sinful race is fixed head downward on a threefold cross, with face and back completely turned around. Unutterably horrible are they with their legs and feet reeking with decay and their heads downward. Such are the woes of hell for sure.

Wail, guilty race. Believe me, these things are not inventions of mine. I note a few details here, some individual ones I know not, and some I omit. My words are true. God is building a fiery furnace of the wicked, David indicating the friends of this world. Reflect, my soul, how fierce is the fury of that fire. This furnace is heating with a heat such as furnace seldom knows. Consider in thy heart why it is called a furnace of fire. Dull soul, wandering soul, learn and fear the scourges prepared for the wicked. If thou heapest up evil here, thou shalt there become the torch that burns thyself, thine own fire and burning fiery furnace. Alas, oh theme for tears, my soul, cry out, oh pitiable, woe! Not bright and shining there the flame, but black and awful, yet it flashes out and doubles woe with darting fire. For thy pain is visible to thy neighbor, his to thee, in the darkening light. Vengeance burns the heart with cold, the body with fire. Both rush into sin, both deservedly atone for it. That the greater sinner meets such torture the God-man says, and Job the well tried. He that stands out and endures the inner woe, as God ordains, falls into outer darkness. Unless thou weepest here, thy portion there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Smoke rising from the fires burns one, fierce cold another. There is solid proof that the torture of cold and fire awaits the wicked when they die and begin to atone for their deeds. Job's page, too, if you mark well Job's sacred songs, says quick passage drives them from snow to fire. And he is a trustworthy witness; therefore is the flank of my pen protected, being hedged about by King, lieutenant, prince, and

soldiery. As the rewards, so¹ are the stripes perpetual—kingdoms, kingdoms everlasting for the blest, stripes unceasing for the bad. For the one is honor ever larger, for the other pain ever greater, without end. The one possesses heaven, the other is cast down to destruction. Their slippery bodies and tyrant hearts are torn with torture, and parched with the coldness of hail or the torch of the lightning. They are squeezed, furrowed, ground, wrung, smitten, and pestered in Gehenna with violence and torture, weight and cold, with scourging and suffering unceasing. There, believe me, you find the cross without the tree, death without death, voice without song, light without light, night without night. Not there do you see Aeacus state judge, nor Rhadamanthus, nor Cerberus there, but the fury and vengeance and wailing of hell. Not there the boatman and the skiff by voice of Vergil sung, but what? Burning, torture, night, the death of Babylon. Orpheus is not bound there by conditions made, nor Typhoeus by stout thongs, nor is that heavy stone there and the bird that tears at the inwards. Blackest punishment is there, heaviest punishment, the punishment of the wicked—their evil conscience and their guilty heart are the serpents that knew them. Their envious hearts, their sordid flesh and limbs a prey to lust are torn by eternal vultures and burned with eternal sulphur in punishment eternal. Assyria's race, made food of dragons, trembles there and groans, the daughter of Babylon weeps, her lilies lost. The more blooming and brilliant and mighty she was, the more ugly she lies there shattered in foul decay. That harlot thought herself a goddess, poison filled her heart. She was given up to all things vile, and now is exposed to all punishments. Her sweet honey, or rather gall, have they drunk who now pursue slippery and fleeting joys, who prefer perishable gains and kingdoms that fall to that which lasts, and are filled with salt that has lost its savor. Her wines of passion and lust has the accursed crowd drained to whom Babylon has shut the starry realms. Their lot is changed; the greater their delights before, the more terrible the tortures into which they are now thrown. What now is left to see and know of her? She has withered and turned to ashes, collapsed and fallen. The thunder of Babel and the rebel tongue of Jezebel are sunk to hell; applaud, ye stars, ye heavens, applaud! She who had grown to ill-starred power and in her might had said, "The world is mine," has destroyed herself with the rest and plunged into the regions of death. That land is deeper and darker than the earth; the race of sinners weeps there, but the tears are too late. The land is overspread with darkness and with the whirl of death. Manifold death is there, sure

¹ The *sic* of B makes sense of what seems nonsense with the *in* of the text, so I adopt it from the footnotes.—H. P.

tears and suffering sure. That woe endures throughout all the ages, while pain consumes the breast, and torture wrings the flesh, and fire burns the heart. Sound is stilled there, horror lies brooding there and the shadow of death. The strong man bears his sins there and strength of torture. The mighty heart endures the scourge mightily. The greedy throat is on fire, the babbling tongue of drunkenness, the gluttonous belly. Manifold torture is there and inmost punishment for the wicked, manifold torture, manifold suffering, manifold fire. The fire surges there black and mighty to torture, to burn the wicked heart and luxuriant members. Night doubles the woes, and the steaming caldron of the Styx darts forth; black and penetrating is the scorching flame, and no water is anywhere there. The furnace roars with billows of fire, and the wailing fills the air; the gloom and lamentation have no ending. Its fiery flood, its billows black the flame rolls up, and roasting cold, with freezing fire racks the soul. The devouring worm teemeth, and the deep pool of the abyss lies hidden there. All there faint in soul and body.

Sport, live, ye stranger race of rich revenues. The flesh deceives you here, and Gehenna receives you there. There is no vision, no mansion filled with light, no place of order, no courts of light and happy fields.

O Vergil, thou art deceived when thou tellest of the fields of the blessed. Thou who writest of them, dost not find Elysian fields awaiting thee there. Poetic Muse, scholastic tongue, dramatic voice, in treating of these things thou art deceived and deceivest others to their hurt. This Gehenna gleams with fires that radiate no light, is full of blackness, full of whirling confusion, full of suffering. It is full of the handmaidens of lust and vice who came thence and return thither. It swallows up them that it spits forth, pierces them through and through, and plagues them utterly, while life alone survives for the coming deaths. The fire of loin and lust burns, burns in fire, and punishment is duly meted out to it.

He that is unworthily raised up here is driven to the bottom there. He has then the worst and lowest place who now has the first. He that seizes and ravishes and mangles and tortures, shall be seized and ravished and utterly mangled and tortured himself. They that are now a prey to falsehood, wrong, passion, gluttony, and greed shall become the prey of vengeance, gloom and fire, of torment and alarms. Hear this with attentive ears while yet ye may, ye who hoard up lucre, run after lucre, and sell yourselves for lucre; race quick to feed the sordid flesh with flesh, and give to them that have, but to the poor, alas! spare not a bit of bread. Here ye have Lazarus, there Tartarus, and the throat once drunk with drink and food shall there be parched and dry. The rich man dies without a hope, without

a name, poor in his riches, but Lazarus hereafter shall be filled with all he weeps for now. The rich man asks for water, the hungry man reaps full plenty. Glory is given to tears, suffering to riotous abundance. After death the rich man goes below, the poor man to the stars. He that weeps amid his sores, rejoices in heaven, while the well-fed stomach grieves. A drop of water is begged, the throat is tortured and the mouth parched. No drop is given. Why? Because he would not give a crust. He that did not give a little is reduced to the least. He stands with hands outstretched to the fount and begs for the water that is not for him. Returning wine with honey, feasts with feasts, raiment with raiment, he bears his sins now, bears plague and torments. His glory and bloom have gone down into the cave of the Styx, the black cave. His bloom was but a show of bloom, and has withered and turned to pain. He that had little has now Abraham's bosom and paradise; he that had much has burning, tears, torment, suffering, and jeers.

Where now is the fine raiment? Where now are the dinners and suppers? Raiment and dinners are fleeting things, but their penalty endures. Purple passes away, and eating comes to an end, but vengeance endures—endures and worries sharply, aye, unceasingly. Fire and hunger and thirst are the punishment of the rich man in his need, in place of the quail and the little pig, of the feast, the debauchery, the fire of the belly. The quail, the wolf, the oyster, the flesh of the sow or the steer, the fire of passion, the sinful dice, the ribald jest, the dinner by day and the supper of midnight, are passed and gone; the deed tyrannical by day, the slippery deed of night, are now no more. The man of wealth and luxury is buried and dwells in numbers in the regions below, so saith the Holy Scripture.

Hear with your ears and store in your hearts these things, ye rich. Lift up the wounded, carry the prostrate, feed the humble. Feed those with meat who shall feed you well with rich prayers, that their needy and thirsty limbs faint not. Store this precept in your hearts, and show it forth in your character and deeds, and all that pious faith acclaims and the way of soberness approves. Store it in your hearts, show it forth with your tongues, do what is right; be food unto the needy, house and shelter to the pilgrim. Give yourselves and yours; God wishes both, delights in both. Let every man give himself to the Lord, his goods to the poor. Why weave I many words? I am teaching you and myself. Let us give our trifles to the needy, who have the best with them. Christ who gave all is moaning at our gates. He is in want and cries aloud, asking for the last bit and saying, "Oh give." None gives, he is in want. What then? He will himself exact the thing refused. We, drunken race, get joys here, but

torture hereafter. Lo, thou layest up vast pelf and gain in thine avarice, and keepest no account, for to keep account is the mark of the poor man. Impure beast, thou seest Christ wailing at the door, mingling here with the hungry and thirsty. On one side thou hast Lazarus, on the other Tartarus, and thou escapest one only by means of the other. Feed, help, regard, nor sinfully cast the humble from thy heart. Thou preparest but earthly goods for thyself, the poor man guarantees thee heavenly goods. He will give thee God for bread; he dies and goes away, but God remains thine. Earthly glory and earthly riches are full of ashes. The glory fades and their splendor withers away. Let the world hear, hear with its inner ear. The world rolls like a wheel driven in the whirl of death. The pleasantness of the world passes and dies and leaves but a cloud. Quickly does the world vanish with its glad being. The honors of the world are frail, their moment brief, and brief the feast. It gives nothing lovely, loves nothing profitable, and jeers at virtue. With foes of soul and foes of body it bristles and withers within and without, itself and its pleasures. The love of the world perishes and destroys its own, the lovers of the world that fancy its joys, its gloomy joys are real. Shall we awake, or shall we stay sunk in the mire of the world, so plainly given over to destruction by fire and flood and foe? Why does the wandering, guilty heart cherish the things that have no real value, that give some brief pleasure and after a little while long pain? Why do we love the flesh so near the burning and the foe within? The love of the flesh perisheth. It is a rose, but shall be dregs; therefore let it be cast out. O fair flesh, so soon foul and full of dregs, a flower now, but presently slime, aye very slime, why dost thou swell with pride? O fleshly flesh, presently clay and then worms, a man today, tomorrow dust—for that is what we are—why art thou arrogant? O feeble flesh, quick falling, soft and weak, why dost thou aim so high, and rear thy front so bravely? What mean thy drunkenness, thy thousand dainties? Thy wealth reeks with decay, thy wines are death; whence comes thy haughtiness? Whence is thy pride? Thy glory is dross, destroyed by death, and dross thy dinners and thy joys, aye, dross thyself. What are thy baths, thy golden raiment? What means thy gluttony? However groomed, thou still shalt ever be flesh, and yet not ever flesh. After being man, thou becomest ashes and ceasest to be flesh, turning to rottenness. How trifling is thy strength, the urn with its little heap of dregs teaches thee. O milky flesh, a rose now, hereafter a worthless lump, thy bloom shall fade, thy rose decay, and still in youth. The flesh, so blooming now, tomorrow shall be horrible, nay more, a very horror, a horror to friends, a horror to foes, a horror to all. Tomorrow shalt thou

be horrible, withered, worthless, a bitterness, thou so fair, so blooming, so dear, today. 'Tis sad this that I am telling, the beauty of thy grace shall straightway pass, this brilliancy of face shall straightway pass and fail. Why talk at length? This flesh, this grace shall perish, this charm, this warmth, this skill or power shall pass away and die. What is perishable flesh? What useless man? But clay. What is the glory of the flesh, I ask. 'Tis earth. Its roses? Grass. Fleshly glory and all the things of flesh, while the flesh flourishes, seem stable, but they fail when it fails. Why is man born or boy brought forth? To die? He comes forth into the air, goes through hard things, moves hence, and is buried. Shifting sand, a fleeting breath, is man. In the morning he stands upon the earth, in the evening is carried out for burial. That which but now was a blooming flower falls in the space of an hour, and is presently snatched away, though it flash with beauty of body and soul. A bit of ashes becomes the man of integrity and value, full of activity as he was, and is not to be replaced or recalled. He is hidden in the sod and shut within the hospitable tomb. The glory of a statue remains for him and the shadow of a name, nay, not even a shadow. The man goes to heaven if he has done well, to hell if ill. His body lies in the ground, his skill is dead, his tongue is still, his breath is fled. That which was a man is become dregs; he that loved him casts him off, and he that he loved shudders and will not know him, hurries quickly to cover up his limbs, hurries to bury him, weeps and gives the orders and makes ready the urn. He groans nor wipes away his tears all day. Presently he bears the bier or goes before or after in prayer. Finally he goes to the funeral lamentations with a sort of imploring wail. He goes in tears, returns rejoicing when he has consigned the bones to the tomb and come away. The loyal love disappears when the wealthy hand has disappeared. It is dead, is dead, when he has lost his friend and his wealth. He who had smiled upon him was in love with his wealth, the wicked heart.

This man of integrity, this paragon, this real man, what is he, pray? What his brave show? An urn of ashes. Handsome, lovable, irreplaceable, this rare man, who filled his post so well, has flowed away like water and been straightway snatched from our sight. He has died like the cattle, and all his charm and grace are suddenly gone. Both the heat and hue are extinguished; henceforward the passion of youth is gone. Why tarry on the subject? Thou art laid low, dear flesh, art become dregs and dust. Thou ceasest to be what thou art, and shrinkest to ashes. Why does the food flow down, and the throat dilate with drinking and eating? Fed on food, thou art, O flesh, food thyself for worms, and turnest to decay. We can

see thy limbs and face pale in death, pale in death, cold to the touch and shrunken together. The auburn or golden hair that waved o'er thy ivory neck lies dead, the heart and the lips with which thou gavest forth thunder tones are still. The eyes have no sight, the ears no hearing, the mouth no speech, the nose no scent, the heart no passion, the frame no warmth. The foot so swift to evil, the eye fixed on woman's charms, the milky neck, the waxen arms have fallen to decay. The waxen arms, as wonderful as beautiful, the shining limbs, one little ditch contains. The teeth before so white, the fiery lips, the blooming face, the gleaming cheek are now decayed and mere dead matter. Where now the cups, the dainties where—the thousand dainties now? Where is the bloom of youth and where the roseate glow of face? Where is the unsteady voice, the all too frequent laughter, where the ribald speech, the frenzied, wanton glance? Where are the belt, the golden ring, the fillet golden? Where the renown and high position inherited from the long line of ancestors? The flesh that sprang from kings is given to worms, is become worms. The flesh reared in palaces and hedged round with royal splendor is defenseless now. Lovely body, thou art now a black and worthless body, thou art dissolved in death and become the image of a corpse.

Earthly glory, like lilies now, tomorrow is as the wind. Fair youth flees away with time first and then in death. The noble chest, the noble body are but body, and the funeral pyre of youth and old age are one. Presently the boy dies, as the rose perishes that blooms in the spring. The strength is snatched away from the strong man, the gleaming beauty from the woman. If one had mental vision keen as the eye of the lynx, I believe he would see that sweet is bitter as gall and beauty ugliness. Think what fair bodies, breasts full of life and limbs of charm, what royal frames, are in the tomb. The tomb speaks loudly and threateningly: "Here are received the first and the last, the high and the low."

Man is a feeble thing, man is a short-lived flower, man is a thing without being, man is clay and earth, and stores up earthly things in his soul. Man is a little flower, a figurine endowed with life. Breath makes him grow, nourishes him, fills and moves him for a little while. When he leaves his bones here, the man dies and becomes mere mean flesh, flesh more horrid than all other flesh. Our flesh is more worthless when dead, more feeble when ill, than any other flesh, and so no other corpses are laid away. It quickly teems with worms, and, as is plain enough, gapes open when hurt, and soon breaks under any rough treatment and hard blow. I will not tell how quickly it becomes ill, how quickly it becomes mean; nor will I say how quickly it becomes decayed, how quickly festering rottenness.

Moreover, it is more horrid, more rough and wild in death, and makes a worse stench—suffers more pain in illness and quickly falls away. You have no fear from corpse or dead body of beast, but poisonous sickness attacks you from that of your kind.

When slain they go their separate ways, the man and brute; is his or its the greater fear? Why, plainly his. A dead animal in a field causes you no alarm; the corpse of a buried brother is far more terrible to you. You are afraid to go and look upon his bones at night, though you have no fear to approach a dead animal. It is felt that our corpses and dead bodies are more horrid and more fetid, and they are known to be so.

Man is a fleeting breath, a short-lived vapor that appeareth for a little while. He appears and shines forth, straightway withers and becomes dry grass. Man is born in tears, and quickly taken away, expires and is buried. He stands a little while, soon falls, is here today, tomorrow gone, set here a little while. The slightest stirring of the air, and most short-lived breath, is man. He is born unto trouble and pain. He raises his head, leaps forth, dies, is like a bubble. No bubble vanishes more quickly, no breath of air more fleetingly. He is earthly flesh and fleshy earth, an image, smoke, a heap of rottenness, the wave of a whirlpool, nay, a very whirlpool. While breathed upon from heaven he blooms like a rose. He is a vapor, straightway collapses and disappears, becomes horrid slime. Man is made of clay here, born of a woman; the new-made man is given over to tears to weep here for himself. He bawls at the breast, lives in troubles, death calls, he goes. He that just now flourished straightway falls and is buried. He straightway falls, straightway passes, and is taken away. He passes, goes away, falls, was here a moment, stayed but a little while. He came forth quickly, quickly passed hence, dies as though he had not been, sows weeds and thistles here. He pursues thistles, reaps thistles, suffers tribulation here. He seeks joy and weeps, he loves and fears, and is crushed down. While man has life, he abounds or needs, rolls like a wheel, gives, takes, goes, groans, is crushed or crushes, burns or is burned—burns and is burned, hurts and is hurt, grows up for ills. He delights in honors and in their labors sinks to rest. His is the heaviest cross who aiming at the top comes out at the bottom. Hence he boils and rages and struggles, busying himself thus. He rolls like a wheel, looks like a rose, and has a sort of brilliancy.

The rich man trembles when ill, the man of high position groans in the midst of his joy, the wealthy man withers. Finally the mad urn gets him, overwhelms him and carries him off, O hard fate, tormented by many deaths on all sides. He is thought rich in his rich name and surviving

glory; his urn is filled with rottenness, and the whole land with his name. He becomes a mirror, a sound, this upright, this good man; this was he so famous of birth, so strong in ancestry, filled with the spirit of Achilles. Fame called him a man; presently the fame fades and withers away itself, flourishing a little while, then battered and torn and enfeebled. Presently, when it has passed away, the man has ceased to be or to be named; therefore it is proved that life has no warmth and living thing no strength. The dull trunk lies there; the man is still who before spoke in thunder tones. The rose that blooming stood erect upon its stalk lies hideous as withered leaves.

Life is as fleeting, nay, as evanescent, as the points which outline a geometrical figure so quickly done away. Death is the great highway; death is the ultimate edge of things. Death tramples gold and clay alike, and nothing is too late for it. It hangs over all, whether hind or noble, rushes on quickly, is the one way of all flesh.

The man more learned than Socrates, stronger than Hercules, is laid low by tertian fever, and so we see that all things are vain. Understand that all that lives and moves beneath the sun is vain; you may know it finally from the teaching of books.

Lo, thou of vision so open to evil, so blind to good, the fever is thy funeral fire; whence dost thou swell with pride? What is thy strength? The frame of great Hector is shrunken and contained in a single narrow ditch. What is thy learning? The bones of Socrates are dry dust; Plato, the mouthpiece of the soul, Cato, of justice, are but dust. What is thine eloquence? Or Demosthenes' and Cicero's? Their tongues are stiff, the breath of those clever lips is fled. What are thy blood and birth? The high race of the Fabii has fallen and their crowd melted away in death.

Thy beauty raised thee up, Absalom, and double vengeance brought thine end; thy milky flesh and golden locks are become mere dregs of things. What is thine eminence? What thy name? Thy praise what? Eminence, name, praise of yore, thou seest how they fall away. What is thy glory? What thy favor? What thy gifts? Nor glory nor favor hast thou like Solomon's. Though thou hast royal magnificence, thou shalt not be higher than the son of Philip, but shalt be written less of achievement than he. He had modesty, repose, a royal pose and air, sport, battles, and all towns opened their gates to him themselves. He saw the farthest and uttermost ends of the world, born to be a man, and ruled over nations and cities and rulers. He had conquered all things, and is conquered himself in course. From man he becomes ashes, scattered as it were by

the breath of the breeze. He was a flower and now is slime, that paragon, that man of strength; scarcely would he fill a basket or a little urn who before filled the world.

Where is the glory of Babylon now? Where now dread Nebuchadnezzar? Where the vigor of Darius? Famous Cyrus where? They have passed away and left no trace.¹ Their fame remains and is fixed while they have sunk into decay. What are the halls and the splendor of Julius? Thou art gone, Cæsar, thou wast more cruel than thyself, more mighty than the world. Thy arm, thy wars, thy forces were driven in fury that thou mightest fill the surface of the world with blood, and scale the stars with thy glory. Thou didst wrongfully try thy strength with thine elderly son-in-law, and wast no loyal father-in-law or ally to him. Thou who art ashes now wast as man great as the world. Or was thy ambition to subdue the city and the world a sham? Behold, thou art resolved into a heap of dust, an urn of ashes. Fierce Cæsar, thou art stripped bare and become next to nothing.

Where now are Marius and Fabricius who knew not gold? Where the noble death and memorable course of Paulus? Where now the divine Philippics, and the heavenly voice of Cicero? Where Cato's peacefulness to his countrymen and wrath against the rebellious foe? Where now is Regulus?² Or Romulus? Or Remus? The rose of yore exists in name alone; mere names we hold. Quickly as the swift-fleeting path of a ball, these passing hearts and bodies strong have gone. A little while the tide of the ancients maintained its height and quickly fell; there glory ended; all their life passed by. We, too, are taken off and go away like them, go to the regions below, losing the sky, fainting in soul.

Death overhangs all living things; we all shall go. Death calls, we shall go, and not retain the glories of this world. We shall go, shall go, and shall return, to what? Way down to the lowest. Our bodies proclaim their origin in clay by their low aims.

The path of the soul is free to the heavens, of the flesh to things below. They take up the one and scorn the other, tending each to its origin. The flesh resists, the soul groans, Eve urges the man, and hence sin. The soul raises and washes, but the flesh weighs down the heart and defiles our deeds. Sweet wranglings while the crescent moon presents her horns—the one urges and the other, till both cease made as one. Why, flesh and earth, why dost thou struggle with the burden of the flesh and earth? The things of flesh and earth the die of time changes from hour to hour. Time

¹ This line is hopelessly corrupt.—H. P.

² Surely this reading of P is better than the "Remulus" of the text.—H. P.

and all the things of time roll on and know not how to stay. All individual things are proved to pass and naught to return in the general flow. See the best things of the body pass away like the wind. Remember that the separate things and blind ages pass away. The world melts away and vanishes like all the things of the world falling to destruction and wasting decay. Its light shines brightly, and lo, its charm fades utterly away. Its light flourishes and quickly fails and is as mud. See the rolling course of things running by like a stream. The glory of the earth fails and flees and vanishes in the circle of the days. The world rolls like a wheel and so is depicted as a wheel, as prone to roll, and change, and tumble down. Uncertain is its fixity, unstable its stability. It goes and comes, like the sea, bad now, tomorrow worse.

The glory of the earth, how it stands tottering! It flies like sand carried along by a stream or driven in a whirlwind. All the good things of the world flow by and none remains. It smiles with an outward appearance of splendor, but is hollow as a reed within. The glory of the earth is as glass, yea, as very glass. It is straightway snatched away and disappears in its emptiness. I see it well, each day brings change of things; if I see well, there is constant change and vanishing of things. The world and all things are vanishing like empty dreams, and many signs proclaim the nearness of the Day of Judgment. Stars on fire and iron-like moon are reported to have been seen, the sun without light, and the earth plunged in a whirlpool. The frail earth quakes, the wanton shades of Furies murmur, their warlike horde is said to have been seen rushing through the air. The bands of the dead are said to have been seen rushing together. Weightiest signs and many portents are coming to view. Grace fails, order is dead, wickedness rages, everyone pursues guile, and is ashamed to be honest and modest. Justice is crushed under torture, the crowd by the crowd, the leader by the leader, the king by the ruler, the band by the band, the high by the high, the crowd by the crowd. All slippery deeds come out to public view, and nothing is hidden; mad, unnatural wrong is worshiped, and wantonness riots drunken by night and by day. The sacred law is out of favor, the unlawful permitted and delighted in. He that would be good is wretched, is a burden, is oppressive; he that seeks evil walks in lordly ease. No way of justice remains, for the maiden has withdrawn, and gone off to the skies with her sisters. Right is down and is a hindrance; evil practices are a help and profit. Fraud stands erect, love lies prostrate, order weeps, craft pleases, the greedy throat is here, the manly brow is lacking. Believe me, these things are forerunners and sure messengers of the end. The end is coming, and the glory of the world

is perishing through foe and downfalls, rebellion, blood and fire and storm, through strife and lust and fraud, oppression, bloodshed, and war.

Arise, arise, take up new hope, ye whose hope is wavering so. See the kingdoms rushing to destruction and the high places of the earth tottering to their fall. The last days are at hand, if the Holy Scriptures do not deceive us. The sayings of the prophets and the words of heaven are nearing fulfilment.

Fleshly glory is like a throw of dice and filled with ashes. The Judge stands threatening. God is at hand to judge, let the sinner awake, for Christ is near. Who now delays? Lo, fierce Antichrist is upon us. The offspring of impiety and evil, the beast of perdition, comes; under his direction the tail of the Dragon shall drive the stars below. The impious one is upon us, the son of impiety is near. He is upon us, and raises his head among those that he has laid low. Under his sway shall multiply and hold sway death, tribulation, and suffering such as never was. The seventh trump is at hand, the last stroke. Behold, the world recedes as thy words, Paul, foreshadow. Rome seems to be losing her kingdom and to be drawing back, neither her throne nor state any more high as before. Slippery deeds become open, are done in public. Rome, thy former glory is dead, thy king fails thee. With such signs going before, nay, following in sequence, the impious comes upon us in his terrors and fire. And there are evident signs of threatening, signs of wrath, that you may absolutely know the last days are very near. A black, bristling, winged dragon, spitting fire, has recently been seen in the sky—this is no theme for mirth, I tell—the thing was clearly visible to all, both travelers and inhabitants. It fled, bristling, and this flight of the dragon spread terror. The horrible monster passed over towns, flew by and visited very many places, so the report goes.

A woman has been born in the country in England with two heads, and she had two legs. Two legs only she had, but twice two arms; two bosoms and four breasts added to the wonder. I want you to believe that I say what is so, and write the truth. Her actions, walk, and sitting down were like other women's. Of these women, these sisters, marvelous to tell, one died, the other survived in grief. After a little while both sank in death, the survivor following the other.¹

A man of great career exists in the regions of Spain. I note him in my verse and swear to these things by true witnesses. He gave out, ye

¹This is a reference to the Biddenden Maids in Kent; cf. Hone's *Every-Day Book*, under March 26. [Note of Rev. Dr. Howard Osgood.] Cf. my introduction, p. 4.

gods, that he was born of a simple virgin without male seed, and the company of his brethren believed him. Finally the viper said he was Christ. He practically proclaims thus or signifies that he is Antichrist. One of no less strange practices has appeared in the regions of the East, and is disordered in mind. This impious fellow said he was great Elijah. Thus you may be sure the last days are near.

Reckless race, let us bemoan our impious deeds while yet we may. The Judge comes threatening; let us tremble. Let no man cease to hold to the right and bewail the evil. Joy is drawing near for them that weep, and wrath for the ungodly. The seventh trump, the last stroke, the dread pious day are here. Wrath comes rushing upon us in thunder and lightning. Thoughtless race, let us flee from things that flee so quickly. Thoughtless race, let us cover our slippery joys with tears. We have refused to stand, and have drifted into evil; let us stand by the good. The hour of doom is at hand, the times are out of joint; let us awake.

End of Book I

BOOK II

The Golden Age and its primeval strength have gone by. Golden the race was, and when it fell they fell. A tearful cycle begins as the golden approaches its goal; the earlier age and earlier enthusiasms quickly passed. Grace used to be more secure and order stronger, and the land flowed with milk-like honey and honey-like milk. Rich in crops while the heavens watered its fields when they were dry, it gave good gifts to men that gave, and was faithful to the faithful. Peace gave repose, the race was absolutely ignorant of doing harm, the land abounded in faithful patriarchs, abounded in harvests.

Now peace lies void, and the land is lost, as are right and goodness. The love of the one has collapsed, of the other has withered, and both are withering. The earth refuses crops, the peace given to man flees away in loneliness, the peace which flourished when kept is void and fallen and violated. While it was kept every husbandman lived in abundance; the farmer has rejected the old way and reaped a new crop. While it was kept, it rendered a plentiful harvest to the field, giving good grain and long harvest for a little seed.

The race was excellent, solid, and moderate in desires, unknowing the gains of the market-place, rich by honorable means. Innocent of deception, each man took his own, careful of the right, innocent of crime, nor burned by the least flame of passion.

There were no dangers because no one indulged in unruly conduct. They cultivated faithful fields and duly cherished their ancestral homes, maintained perpetual peace, and made war only upon vice. To seek power and be acquainted with guilt they counted as guilt. Then abundance was wont to sport, as it were, with full horn; there was great abundance with moderation in possessions and feasting and drinking. Great moderation and great abundance harmonized with each other, and bodies were active, because minds were active and vigorous. The honesty of purpose which now is held worthless was then esteemed glorious; the power which now is held greatest was then regarded as of little or no value. The musical harp and the warlike trumpet were then silent; neither musical harp nor trumpet incited to battle.

The race was golden that held dice, madness, and gold a crime, thought buying and selling disgrace, and made no talk of riches. It was not right to hoard money or to carry it away in purses. The gold-bearing Tagus, filled with wealth, flowed wandering over its sands. Gold, so jealous of morals, so costly an offering, man had not dug, nor learned its insidious nature. All men viewed with like eyes a lump of gold and a spear made of iron. Death, pride, and wrath took up both, and did battle with both.

The primitive age governed only by rules that were known; the primitive age taught only from the living page. Then there was no Capitol mighty in marble and jasper, nor had they the Indian color, or the wonderful stone from Russia.

The race was useful, unchanging, high and stern, accustomed to enter late into marriage. No thought of lust it had, but only care for the new generation, held the bond sacred, and gave kisses guiltless of sin. All who were fathers had passed their fortieth year. Therefore they produced a race of big men not begotten in the drunkenness of passion. The features of the father reappeared in the son, and when the parents passed on, a good offspring arose to take their place. Not the drunkenness of passion, but pious grace, then gave people to the world, keeping the blood pure and without the seeds of disease. Manly limbs, firm bodies, and firm hearts they had, not nourished on drinking and feasting and luxury. Sinful dice and delight in baths were not theirs,¹ and their locks floated behind them, covering their necks. Temples as white as swans and hoary breasts they did not reverence, craved not wine, indulged not in jesting, nor boasted of strength.

The race was self-respecting and sober of life, not worn out in mind or in body. Its system gave neither more nor less than was fair, nor was

¹ The *non* of P seems necessary in place of the *tunc* of the text.—H. P.

the new vintage brought in with drunkenness and pomp of heralds. It used to say wine was a danger, a chain, a poison, and knew it was full of serpents. The bubbling spring was its vineyard, and few people had garments of linen; silken garments not even a bride wore then; only a modest dowry did a bride have. Now everyone aims too much at individual possessions; then they were held in common. Sheep and cows, planted acres, vineyards, meadows, pastures, farms with their furnishings, and dinners were in common. I mention dinners because the earlier age did not forbid dinners; now we must have them at night and over-elaborate. Those who were in the habit of living upon acorns thought the hermit's figs a dinner. They fed upon sheep and slept under the sky, stretched upon the grass. The younger obeyed the elder, and it was the old men who talked. Peace gave holy joys, rest, fruitful plenty; but joys led not to wrong nor rest to weakness. Peace gave sacred repose; the farmer attended to his crops, the earth furnished vegetables, the streams drink, a rope a girdle. Sheep were their favorite possession, a cave their place of sojourn, barley their food, grass their couch, the rock their seat, skins their clothing, a branch their covering,¹ pig their banquet dish, vegetables a rarity. By day they were on their feet, by night rested, and a torch gave them light.

The temples now built of marble they built of any tree; the halls now adorned with sculpture they adorned with devotion.

It was an age of milk, a race of gold, a good race, of whom I venture to speak in my poor verse, a race that was just. The golden age lived its life and fell; a race bereft followed. One lives which desires to live in wealth with deadened soul. Rich in goods, poor in feeling, bereft of protectors, it plunges into wickedness and drags its votaries into the trackless regions of perdition. The *mundus* or world, so called from the word for "clean," is such in name only; it casts off cleanliness, rushes into the passions, and fills itself with them. The earlier world has gone to pieces, another bristles in its place, another yet the same. Neither the times nor men's hearts are what they were. Flourishing times and vigorous hearts there were at first. Flourishing times and vigorous hearts have passed by. The golden has gone by and a horrid image of the world come up, the last stroke, real tears, real chaos. This age is neither worthy of a name nor erect in its place. It is perishing from vice, and displays a restless spirit. As it goes headlong, it begets a people that makes for evil, on the watch for possessions and honors, and riotous passions. It has destroyed its blessings, and brought forth a brood crafty of speech, fickle of heart, uncertain

¹ The *opercula* of P makes much better sense than the *opuscula* of the text.—H.P.

in affairs, vicious of mind. This last is the uttermost dregs of the others; this last is the inmost death of the soul. It shudders at the right, is careless of order, and distinguished by craft, soliciting, deceit, lust, arrogance, and guilt. It is without a name, being without a deity and without right. It is destroyed by disasters, because by frauds—these are its care.

I cannot proclaim all its nefarious and lamentable things, and lament them, believe me; sadly I mention a few.

Having shone brightly, that golden cycle faded away, death and disease gathering on all sides. Ages betrayed by their wealth, ruined by sin, prevailed, prostrate while seeming to stand, flourishing falsely, and really rotten. While I speak this, I am burned and roasted by the fires of faith, I burn with the inward heat and torch of zeal. When I mark what baseness and impiety and evil there are in the world, I cannot keep silence, though my tongue be unskilled.

Where shall I begin? What just hint at and what speak out? As God orders; he abundantly inspires the tongue to speak.

What shall I take up first? Shall I treat of the evils or of the good laid low? Evil stands erect, right lies hid—a broad field for satire.

Pardon, modesty, there is much that is not nice in the following, but it is my care to forbid the sinful and urge the right. Grant pardon, pray. I indulge in satire here. Spurn the evil. Clothe thy heart with wisdom. I speak of evil in the right spirit; do thou look upon it in the right spirit. The age is ruined with sin, stands on the very threshold of death. I weep as I cry out, grieving to weep and put forth such a song.

O age of guilt, so zealous in the pursuit of wealth, so sluggish toward the right, honoring fraud, scorning grace, and rejecting the good! O evil times that have brought forth evil hearts, with no will and little power to see the right! Pure love lies hidden, the deep pool of passion gapes wide. All good things lie prostrate, passion alone pleases all. My eyes pour forth rivers of tears now. The straight way is lost, my heart is heavy, let the pious soul bewail its bitterness. Luxury flourishes, to bind the stubble for the fires of hell. Luxury glows, and stands up in open strength high to be seen. Peace weeps, love groans, wrath stands and roars, while right is banished. Wherever I turn my eyes I see looseness and guilt rejoicing. With neither eyes nor ears can I take in anything that I could say was worthy of praise or valuable in fact. Wherever I go out to look I presently find wrong to grieve for; wherever I go I meet mad impiety outside and in. No one escapes the taint of lust and vice. Where the two poles stand out are pain and madness and death. Fraud perches upon all the inhabitants of both zones. All flesh is inclined to evil in all

its parts. Civil strife and faithless hearts are regarded with approval. Colchian cups and treacherous kisses are constantly given. Depraved freedom in sin wills all, dares all, attains all. Men are drawn into sin, slide into sin, delight in sin. O Christ, thy people in name give their goods to thee and themselves to hell. I hear and see things deserving unceasing tears on all sides. Applause for wickedness, shouts of approval for drunken madness behind and before. My back resounds, guilt sits secure, and right totters to the ground. The king of Babylon enters the city denuded of soldiery, and takes possession, while his troop of madness sits beside him. Zedekiah is exiled from his birthplace, himself, his father, and light. Take care, my soul, that thou becomest not like him in guilt. O woe! All things are now fit subject of lamentation, bare tragedy and pious tears. One picture of death embraces the slippery age; an envious race, degenerate brood, fills the slippery age—learned but ignorant, soft-spoken but impious and vicious, selfishly individual, insatiable, voracious.

Lo, a race pious of speech, but impious in character, is created! A race looking out for itself and jealous of character is multiplying—a race of bad repute, worse cunning, still worse action; a race that meditates evil, instigates and perpetrates evil, ever turning to evil.

The pious race has passed away; Zion ends in such a Babylon. Now Jacob prevails over Israel, Rachel over Leah, the crowd over order. They reign on high and are suckled on philosophy. The march takes the place of home, Rachel of Leah, Martha of Mary. The pious band has gone, has disappeared; it lives on high, believe me, lives without death. The race was golden which living bay crowns now, saved by adoption, delivered by (divine) appointment, adorned with victory. The pious race has passed away, an impious race comes forth, in numbers, a worthless crowd with feeble bodies, empty of heart. A race without soul rages in large numbers at this time, hostile to morals, hostile to laws, hostile to Christ. Sluggish under order, it delights to grow in turmoil, and grows, becomes many in numbers, knows low gain, and knows nothing else. Easily prone to evil and feeble toward good, it prefers that to this, destroys itself in sin, has time and energy only for that, knows and effects it. It is glad of evil—this is no lie—and sad before good, approves the wrong and is wholly given up to it, rejects the right. It knows how to talk of good deeds, but knows not how to show them forth in actions. Is ready and flourishing before evil, ill and stiff before God, and hardens to stone.

The golden age and believing heart have gone by. They are a burden now who do not pursue guilt and sin. They are of no account who do not

look out for much gain for themselves and heap up vast gain, the gain of the market. Everyone now wants fleshly advantages and earthly things. The rabble is the slave of its belly, the elders of gold, both of error. Favor is sold, and all crimes are indulged in for money. Faith totters, everyone holds on to what he has and shudders at poverty. Hoary faith is no more, and with its fall have fallen love and order. While faith stood, order stood; now that that flees this turns to flight. Soberness of heart has passed away, and manly breasts and chastity have turned their backs upon us.

The law of the Lord has fallen, and bold wickedness atones not for its wicked deeds. Vengeance fails to follow such boldness, honor is shown it, and applause instead of condign punishment. Violence lacks bolts and bars, guilt and strife a judge, wrong-doing its scourge, theft its prison, the meek a champion. Broad license rushes straight into wickedness, everywhere men plunge into sin, live in sin, walk in iniquity. Right is cast down from its high place, the flanks of sin are supported on all sides. He that dares and does any evil whatever is viewed with impunity, the olive branch is extended to every sort of transgression. Death fills the envious age with sin, hell with people. All transgressors—O madness, O wrong!—win applause instead of punishment, support instead of severity, praise instead of correction. Violence has abundance, falseness prosperity, arrogance honor; frivolity flourishes, laxity reigns, and wickedness runs mad.

Where now do we see the vigor of righteousness, the severity of the church, the rule of the Fathers raising its head? Where abideth the harmony of brethren? What hand is raised against impiety and pride? I do not mean to smite, but even to reprove. Who boils with indignation to accuse the crime that has become so mighty? What head of an order is an offering of finest wheat? What good leader is there now, taking upon himself the burden of his people? Who crieth good news and entereth on a campaign for improvement of morals? Who groans for wickedness, for the evil that stalketh and the right now abandoned? Who brandishes the sword of his tongue and strikes a blow at guilt with it? Who teaches men to put away hurtful ease and to weep for what should be wept for? To cast out the wrong and wipe it clean, then guard well against its reappearance? The whole race, the whole social scale, is in a rivalry of sin, lives in sin, sings the praises of sin. The erring world is wholly given over to rivalry in sin. The reverend elder, the careless youth, the child, all wander from the path. See the bishop; he himself points the way and carries his people with him. Hence burdens and guilt, his high throne

becomes a heavy scourge. See the scepter-bearer; he rages, raises some and crushes others, becomes a tyrant, and, what I mourn for more, is a lion toward the meek, a lamb to the robber. See the presbyter; the presbyter ought to prepare the way to the good; he does prepare a path of tears even for himself. See the cleric; he reads, but does not rule himself aright, fixes his gaze low—he knows what is right, but does what is wrong, changing one for the other. See the soldier; he bears arms, rages and smites, his spear darts forth. He wanders through the camp, destroys everything, and shows himself a horned serpent. See the noble; he swells with pride. He fears nothing and therefore is feared. He raises high his threatening front, and respects nothing. See the tax officer; he sells his lips, loves gain, and gives a wrong return. He helps the well-to-do, obstructs the poor, a dangerous enemy. See the agent; he goes about through the markets and over seas, praises his own. He marks his own with approval, condemns yours, and so defrauds. See the farmer; he sows and reaps, stuffs his barns, hides the first fruits, gathers the tithes, and supports himself on them. Going into these things in more detail and wider compass, I simply repeat and tend to serve up a stale dish. Money has cast its shadow upon the pontifical heart, has proved the pontifical heart to be without heart. The pontiff was a tower of strength, firm and inviolate before. He gave stability, and now¹ totters as things totter around him. He that ought to have made himself a sort of pontoon bridge over this gulf to Zion is become the path of all peoples to Phlegethon. If I did not know it was a serious matter to put forth or talk about new things, I could mention some pontiffs I know but will not tell of. The glory and pomp and pride of riches hold themselves high, and no one desires at this time to make himself a bridge for asses. The chasubled bishop refuses to loose bonds and hold bonds tight according to the canon, and destroys or builds up for gold. The man who has attained royal heights or royal power becomes a hostile robber, and his course is that of a tyrant. King in name, consul in aspect, tyrant at heart, he is unjust to his people, good to the bad, great in his own eyes. Under his judgeship the carrion crow does not fly from his meal of malefactors on the cross; under his vicious championship the regular rule has no leader, and obeys only gain.² He scorns to take up righteous arms for the poor crowd, and becomes a vile shield to them that feared to make themselves robbers. The vigor of the church, the vigor of the empire, are dead, the path of fraud is open, and it stands erect while they have gone to sleep. Schisms give each other

¹ The *nunc* of P seems to give better sense than the *nec* of the text.—H. P.

² This whole passage is very obscure, and I do not feel at all sure about it.—H. P.

reciprocal help, and the two swords inspire no fear; the rights of the king and the rights of the pontiff are trodden under foot. The law of the Lord is silent, and the imperial sword lies inert. The death of the soul roars, and the sword of the council quakes, alas! The people without a protector are crushed and torn under tyranny, ruined by sin, damaged by the enemy, burned with fire. Neither the stole of the bishop nor the opposing hand of the governor rescues them from the dangers within or the foe without.

He that stands in the front of the line in the shape of presbyter is weak toward sin, short in service, broken by lust. Like a close sister is the presbyteress next him. She calls him father, places him on the couch, sits beside him. She serves him usually, and herself has a headache when he has one. She attends to the table, sits beside him, and groans when he groans. She cherishes, approves, listens to, loves, and fears him as master, stays late in his chamber and often sends out the attendant. An empty presiding over the order is his who is called the presbyter. Alas! He grows fat on the sins of his people. He does not look to making sacred the venerable and salutary, or see what sacredness is, and hence makes a mere image of an order. He is more the votary of lust than worthy of the flesh and blood of Christ; and the bereft people ratify the acts of their master. Clerical only in name, he endures to live in the ranks and lot of the clergy, while working to become and to seem exalted. He is all fire in active life, sluggish in the order from which he gets his title, and is thus proved to belong to the clergy by name, to the court by deed.

See the clerical run about without law or order, visiting the halls of kings, and mixing in the turmoil of life, taking part in the affairs of the people and the things of the forum, and, moreover, taking up arms and clashing sword with sword. The cleric prefers to lead the line, engage in battle, be considered a soldier, and disregards the sacred repose of the clergy. A savage soldier, he worries and plunders, seizes and harasses the poor, oppresses those whom he presses hard, and fixes his teeth in everything. Not only does he not govern the husbandmen by his word, and protect them by his arm, but he smites and puts to flight, burns and tramples upon the tillers of the fields. The food carried off from him closes the mouths of those before whom he takes off his mask; he fights for evil, chases after evil, sweats for evil. He is a soldier more voracious than fire, more rapacious than a kite, more savage than a tiger, more destructive than destructive fire. He rages at his post, distinguished by his noble birth, the reverence done him not his own but his father's. He is made a leader, shows his ancestry in words, but not in deeds; of noble lineage, he is a reprobate in wrong-doing. His nobility is of birth, flesh, material things, not superiority;

even noble flesh suffers dissolution, withers away, and is buried. High and low have degenerated into feebleness toward vice. Why? Because they want to be first in body, not soul. The judge begs for lucre and gives unjust judgment for lucre. Crime stands in your way, money gets you out, and the law has nothing to say. You display the violence of a wolf, and you will be considered a lamb if you pay well. Through your bribes you touch the sky, though you ought legally to be burned. You have property, and you will find the tax officer mild; do not run away. Through a bribe you prevent his remembering any orderly system, he raises his voice for lucre, sells his words, and suppresses himself. Thus the law finally becomes subject to him, not man to the law.

See how much evil arises from bribes and how much good is stifled. Ye gods! See how quickly, when the judge grasps the lucre, evil stands up and right falls; how he lifts up one and casts out the other for a bit of money. See how he judges without judgment, without right; for money, and not the Lex Theodosia, is the object of his care.

The agent manipulates almost all his business fraudulently, buys lucre with lucre, elevates one thing, lowers another, changes this for that. He runs through bleak cold, over mountains, through market-places, and over seas. The robber catches him, the enemy smites him, winter grinds and summer scorches him. Captured he comes away poor, and empty-handed sings in the presence of the brigand. He resuscitates his gains, and hurries his way to Babylon, then back to his country with new tales and new wares. He cheats in buying your wares, preferring his scales to yours. The farmer is dishonest and envious, the plowman often swears his neighbor's planted fields are his own. He swears that he may take away, and perjures himself speedily and cleverly. Hence frequent quarrels and litigation. The countryman puts barley into his barns and stores away spelt. Great barns, capacious receptacles, he builds and many. Neither of live stock nor of crops, gifts of God the Giver, does he wish to pay tithes, nor is the sacred portion nor the tithe rendered to the altar. Depraved is the course of every profession, race, rank, and age, and each perpetrates abominations; soberness of life has reached its end. All goodness perishes, and every man tries to seem what he is not; laziness struggles to destroy force, fraud to destroy piety. Now money alone crushes all things, wealth reigns, riches are hoarded, all men rush to the market-place and make for lucre. Mammon is king now, goodness a burden, and crime a distinction. The path of justice brings opprobrium, piety disgrace. The clerical order has fallen from its height, the monastic from its stronghold. One part is fractured, the other rent asunder as the order

has become distorted. One is lamentable, the other pitiable quite. Both stand in name only, and lie overturned in essence. Both tumble, though one used to be an adornment, the other a glory. Both have decayed, both have withered and lost their bloom.

Who is good? Reverend old age is scorned by the aged, modesty by youth, the blush of shame and the straight way by the full-grown. In short, the order of the wicked cries to sin, I will not say on whose account, loves, begets, and perpetrates it and goes to destruction. The face of the whole world is so destroyed by sin that not a child is born free from the taint of death. The hearts of the boy and the youth are as sordid as that of the old man, and no period of life is without its blemish. The small boy, hardly masculine—but I will not speak, I will not mention such wickedness, such mad wickedness. I will refrain from uncovering and bringing to light the more foul things. What it were a crime to publish defiles heart and tongue.

Fiery passion stands erect, the golden girdle of modesty is unloosed, wrong stands erect, the nets of madness are drawn tight. All, all, I say, have ceased to restrain their lusts. I will not omit to score and upbraid each. That the crowd has drifted into all things impious, all things base, I grieve and laugh at, am both Diogenes and Democritus. The race thinks it right to have known the harlot's couch; the law of his nature, it says, bids one lie here and her with him. For why was woman given or made, unless to suffer it? Sex commands, it says, that she bear, that he be borne. A drunken race, unknowing how to restrain itself, thinks harlots as permissible as dinners. The whole world rushes freely into all kinds of evil in all directions; once it stood firm, now is going to pieces. It slides back of itself, disintegrates of itself, goes to destruction of itself, while lust and crime flourish and right is buried in a tomb.

Where the Don flows and where the shore of Syene approaches the Tropic, everyone casts off restraint and none will gird up his loins. A race of asses is forever reveling in drunkenness, and a serious life and chaste grace are treated with obloquy. Everyone, like a springing horse, neighs unto crime or bleats to it like sheep, springs to passion, fondles it, cherishes it, and hence begets evil. We see nothing wicked and all things beautiful let alone. Blood-relatives give each other the bonds of the flesh and kisses. Base kisses and by no means sisterly the sister showers secretly upon the brother; and the way of the pit, in a word, is broad. Kinsfolk are united together, and the passion of love is the one thought of all. Not now is the seventh degree the last in giving birth. The lawful heir perishes, and an heir not the father's plows the father's fields, while

blind license permits all things through women. The uncertain palace of nobility brings forth spurious offspring, while many sons of unlike rank, though of like blood are born. The adulteress burns, and the man of high position respects not his vows. An uncertain Herodias is given to many, and there is no John. Now even the lilies of the spirit are prostituted, the living necklace and heavenly lilies are defiled. The sacred dower is broken, and the veil loosened unto wickedness. Everyone looks out for himself, and is afraid to show devotion to God. The virgin band is wasted, the spotless couch gone, the bride of God falls, and all men drift weakly into wickedness. Oh, the rule of chastity groans at the baseness of all life, this lamentation or tragic cry mounts to the stars. I shudder to tell the things I am often on fire to reprove. The shouts of crime alone, alas, strike the heavens. The perpetration of crime and its voice are all that is heard; the guilt of the time of Noah, or worse, I should say, is upon us. The earth is filled with bloodshed and fraud and lust. Moderation is spitefully entreated of gluttony, favor of bribery, good gifts of money. All that you see goes into the vice of fornication; nothing stands secure, nothing stands safe now from lust. There stand the harlots, in short, as the devil's nets, lost bodies, a well-worn path, a public door. Luxury flourishes, impiety is unyielding, and wickedness abounds. All things are defiled by the abominable gang, the herd of the wantons. The impudent wantons lead a life of riotous license in speech, feeling, actions, debauchery, drunkenness, gluttony, their one and only glory their love of the slippery things of the flesh, defiling their hearts with rioting, their members with lust. Woman sordid, perfidious, fallen, besmirches purity, meditates impiety, corrupts life. Evil woman becomes the spur and bridle of sin or goodness. Woman is a wild beast, her crimes are like the sand. I am not going to find fault with those whom I ought to bless as righteous, but because I ought, I direct the sting of my verse against these locusts of the soul. Now evil woman fills my page and my discourse. Herself I appreciate, but her doings I disapprove, and will therefore castigate. Woman persuades to wickedness by glance and ways and deeds, rejoices in driving to sin and living all woman. There is no good one, or, if you do find any good one, the good one is a bad thing, for there is almost no good woman. Woman is a guilty thing, a hopelessly fleshly thing, nothing but flesh, vigorous to destroy, born to deceive, and taught to deceive—the last pitfall, worst of vipers, beautiful rottenness, a slippery pathway, public curse, plundering plunder, a horrible night-owl, a public doorway, sweet poison. All guile is she, fickle and impious, a vessel of filth, an unprofitable vessel, breakable, vicious, insatiable, self-centered, and quarrelsome.

Goods lightly sold but quickly lost is she, a slave of gold, a firebrand in the house, loving only to deceive and be deceived. She shows herself an enemy to them that love her and a friend to the enemy. She seeks if she is not sought, and reaps as gain her wickedness. The night is her joy, her own, her light; she makes no exception, conceives by the father or the grandson. A trench of lust, the arms of chaos, tongue of vice she was and is and will be, and through her the ranks of the good go to destruction.

As long as crops shall be given to the husbandman and put into the soil, this lioness will roar, this wild beast will rage against right. She is the last madness, the inmost foe, inmost destruction. While she refuses, she allures, and impels the well-regulated to sin. She is flesh of the flesh, and is acknowledged to surpass herself in guile and Proteus in changeability, seeming pious in impiety. She teaches vice, but my verse may not call her vicious; but I call it vice, I prove the perfidy and name the harm. A large article, a very bad thing, the worst of things, cleverer than any other skill, is the skill of woman. No wolf is worse than she, because his attacks are less frequent; no dragon, no lion; what can I say is worse? You would condemn not only all her harmful points, but also the good ones. John upbraids this sin, and falls by the sword. Through her Hippolytus is destroyed because he was a man; through her Ammon is destroyed; through her Joseph is tormented; through her is thy hair shorn, Samson; through her are destroyed Reuben and David and Solomon and the first man. She gives and does that through which shame is brought to ruin and we are brought to ruin. Woman in heart and speech and deed is a dire dragon, a terrible fire creeping into the vitals like poison. Evil woman paints and bedecks herself for her crimes, dyes, adulterates, changes, varies, colors her natural self. In pursuit of guilt she roams like a lion, runs about like a wild beast, runs burning with devouring flames of fire and burns others. Shining with treacherous light, glowing with sin, the incarnation of sin herself, she is unwavering and fixed only in passion and frivolity. She fastens upon him and draws him on when she spies one spying closely, and delights to do harm whenever she gets the opportunity. When she looks most faithful and most closely united to you, she will set a slave before you if he gives her more. Frail is the heart, frail the word, and brief the faithfulness of a woman. A woman gives for a present brief sport and long tears. Sad is the end and sweet the beginning in love; the outcome of that sin is apt to be pain. In the beginning fierce fire kindles the lost heart, but the outcome of the sin is a cry from the depths: Oh, woe is me, woe is me! Woman is a stench, all aglow to deceive, a flame of madness, the beginning of destruction, the worser portion, the robber

of shame. Her own germs, O savage crime, she casts from her body, and, when put forth, cuts them up, throws them away, kills them in her wickedness. Woman is a viper, not a human being but a wild beast, and not true to herself. She is the murderer of that creature, nay of herself first. Fiercer than an asp, and more madly raging than the raging, is she. O savagery, she drowns her own flesh in the waves. Woman is faithless, ill-savored, ill savor itself, the throne of Satan. Shame is a burden to her; flee from her, reader! We even read that the sins of a man are more pious, more acceptable to the Lord, than the good deeds of a woman.

O evil days! Why? Because they have begotten so many filthy things and have put forth such foulness, not to say such horrors. All good goes to pieces, all men drift into every kind of sin. All good lies prostrate, all evil pleases all alike. The chaste couch is esteemed mean, a broad one sought; compacts of marriage or union are allowed. The married woman refuses her husband, rushes after men, and draws them to her; in order not to sleep alone, in countrified fashion, she gives herself and what she has. Who is a good woman? What one has a good name? What one is chaste? What one stands out in piety or suffers her chamber to be inviolate? What one suffers the marriage contract to be sacred? She signs, that she will not commit sin and adultery, nor bring forth young like the wolf without any law or order, that the boy shall be marked by the features of the father, the father be known by the face of the boy, and no blemish be found in birth or likeness. Thus shall the progeny presented to the husband have the husband for father, not a servant of the household; show the features of the father and display the characteristics of the father in behavior. Who holds the agreement sacred and the blessing given at the altar? Who has pious eyes? Who is a good woman? Very few, believe me. Such are very rare birds, plants very difficult to find. I castigate such things, laugh at them not without tears. Few keep their troth, for all the husband's authority is going to pieces. A flock without a turtle dove, for there is none without the coveted sparrow.

All nations like a husband who has a single wife. To many a single wife becomes a slippery way, a broken path. The husband goes outside, takes pleasure in adultery, in the woman of the town; presently she prepares to sin, coquettes with it, burns and risks it. Troubled she looks upon her husband's repose, gladly upon his bier, danger, imprisonment, death. Julian Order and Scatinian Law, where do ye slumber? Everybody lives without law and without rule. Many women, many sins, much ruin; many a Lydia, few Lucretias, no Sabine woman. There is almost no good woman; no man sees an Amazon now; and I hear of none without

three suitors, and these shameless ones. Almost every woman is as eager for sin as for light, and delights as much to become common as once to be one man's wife. The adulterous wife would rather be sent to hell than to be the partner of one husband, O impious madness! She is better satisfied with a single eye than with a single partner, O heathen madness, O guilty earth! Select any you will, take out any you will, and put these together; you will scarcely find one chaste of heart and not guilty of body. In various ways Venus lords it over the lordly. Lamentable! But to whom? To them that burn for the stars and hate the depths. She defiles and fastens to herself everything in the world, and drives the sluggish heart into her nets. She is more voracious and more rapacious than flames of fire. She burns kindled with dead and rotten wood. One and all rush into passion, and animal indulgence. The pledge-money of one husband becomes that of another; his death is near.

Who is not a father now? Even the boys are eager to have boys, and threaten to fill their father's house and halls with offspring. Everyone wants a wife, enters into matrimony and becomes a husband, to be blessed in Jacob's line and not without seed. He becomes a father, a child is born, and the new-born progeny is handed to him. Most of the father's force goes outside, of the mother's to her lactation.

O strange age! Now even the small girl is agog to be married, the unripe maiden craves the kisses and force of a husband. A dowry is given her, a ring put upon her finger, the pledge-money fixed. Then come the jovial groom, the bustling cook, the wandering viands; the hall glows with choruses singing congratulation, and the procession comes with the bridal songs before and after. In a twinkling she conceives, becomes a mother. Her offspring grows older and tall; presently the offspring is doubted. Her son is thought to be his father. Lust brings forth sickly young and many broods. The flock springs up quickly, and the crop comes forth quickly. So is the generation of children, so do they grow and multiply. In a word, numbers of the worst kind wander everywhere, a herd of men without a ray of light in their evil hearts. Almost the population of the city is scattered all through the country. No place is empty, none without its crowd. Individual places, mountains,¹ caves, islands, fields, meadows, are besieged with dwellers and wanderers. The Caspian ridges, pathless of yore, are trodden by feet. The hermit is not now in highest esteem, because he is so many. Countless and wretched is the race today, all too ready for evil, all too prone to evil, tending to evil.

Everyone teaches evil, and it is no harm to be harmful; everyone gets

¹ It seems as if *mors* in the text must be a mistake for *mons*.—H. P.

heated with wine, and it is of no profit to be wise. The wine-shop is sought more quickly and more gladly than the temples of God sacred with divinity and splendid with light. An impious race drinks maddening wine beyond measure. The hearth is kindled, and the jest goes round in blind order. A drunken race thirsts for famous wines, wines of Belgium, maddening wines, bringing violence, full of ruin. By such was Noah overcome, by such Lot burned, chaste as he was before; an evil heat sticks to the gluttons and drinkers. You who desire to go to bed drunk frequently want to loosen your belt quickly for unmixed cups. By these you are quickly overcome, burn, and are burned with love of the fire; your mind boils with mad fires, your frame is roasted with heat. More ravenous than a serpent —this is no lie—is the enemy in thy vitals, and he flourishes on the fire within. Straightway you lose all self-control under the sting of lust; this foe rages more fiercely than any foe, this heat more fiercely than any heat. Passion craves wine; by its torch is the mind inflamed, the deed made to smoke. Soon the stomach is filled, the man surrenders to passion and boils over into sin. Through unmixed cups first the throat, and afterward the belly, rages. Soon passion rouses furiously the hidden members. Food fills one, passion fills another, sin loves these two members. The indulgence of one rushes to the bottle, slips into wickedness; hence a flood of lust and rottenness on the spot. The madness of the other causes shame to be thrown aside, force to perish, vigor to die, order to be destroyed. The one care and general struggle of the flesh is to eat; drunkenness is in favor, and thy words lie neglected, good Jesus! The gullet reigns greedy and full of drunkenness, the heart is oppressed with intoxication and goaded with wicked desires. The times are full of evil excitement, full of lust, full of gluttony, and their only passions are eating and pandering to the flesh. The famous thing now is to give over the belly to food and the mouth to drink. Venus and the gullet, is the motto of the belly-worshipers. I say they are not worshipers of Christ, but gluttons and belly-worshipers, that hate not any wickedness or baseness.

Now the good man is a culprit, the stomach is good, the belly is men's school. Everyone devotes himself to the gullet, and is disgusted and ashamed to walk modestly.

Hear what I say: Jerusalem lies in ruins while the prince of cooks stands erect; a sea of food—nay, of foods—is what is wanted. The narrow path is scorned and lo, the broad way is demanded. First the gullet, then Venus, fasten their chains upon everyone. O woe! See the age held tight by threefold madness, bound by threefold sin—lust, fraud, and pride. Pride binds the heart, and lust the drunken body. Fraud binds

body and heart, and death bends both to itself. The burden of earth weighs down the guilty heart and the sinking neck. In heart we incline, nay, turn back to Pharaoh. We go into the trackless regions, take our stand on evil, evil that we are, and fond of the things that pass and perish utterly. We go and shall continue to go where we shall perish and be destroyed, seeing only the things that perish and are destroyed.

Peace weeps, love dies; one rages and smites, another is smitten; Mars roars unbending, one stands, one groans, and men plunge into guilt. Wrath seizes and brandishes and whirls about its bloody scourge, brings out savage spears, wild dangers, murderous war. The peace of the heathen flourishes, the one and only peace of the Christian perisheth. If I see well, the union and peace of wild beasts is firmer. See, guilty race, lions and boars do not slay and devour each other, while the vengeance of the fathers slaughter their offspring.

Finally the impious mind takes to trying constantly battles of the soul, and sprinkles itself with homicidal blood. Ah, how I grieve that right and wrong grow at even pace! Here is madness fighting, there is madness arming both hands. Here are parents at war, there brothers of the same blood. The race rages against its own flesh, and savage Furies hold sway.

O the murderous cruelty! The son longs for the father's death, laments because death is so slow to come to a man; and the impious father desires in beautiful sequence to lay the son's splendid limbs in a mean tomb first. The daughter rejoices to close her mother's aged eyes, and to weep at her funeral, afterward freely daring what she will. The stepmother gives cups of poison and food filled with death. Cruel death overtakes him who goes abroad with rich merchandise, the rich man atones for his wealth, host and guest rush at each other's throats. Rarely is a wife safe with husband surviving, never with husband safe and secure. The husband perishes at the hands of his spouse, and the sharp sword of her husband smites her. The tender youth is in danger from the fully grown, the son-in-law from the father-in-law. The brother pursues the friend with death, or, if not, with importunity; whom he cannot slay with the sword he destroys by wiles, O wicked heart!

The noxious race, the more than impious crowd, are their own destruction. Thy neighbor is to thee and thou to him as the wolf to the lamb. Grace is dead, and the fire of love grown cold. The royal path, the path of character, is lost. The heart void of light and full of sin congeals; the soul is frozen clearly, and the cold is real. Grace is dead, and a cold broods over us deeper than the Danube. The peoples are without morals or order, magistrate or ruler. The law of the Lord is fallen, and his head

is dripping all around with moisture who in his goodness poured them forth—O terrible sound!—warmed with the breath of his mouth.

Why tarry, in short? Pride and wrath, the sister of pride, are over all things, and twofold deceit of heart and tongue. The upright race has passed away, a wicked and perverse come forth, altogether given over to babbling and drunkenness, full of sloth, full of lust, full of sin, cunning of heart, small of body, and meager in manliness.

Almost no one displays the spirit or the strength of the fathers. The son is no more like his father than Sisyphus is like Polyphemus. Parents and grandchildren have no likeness. All the characteristics of the body are like a waning moon, and as the body has degenerated, so also the mind. A withered race abounds, and the bodies and souls of the race are feeble. Worthless in heart and most like himself is everyone now. He who appeals to you develops twofold craft and cunning. Unity is cleft in twain and destroyed by division, agreement by differences, simplicity by duplicity. This man becomes that man's foe, that man his, or friend. A man smiles and hates, holds off and stands by, is friendly and hostile. The royal path of sincerity is ruined and gone; impious falseness puts on the cloak of duplicity.

I want you to believe what I mean to say, no age has brought forth false prophets more numerously and abundantly than this one. In short, these Pharisees with their inward foulness are a slippery road, a public doorway to destruction. A pestilent brood of hypocrites has sprung up and rushed upon us, a race of darkness, horrid of body and slippery of soul. They have sacred names and sacred exterior with proud hearts. They appear in sheep's clothing, but there is a snake in the grass. Their hearts are wanton, their brows stern as Cato's, waxen in morals, brazen of face, inclining to evil. Sheep's clothing disguises and cloaks their lowering, greedy, wolfish hearts. Their hearts swell with pride, and lack the uttermost fragment of heart. They are pious of face, impious of deed, halls of filth. They put on wiles as one trims and cuts off the hair. The wolf counterfeits the sheep, the bramble personates the rose. Unmixed cups and many dainties, is their only motto; place is their one desire, dissimulation their right; their will their only law. Scandals and schisms are in them, but no sabbath of the soul. In short, order is not found in their deeds, but in the dressing of their hair. They are canonized for their tongs, for their combs and the arrangement of their locks. Is this a silly lie I am telling? At any rate, they imitate the thing. One of them, older of face and apparently more righteous, is the pattern of morals for the lower brethren. His heart meditates evil, his tongue sows good and

speaks fair. O shame, O sin! He is a devil and is thought to be an angel. The same man is a devil in deed and an angel in word. What his speech teaches, his actions unteach, hostile to it. The Argus-eyed sees not his own baseness nor the impieties of his brethren, a sower of praise and lavish giver of indulgence to himself.

His heart is void of wisdom, his words show themselves good words of wisdom; his aged limbs are stirred by youthful desires. He hides the wolf with the fox, shows himself well regulated outside, is fair of speech, but guile within. His evil conscience, a burden and pest in himself, surrenders to him, the witness within flees away. His brow presents a Hector, his age is believed to surpass Nestor's, his skin is parched, and he has bristles on his hairy arms. Near the time of death, he reckons his years on his fingers, and, though he totters with age, he has the spirit of a tyrant. What is plainer? Lo, a third Cato sent from heaven, sterner of brow, juster on the surface, worthless within. He is a Cato, with time will be a Mauritanian Hiarba. First Venus unmans him, then a bristling beard makes him a man. His brow shows a man, within the man is dead, he is a wolf within. But thy king's daughter is all glorious within. Why weave delays? Order is abandoned, and evil stands. Hypocrisy stands, obedience is mocked at. The teaching of Pythagoras is a dead letter. The guiding hand lies idle for thee, and thou choosest to walk the broad way of sin. The narrow way is left, the broad taken by all. We seek the pathless, uncertain, drifting, and drift with it.

Aiming at toastmasterships, scepters, and the chief seats, everyone is in a constant turmoil and bustle. All the world is panting for honors and not for morals. Now luxury, idleness, falsehood, jealous rivalry, pretense, dissimulation, gaming, drunkenness, fraud, gluttony, and wrong-doing are the things in vogue; double-tongued speech, quarrels, murder, war with its trumpets and alarms, violence, debauchery, wrangling—in a word, all that error teaches. Such germs become troops of vices, such germs give the death-blow to morals. Pride first suggests to the soul to plunge into the trackless, brings in the troop, the great sins, the seven sins. Pride first bade men do impiously, and the crowd howled approval, first lays siege to the heart, and quickly gets possession of it subdued by the crowd. It persists, the man falls, overthrows the good and keeps the evil, heaps up sin, while lust and sin are in high feather. It drowns the male offspring of Israel, and saves the female for luxurious wantonness.

O evil age! Why? Because bound by no rules. The man ready without and learned within is thought a fool; not long-suffering, but violence, brings peace now. He that is silent goes hungry, and loquacity

begets gain. The tongue of the sophist, the tongue of the tyrant, the tongue of the market-place, orders all things and smites down all opposition like a sword. The voluble tongue is the famous one now, and hears the words, "Come hither." A dumb bishop, a backslider in the order, closes the door. You have no boastful knowledge, and you are proved to be a sheep or a blockhead. You are a sort of viper, and you show you have a free mind. Now to return evil for evil is held glorious, to yield is a fault. Irreverence is praised, and patience regarded as a sin. It is just as much a disgrace not to return evil as to live on husks. In crime and wickedness the vicious race riots night and day.

Alas! Speech is bad, actions are worse, practices worst of all. The vigor of sin stands out sharply, the old vigor of order is blunted. I say that not as many worthy and serious spirits can be found as there are mouths of the Nile, not as many pious bodies as there are planets in the sky. If I see there is one anywhere of simple, modest heart, I reckon him unsophisticated, and count an honest heart a prodigy. It is like plowing the sea with chariots, or the dry land with sails, finding fishes in the fields, ships in the air, camels in the stars.¹

What would Horace and Cato, Persius and Juvenal, do, I ask, if they were in life now? Lucilius would gaze in astonishment on the doings of this age, and would call his own prosperous and holy; would say the times were admirable which he called very bad; would write the age was golden which he wrote was black, guilty, evil. See the age, see the separate things plunged in darkness. Fall into evil and you will be loved for the fall; stand straight and you will want. Wish to leave evil, to pursue the right and live rightly, you will be the butt of a concert hall, and a scene on the stage will be based upon you. O woe! A veritable Charybdis sinks all things into wickedness. Concoct crime, and you will be considered a chieftain and walk in high esteem. Do you want to live quietly and safely, do you want peace? Be suave to powerful sinners, and flatter the bully. When you see guilty deeds, be a roe with the eyes of a mole. Quickly drive forth and scrape out of your heart what you have seen. If you want to expose evil, and score others' sins, you do yourself no good and suffer ostracism besides. To puncture base faults now brings fierce quarrels; to criticize wrong and tell the truth proves a fountain of hatred. He that even for good exposes my sins is a burden to me; an evil conscience cavils at and hates all the doings of light. A drunken race drinks baleful cups, cups of forgetfulness, such as the poet invented for all who die. Everyone

¹ The text seems to be corrupt here and the grammar peculiar, but I think I hit the sense.—H. P.

is mindful of evil alone and forgetful of piety. The righteous man lacks a hearth and home; no one is willing to give to the good for nothing. Separate things go for value, all things for wares, but nothing without price—if you bring nothing. The cottage of the poor man, alas, shows no smoke rising from its chimney.

The halls and high-paneled ceilings of the rich man shine with light. Small sons in infant strength smile upon him. He reclines in luxury at dinner, and goes about raised upon the shoulders of a Liburnian. Whenever he will, he retires to his lofty ivory-inlaid couch. In the morning the cook calls him, and he straightway sacrifices a bull to his stomach. Golden service bears his honied wine and rich dainties. Night returns to give him joyful dreams, and day its joyful feasts. His throat is like a deep pit that lusts after whole ages. The steaming odor is savory to him, and the bait of the cuisine catches his gullet. His are feastings, usury, wrangling, lucre, and plunder. The man is a beast, the victim of his belly; a beast forsooth, of swelling belly, lively tooth, and dead mind. He wants good dinners, wants good estates, wants good meadows, wants good cups, wants good viands, but not good deeds.

Wealth is mighty, and money the thing; with these one gets honors, an ark for his days. Eloquence, knowledge, and a worthy life are nothing without wealth. Good things are multiplied for the rich, blows for the humble. The lesser are threatened with the law, the lower with arms. Money commands all things, and, moreover, gets all things. The rich man and famous, rolling in money and high in his castle, possesses the earth, and gets its good things for himself, increasing and heaping them up. Perhaps he keeps the pile for robbers or foes, and finally is more consumed with grief if his chest or his house is broken into than if he had buried his children and dear ones. He compasses the ages, meditates evil, revolves low schemes in his heart, goes over seas and mountains and through the markets of the world, changing his clime. Hurries across the sea, expatriates himself, and tries a new world. The winds bring him to shore or to the open sea, not into narrows. His wealth is vanity, his mind, crafty, his lot, pitiable. He dreams of sales, exaggerates things bought, and belittles things to be bought. He wins gains with gains, and marks this or that with his pencil. Debits and credits are all hidden away in a rich chest.^x It is sweet to him to sleep at the foot of a pile of riches; he loves to turn over his gold often and add to it oftener. Finally he lacks because he has so much, shriveling in abundance. He is thought a Mammon, and thirsts for more, O overwhelming thirst! He becomes a Tan-

^x This passage is pretty obscure.—H. P.

talus without the name, by the implications of the name. Joys and gains, money, farms, and estates, are his. He builds barns, abounds in all things in his vast wealth, slow to good, ready for evil, first in the market.

The rich man is swift to all wickedness, slow toward the right. He looks like a blooming rose, is rolled over like a wheel, and his things with him. Today he stands noted, tomorrow falls, himself yet different. In the morning the rich man sees possessions his; in the evening, poor, he sees them yours. He will sleep in luxury, but in death he will straightway lose everything. Presently the robber will carry off his wealth, no longer his but his, and will lay him low in death. In a little while the thief will take away his goods like a frail leaf, and death himself. Then he leaves all his guilty gains, a new lot is his. All the splendor and beauty of the rich man, which it took a year's labor to acquire, a single hour takes away. O pitiable, O mournful, O wretched being! As fast as his money grows, his self-effacement grows. He fears all things whom his own wealth makes poor. His money takes possession of him, grows and occupies his mind altogether. Care worries his soul, worry fuddles him, error hinders him. His face turns pale, craft here, grief there, alarm everywhere. Sleep brings him vain and numerous dreams; by day his affairs, by night the threatening visions, torment him. A robber seems to break open his safe and carry away everything else. The poor rich man quakes and wakes with a groan, fearing the fact. He rises straightway, opens his chest, and finds his money. Night wears away, day calls him to the market, business buzzes, and he goes. He runs after gain, fights for gain, sighs for gain; he sighs and roams the seas in ships or the markets afoot. By means of vast evils and many a blow he avoids poverty. He cheats and steals, gives this, takes that, gets money with his money. The miser tries to give little to his own and nothing to thee, Lazarus. Tears are thine, but shall be his, and what tears? Right bitter ones. Though he walk in riches now, and attain to the full his impious desires, he shall fall after a little while and all his wealth collapse. Like sand will the heap of his riches pass away. His abundance shall disappear, his wealth pass away and their master. Lucre is evidently fleeting and transient. Man has always desired and worshiped it, and will always do so. As long as England gives milk, India ivory, Smyrna grasshoppers, many a son of Adam will run over markets and mountains in search of gain. Gain, money, property, wealth, now rule; O woe, the blessed tears of the poor count for naught. The man who has gained much land or pelf wrongfully is blessed now and called happy. Everyone wants a great palace and builds him a house, as if he were to abide here through all the ages. No one builds the halls that

endure, all build earthly ones. Gorgeous halls and flourishing castles are the roses of this world. We adorn our halls with marble, wicked troop, sons of Canaan, that we are, perhaps even with the woods of Arabia. We adorn our halls, and Christ groans at our gates. We fill ourselves with feasting, and he goes hungry. We are relaxed with drink, a prey to our gullets, overcome with wanton music; he is thirsty and hungry, trembles, and groans and wails loudly. We feed upon quail and goose, he upon neither. The sinner is fawned upon, God spitefully entreated—a fine order of things. We feed upon birds and lamb and pork and beef; not so he. The devil holds fast our stony hearts and brazen flesh. We are a drunken race, an impious race, filled with the devil; a worthless people, a crooked generation, an alienated race. We seek many dainties, a fine load for the belly, and give, or rather leave, the poor bits for our hungry Lord.

O evil age! Why? Because the separate parts are now vitiated, one a prey to luxury, another to dissipation. The rich man stands erect, the poor man falls; the people cast out the latter and honor the former. The fool that has money rages at will, and buys official protection against the upright. Right is dead, for the broad road of luxury, babbling, drunkenness, gluttony, lies open. The lovers of the flesh and envious foes of right, whoremongers, godless, insolently ambitious, leave no baseness, no villainy, undone. Wickedness is now actually perpetrated that was not even spoken of before. Mad, unnatural crimes are committed. The last and worst times are evidently at hand. The couch of the harlot is hardly thought anything of, and is called pardonable because natural. Honest manliness is dead, and all are plunged in filth and wallowing in sin.

When was the lap of goodness smaller and of wickedness ampler? When was vice more dominant, the power of evil greater, or the realm of good morals narrower? If God commanded all things impious and deadly, who could keep the commandment more vigilantly and more comprehensively? If it were lawful to heap up sin and scorn the right, who could heap the one higher and scorn and avoid the other more completely? In various ways the arrow of passion cleaves every head, everyone shuns the salutary and none the vicious. If high rewards were given for great wickedness, wickedness could not be pursued more readily nor good more sluggishly. As I speak, I shudder; I have not power, ability, or will to tell all the execrable things. Who could fitly bewail them? What rivers, what floods of tears, would suffice, I ask, to wipe out all the baseness of this mad time? If I should tell of such madness, it were not right, if it were not a crime. Alas! The course of the law lies afar off.

I weep as I sow my verse; not in verse nor in prose can I tell all the evils, uncover the wickedness, bring out the wicked things. They are so manifold my voice would fail for telling them. They are not for words, I am ashamed to disclose them all. I know that paper, speech, and time would fail, if I wished to touch upon and castigate even the more serious. My Muse, indeed, is very weary of noting these things, but the guilty brood is not weary of doing them.¹ Therefore shall my dactyls not stop here, my Muse shall speak of the lost ages and their successors. We have been scudding over the high seas; let the anchor now be cast. When our strength is replenished and the breeze stronger, we will go on.

End of Book II

BOOK III

A lost age, jealous of good character, has got the upper hand. They are nameless who try to live without sin. The golden age and kiss of peace have perished. It is now a really faithless, ill-smelling age. An ill-smelling age, I call it not filthy, but the incarnation of filth; reeking with filth, I call it not dead, but death itself.

O evil days! The faithless heart is made a theme of praise, that which is without fraud and innocent of sin is called stupid and dull. Fraud is in honor, is prominent in craft, and is master of craft; scarcely one man in four is found without cleverness in fraud. Fraud with frank face, fraud made up with double complexion, wears two cloaks, bears wickedness in its heart, honey on its tongue. It wears a double cloak, for it bears a sting within, a smile on the surface, a scorpion of inward guile and outward smiles.

Ah me! What am I at? I lament and shall continue to lament these times subject to lamentation, and shall continue to attack these sores shut off from healing. My flesh burns, and I am forced to bring out not any too nicely things partly full of madness, partly of nastiness, altogether of pestilence. Now passion boils, wrath rages, money rules, standards are abandoned, unity cleft in twain, order put to flight. Wantonness stands erect, reverence is dead, luxury floods the world, the worthy man needs, hypocrisy flourishes, error overflows. Money is to the fore, wealth holds sway, poverty serves, sluggishness blooms, pious grace weeps, honor mourns, the sacred law weeps, the chasuble is sold, Simon beloved, falsehood is judge, gold brandishes its club, the money-box threatens. Pride

¹ The end words of these two lines seem to be interchanged, and the footnotes show confusion in the manuscripts.—H. P.

shines out, piety wanes, impiety gleams brightly; poverty topples, the rich man grows richer, the poor man poorer. Right is crucified, vengeance sought, arms flash; the specially righteous man is banished, the needy man wails, wickedness smiles. Grace is dead, and shame defunct, order has perished. Order is abandoned, and the music of sin sounded upon the ten-stringed lyre.

The pious soul is scourged, the salutary one banished, that which is salutary goes to decay; looseness drives out right, pretense reality, cunning justice. To yield to sin and live basely is what brings gain now. Men rush into sin, the salutary is thrown away, and the honorable dries up. The school of crime flourishes, of order is dead; evil is the thing. The impious man is fêted, the pious man tormented and stoned. The brother bestows false kisses and real damage upon his friend. The sacred law is broken and justice made subject to injustice. An evil age is here, with sin, gluttony, fraud, while manliness is gone. The rich man stands erect, the poor man lies prostrate, alas! The wise man holds his peace, and the innocent man is tormented. Everyone is eager to get that which passes away, no one that which endures. None desires to look at the salutary and spiritual.

An envious race flourishes, gleaming of raiment, a race of darkness, for whom it counts as fine to hide one's own, to take what does not belong to one, to give nothing. It is as varied of heart as of raiment—variable, reprehensible, reprobate. Cold of heart, moreover, jealous, full of gall, it is quarrelsome, tyrannical, envious, and rebellious. The world inclines to all wickedness, and bristles with filth. Crime rears its horrid head, and virtue alone falls to the ground. Numberless, feeble, and unstable is the offspring of Eve. Speak, my pipe, take up the mournful tragedy—woe, woe!

A race that knows no restraint is going by a disastrous path to hell. All is lamentable, all is feeble under the sun. The word of God is silent, order dead, men delight in the die of fate. Every man is ashamed to be pious and strives for impiety. This man swears freely by that man's head, that man by his, and flippantly denies all that he drags out.¹

The robber, ah me! raises his unshackled arms to heaven, swears anything to clear himself of crimes against the sacred law. He denies that the money has been intrusted to him, and plunges into crime to cover crime. The villain fears not to make away with money or even to touch sacred things. The man of guilty conscience flies swiftly, seizes the altar, denies that he has made away with what you thought intrusted in safety

¹ The Latin is very obscure.—H. P.

to him. He swears glibly by his own eyes, by the holy Godhead, by the Crucified, and impudently persists in it. Alas, the false man perjures himself lightly, and so wins short-lived gain, and no avenging thunderbolt falls upon his guilty head. Nor does lameness seize his foot; favoring portents usually attend his steps. God prospers all things to the villain, and brings no disaster upon him.

Standing up to get your own, you also get a single combat, and see a double-headed Goliath rise up before you. The monster comes down upon you, and stops your tongue and hand. He wins, your fight is vain, your case and justice naught. You get a taste of both cold water and hot, he will put forth this also, he will not suffer such a serious charge to rest against him. All that he owes you is restored in words, nothing in fact. He holds on to what you are laying claim to, holds on to the money. I pass over the incantations and the visited thresholds of the soothsayers, the incantations or observations of the necromancers. O weighty wrong! A man thinks one's fate can be learned from a bird, and declares that an augur's omen can be got from the wing of a kite. The right wing directs us to rejoice, the left wing to mourn. A jackdaw meets one, he returns home; a heron, he goes on. A comet appears; he goes quickly back to his camp. All ignorant, he knows the fates, the birds and stars his book. So much for that; let my raft go on, my voice castigate the things that are evil, guilty, and dark.

The soul that knows fraud and the soul that knows it not have now the same lot. The bad man is good, and goodness is a burden, oh, road of blindness! The love of one's neighbor is dead, of God is dead, of the belly survives, and the utmost care is given to the body, none to the soul. The school of sin and the thirst of loin and palate flourish. Shame trembles at loss, and virtue obeys vice. A man without sin and strife and lust and wrath is rarer—and this is no lie—than a three-tongued ox. A goat with wings, a black swan, were sooner found, a three-headed sheep or two-headed horse will appear first. The just falls under the sin and ban of the unjust, right measure of excess, the upright of the reprobate, true order of the false. A race of Belial who seek their own without law or order; they are not the Lord's, and shame is far from them; they have fallen all together. There never was more wickedness, more sluggishness. He that seeks roses finds, alas, innumerable thistles. No one takes thought to pluck out all this wickedness, none devotes himself to sowing good seed and blasting sin. The man of sober life is a weight upon everybody, is an incumbrance like a dead man, like a corpse. There stands scarcely a man in line who does one bit of the law, reproving the wrong, doing even

one jot of his duty. Terrible wounds are there, and not one arm, or almost none, uplifted to smite the evil or establish the good. The crowd weeps right bitterly, and there is hardly an active worker in the crowd.

The high place of the pontiffs is given over to destruction; they have become misers. Spread destruction abroad while your necks are safe, ye false teachers; look out for yourselves first. That is the command of piety and the gain of Christ. Sluggishness, luxury, and ease corrupt the clergy with the flock; now is the gullet lord, the holy word and truth a myth. You try to say good words, and you are said to be putting forth strange novelties, become a laughing-stock unto all men, like a she-goat with horns. Justice^x is dead and money rules. We are ashamed and disgusted at the idea of being chaste. He that dares wickedness is loaded with honors and aboundeth in all things. He that dares wild deeds and knows no rest is thought a man. He that shows a rough and savage spirit is a Hector. You get halls and titles and estates if you shrink not from crime; fraudulent schemes give honied cups and fill your granaries. If you want to climb, heap up crimes, seem keen, give, plunder, steal, oppress, break, thunder, rage, talk, threaten. Crime is said to be fraught with power, and power with crime. Put on a bold front, aim for the heights of power, and you will get them. You will be called a wise head, and win a scepter if you seek evil. If you prefer evil and scorn good, you will have the foremost place. You live in obscurity and count as a Dromo if you live a good life; if a bad life, you will be a king and ranked with the gods. Tisiphone rages, alas! It is a weight and an injury to be kind. My scheme blesses you and makes you a leader as one worthy to lead. You shall be raised aloft; you were alone, you shall be high and rich, exalted in the honors of the world and in the front rank. If you are early in going into wickedness, you shall walk at the side of the chief; you shall walk at the side of the chief and be the bulwark of your friends, a terror to your foes. You shall be called the counselor, vicegerent, confidential agent of the king, and be sheltered under his wings. He that would live a good life falls from his place, he that does otherwise is king. Manliness and shame are dead; wrath flourishes and shame; order and law are in tears.

Rebelliousness brings schisms, fraud aims at usury, wantonness burns the brazen heart, death runs so fast. Right rule dies in tears for the wickedness of life, falseness covers the frivolous heart, the drunken drives away the sober, right so runs to waste.

He that hesitates not to scorn the good and beat it back, giving the preference to evil, he reaps gain and piles up money. Hear; he is a third

^x Surely *sus* must be a mistake for *jus*.—H. P.

son to you, is approved, who scorns good and prefers evil, and speaks evil. He who swears by the divine arms and all the parts of the cross outstrips himself and is wiser than an old man in evil. For the rest of your children you grieve as if they were dead; the one to whom God is nothing, he is mine, you say, he shall be my heir.

He who desires to show no horns, no teeth, no fierce desires, chooses the lowest part of all; he that rages and smites, gets glory, he is the man. He that fears and speaks not, weeps and wants and lies like the shadow of ashes. I weep as I say this, and go grieving, and wailing, and groaning. I weep that one thing is smeared with the birdlime of ambition, another with that of lust. The passion of ambition shoots its arrows into this age from one side, the passion of lust from the other. The fire of Venus glows, and no man shuns the bonds of the flesh. Alas for the glory of today! What wickedness, what abomination, is wrought by this impious race, this drunken crowd, this crowd fit for the burning! It burns and defiles its members with lust, its heart with sin, and rushes unrestrained into all sorts of unnatural sin. The race swears all oaths for all kinds of baseness. Every man wishes to shine in carnal things, to get carnal things. Close your eyes, ye ranks of order, and your ears. Believe not, I ask you, abstain from believing things that belong in the stable. Abstain from believing things shameful to utter, which yet I will utter. There are some sins of awful name, sins worse than sin. Alas! The fire and heat of Sodom is spread abroad. No one tries to crush out the crime or hide it, or groans at his criminality. Close your eyes to the wild sins, all ye who are here. Impious madness arises when you hear and know of them.

Unnaturally and madly he becomes she, Juno is abandoned, and Petronilla herself rejected.

Bewail the age, bewail its separate parts, so filled with crime. The man forgets his manhood, O madness, O terror, and becomes as a hyena. See the numbers buried in unnatural filth—crime of what order, what known name? The horror of that crime, ah me, resounds to the stars, the deed is open and noised abroad; groan, chaste soul! This man knows it of that and that man of this; thy law is almost dead, thy word, thy part, O Christ! The law of Sodom obtains, and the world teems with a countless brood of Ganymedes, alack! Showing forth crime, this beast may be found dwelling in any house. The chief seats and every couch are Ganymedes'. Juno is abandoned, and the she-goat, Oh madness, surrenders to the kid.

If you ask the number of that flock, I will tell it quickly, proclaim it quickly, unfold it readily with tragic speech: "As many as the grains of

barley in the harvest, oysters in the sea, sands on the shore, Cyclades in the Adriatic,¹ bits of incense in India, oats at Tivoli." The castles, villas, sanctuary abound in them, and all things, O shame, overflow with this filthy pest. The world is going to pieces in sluggishness, desires horrible things and does yet more horrible, feeds upon brimstone, and appears to be one Gomorrah.

The race is to be likened to the silly brutes, is to be censured more than the silly brutes. The animal has no sense, and yet it follows reason here; the man has sense, and by no means follows reason here.

Ye ranks of heaven and heights above, when ye see such crimes, why, why do ye hold back your thunderbolts? Ye ranks of heaven and gods on high, are ye asleep? Why do ye endure such crimes, so many abominations? O God, O God, why is thy world so guilty? Why is it lost to thee and given over to itself thus diseased? Why are thy creatures given to such mad crime? Why are thy creatures lost in sin, and such sin? Weep, my eyes, that such wild sins exist; weep and mourn utterly with tears, all ye who have a conscience. Luxury and idleness that nourish sin, O woe, abound; most wickednesses, not to say all, now overflow. All goodness falls, and every man slides weakly into wrong. All his glory falls, and man is become a brute among brutes. Death crushes down all things, and the life of soberness cries: "I am done for. Guilt flourishes, my law is dead, spare us, ye gods." Pious love cries: "O wild image of the world, alas, what vast, what countless wickedness, what chaos now!" So many crimes, such dreadful crimes, are abroad, not known before, not told before, not done before. It pollutes the air to tell of things so wild, so low, so mad; things that should be struck down, and not spoken of. I am ashamed to tell more, I cease to open my lips to such things. I have told much here, and know nothing worse than these things. Let my page henceforth be silent as to such sins. To show forth slippery things breaks down the feeble heart, and allures it. Who can endure to proclaim such sin, such abominations, so many poisons? Not I with my poor pipe. Vergil would fail here, and even the tongue of Cicero not suffice. Ovid's keenness would be blunted, and the waters of the Xalon dried up. Give me three tongues, loud ones, a hundred, yet could I not proclaim all the impious deeds of the wicked. Yet my Muse shall pass them in review, and try to show their rottenness; if she cannot put a stop to the wickedness that exists, she shall at least castigate it. For who now is not stamped with the image of death? Is age serious? It is frivolous, and wishes not to set bounds in its guilt to things forbidden. Is boyhood? Boyhood

¹ A mistake for Ægean.—H. P.

is swift to vice and without coercion. Is strong youth? Youth is on fire with the heat of passion. Is the grown man? Every man puts to flight all deeds that mark the man.

Let the pious heart weep. Why? Because the way of perdition stands open in all its breadth, the field of wickedness in all its extent, while all men rush into all sin, and knock under to evil. Slippery joys and fleeting gains are thought the only ones; all things are stirred by the waves of destruction, like the sea by its billows. The storm-wind strikes the sails, the glorious ship of the church is rushing to its doom, intrusted to fathers slow toward good and active in evil, plunged in sin, bereft of steersmen, driven by the blast, overwhelmed with fraud, overwhelmed with strife, overwhelmed with war. She lies helpless on the deep and the hand of heaven scorns to come to her aid, while the brethren make scandal within and the foe without. There is no oar or anchor for the ship on all the sea; she is plunged in guilt, parted from order, filled with the foe. Sinking in so many evils; in such vast wrongs, she is gaping open; the wind drives on the sea, persistently struggles to conquer, has conquered her. Let the anxious voice sound forth: "O Power on high, arise, we perish. Bear us and lift us up, lest thy people be without an oarsman." Let the holy congregation, the holy generation, kindle itself once more. Let the pious soul, free from guilt, cry, cry to heaven: "Arise, All-pious One, keep down the floods, break the force of the blasts; give us pious hearts, give us good days, drive out the guilt. Be mindful of the flock, rule it, thou who rulest the courts of heaven. Keep down the floods, and reduce these mighty gales to a gentle breeze. Let the north wind fleeing from the southwest wind have peace. Be it inviolate outside, and planted in the secret chamber of the heart. Rise, why dost thou sleep, alas! while all men are perishing in sin?"

All are living without laws and without rules. The frugal hand is dead, the orphan goes hungry, the enemy abounds. You give me, I you; everyone takes care not to lavish his own. Everyone strives to lay up gain of great weight, the race of adamant keeps and worships money as a god. Everyone desires danger jealous of good morals—lucre I mean—strength that fails and lilies of withered bloom. The strength and vigor and warmth of order have melted; O utter madness, we sell our tongues, our hearts, our deeds for lucre. We are lame as to good, sell our tongues and hands for evil. The crowd buys silly and foolish dangers, sells both, foolish cleverness knows impious gains, and no others. Everyone is proud of the look of a prophet, of the keenness of the flesh. Who now toils to learn the divine writings as the heathen? Who toils to give forth the songs of

truth from his lips and store them in his heart? He that is good at argument and quick at skilful reckoning seeks not by his deeds, but by his clever tricks, to be made abbot. He that babbles Socrates and has the sinuous utterances of the sophists at his fingers' end boasts of his acuteness, and aims at sacred heights, way above him. Through letters and sophistry men are made pontiffs, and become, not a pontoon to heaven, but a gateway to hell. He that reads the brief and feeble dogmas of the Three Roads or Four Roads aims high, walks erect, stalks like a lion. A fierce heart he bears who knows Agenor and Meliboeus, Sapphic verse, civic ills, Capaneus. The letters of old, the poems of old, the Muse of old, are now highly prized and thought the cream of wisdom. My Gregory,¹ nay, God thundering through his mouth, is tardily taken up, soon closed and out of favor, but his glory shall be without end through all the ages. The world shall sing of him, and his praise abides and shall abide. His golden words of fire shall not die, his golden page be ever renewed through its inward power. While the Platos and Ciceros have been carried off to the Styx, he has been carried off to heaven, and draws life from the udders of the Godhead. He should be read and re-read carefully and faithfully, but the writings and poetry of the heathen be cast away. Jupiter and the followers of Christ basely kiss each other, Christ's glory dies, and Jove's shines forth, the honors given to him.

O evil age! Why? Because the mythical now prevails over the true; the people and the clergy are going to destruction in evil living. The pleasures of loin and lust alone are out in force, while shame slips and has a hard road to travel. Desire now hurls not only leaden but golden darts, pride and lust have laid waste all things with strife and foulness. These two nets hold almost all captive now, united as closely by sin as by flesh and blood. These the serpent suggests, the flesh digests, the heart obeys. The thought wills them, the hand works them, the tongue proclaims them. Thus the enemy instils sin; Eve sets it forth, and the man carries it out; while the soul lies scorched by fires visible or concealed. The base is what all men choose, show forth, display, and dare, dare, love, achieve, exhibit, carry out, and delight in doing. O madness, O trembling! What shall I do? Shall I keep silent, trembling within? Shall I boil silently in my heart? Shall I speak out all these abominations or keep them back? Shall I put them in verse? Then I become a subject of mirth unto many. Shall I speak them to men's ears? Then shall I be hated of the wicked. It is a fierce thing to speak, but a sin to pass sins by in silence. I am determined to speak, I am determined not to pass by sin in silence. All

¹ Pope Gregory I, the Great.—H. P.

kinds of sin are flourishing now, sin is everywhere. Passion and gluttony draw not in upon the reins, but both apply the spur. Anyone is free to do it, and everyone is in a hurry to show forth wickedness. The people and their priests march into evil, both under error. The vigor of the pontiffs is dried up, their firmness gone, their hands sin-stained, their hearts meditate evil, their mouths instigate sin, within and without. The bishop is sluggish, and the house of God without honor, the fiery zeal and bow of bronze without force. The bow twangs against the evils of garlands and offerings, and quickly spares them that swell with pride of race and flow with money. It is easily turned in the case of the sins of the highborn and lavish criminals; the money of one, the birth of the other successfully resist. No man's weak spots are pierced by the harsh voice of fiery zeal. Sins are great and wickedness manifold, and there is many an Eli. He destroyed himself because he would not restrain his children; the father is dead and has lost the blessings of the good. Impious Jezebel leads you into the byways, and there is no Elijah to make you become more righteous under his guidance, and richer in having him as guest. The fathers of the church cultivate only what is lowest, and in most death rages,¹ the worst death, the death of the soul. The way of the bishop is lamentable, like the way of the people. You will find the age bare of a consul, bare of a bishop. If we are to bring out the good and brush aside the rest in the bishop, the episcopal character is fled, the miter remains, the work is lacking, the miter preferred to it. If it is the part of a leader to lead well those placed under him, none is a leader now. But it is the part of a leader to lead well those under him, hence a leader is a thing of the past. The fact lacks an exponent, the leader a flock, the flock a leader, the priest a people, the people a father. The people perish, and suffer the sins of their lords proud in their fortress. You drive the ignorant ranks into wickedness, you drive them, O serpent, while these teachers encourage and abet the sin. O black tears, they devour all the best things of the flock, dogs that have no anxiety at night, but bark by day. As they are highest in position, so are they often foremost in sin. They beguile the heart with their wit, enfeeble the character with schisms, and their blind eyes become leaders of the blind, and go to destruction, falling into the ditch of sin. I say they are not watchful guards, and not I, but their own doings, condemn them. They are afraid to show forth righteousness, to attack wrong, sweep away dross, destroy rottenness, remove defects, seek out the fallen, give over to Satan those that are clearly rushing into the sea of death; to utter threatening words and

¹ *Furit*, as in P, seems much more satisfactory than the *fuit* of the text.—H. P.

restrain rapacious deeds, struggle against the tide, and stand up in defense of the flock.

The pious flock is an hungered, and utmost famine of the word prevails, wicked servants give small harvest without fruit. The tongues of the fathers speak fair, their deeds are reprehensible; the door is closed, and they hear not the words, "Hail, blessed one." The famishing crowd is rarely taught the heavenly doctrines, and is admonished, not of enduring, but of perishable, gains. Neglecting the good, the impious body of rulers chooses to bury its talent in the dunghill rather than bring it heavily laden with interest.

Often a neophyte or a boy besieged by the hordes of guilt, his brow without sight, heart black with sin and full of cunning, sits in the seat of honor, and young as he is becomes father over all, unskilled to restrain loose hearts or heads with the wisdom and protecting care of years. Is he, pray, one to strive to be bread to the needy and drink to the thirsty, an ornament, yea a groomsman to the church, who gathers gain and distributes it to his assistants, who savors of boyishness, gives to one, snatches from another, is altogether taken up with this? Does he know what is good and profitable for you, who knows not for himself, whose face is hardly beginning to show the first sign of manhood's beard? A neophyte crowd performs the sacred offices bought for a price, so evil a thing is the palace now, tomorrow has the power of a pontiff. A courtier in the morning, see, is now become a tonsured priest; bishop of the belly, he is the suitor, not the bridegroom, of the church. In a word, sin is raised to the sacred high places, serious hearts and hoary temples are cast aside. I shudder to tell, I will refrain from uncovering, will avoid proclaiming many of the things I know, and knowing cannot weep for enough.

Foul youth occupies the papal halls, slippery of body and volatile of heart as the wind. Illustrious of race or birth, illustrious of ancestry, it aspires to the papal halls through force, not life. Noble of blood and of character unprofitable for sacred things, it fights for and lays claim to the office through its blood. Any villain starts up as a bishop, is made an abbot; a man who ought to be put to death gains the scepter by force, or gold, or entreaty. He feels no trembling, and, having no thought for his own, becomes leader of other souls, not without Simon, but without canon. Presently he teaches without knowledge and, unknowing how to command himself, is a way unto others, but is so only because he is called so. He is a refuge and prop for trouble and sin; a fatted fowl fills the useless sepulcher of his belly in the morning.

This fine bishop goes forth to hunt hares, the leash is loose, the game

pursued and roused up. Hence a sleek horse gives him glory, nay beauty, than which nor Greece nor Thrace produces a better. A soldier marches beside him as attendant, and there happens to be not a single clerical companion beside him.

The bugle sounds, the wood resounds, the echo responds; a doe runs into the net and suffers for her flight. Late they come back from the hunt, the dogs leaping about them. Night comes on cold, and a gorgeous banquet is prepared. The butler pours out Falernian or Mareotic wine, the banquet is rich, and the pastor reclines on high cushions. Food is on all sides; then finally the pastor appears, the well-fed gullet proclaims the fact under the true name of pastor or feeder. But his fodder is nothing but the purification of souls, funerals, and the celebration of the first fruits. Enough—he feeds, he is because so called, is to himself a pastor.

The game is roasted, the butler prepares the wine, the confectioner the rest, the cook goes to work, the fire gleams, and all things smile; the halls shine with light and company. Cut glass is there and golden vessels, dainties here, the wine-cups there, a brave show for an hour.¹ The doe is brought, a fat fowl added, a fowl is added, and the table is loaded with roasted birds. Wine flows, the evening waxes, the poor man weeps, the bishop of the belly, apostate to order, is filled with the feast. The man rises filled, and they return to the wine. A new drink is taken, for which a new blessing is invoked. He puffs with full throat and stomach, tells of strenuous deeds, and reveals high spirit. Epicurus is pretty full of nectar, pretty well filled with feasting. He is worried by this trouble when about to pray for the flock and their leader.

He goes late to his chamber and downy couch; a golden lamp and wax lights are placed there for him. The servant turns over the silken covering and downy pillows; this ball of flesh, this fine reprobate, snores like a good one. In the morning the house is filled with bustle, the suitor of the church enters the temple; he goes to church, and, having stood but a moment, takes a seat. He pours out loud thundering pontifical words; his guilty heart feels the bite of the serpent, his hand plays with the jasper of his ring. Then he goes before the flock, wearing Aaron and the diadem. The mitre decks his head, an Indian gem shines upon his finger. He does not busy himself with prayers for the father bishop, for the reigning prince, for his flock and himself, nor snatches them from destruction, weeping for his own and himself. Scanty is his notion, still scantier his doing of the law. He praises God with his voice, disgraces him by his deeds, himself a disgrace. Words need action, actions words, order labor. Let him live

¹ The text seems to be corrupt.—H. P.

as he preaches, his words be in harmony with his deeds, and his deeds with his words. Let the sacred law which the chasuble of the pontiff defends prop up the weak, and nourish all in the nest under its wings. Let guilt know its father, justice perceive its ministrant, order know its father, disorder perceive its master. Let the castigation of the wicked be thy praise, their approval thy suffering. Build shelter for the flock, and cast out sin, not shelter sins. He is a ladder to the skies, the ark of the covenant, the living sacrifice; let him follow up in the spirit of an avenger them that he rouses outside, an olive branch within. Let peace flourish under him as father, fraud be banished with him as judge, pride fall at his attack, the flock walk in holiness under the guidance of such a great father. Let him be a rod of iron threatening to break vessels of clay; let him reprimand, upbraid, beseech, instruct, assist. Let him avoid setting the unprofitable above the right and salutary. Let him bear cold at night and heat by day, like Jacob; let his eyes be watchful and know not slumber. Let his heart be sound, and his hand innocent of any gifts; let his words bring him the stole and toil give him the humerale. Let him prove a good cock, with resounding throat and wing. Let him not benumb himself with vain meditation on what one ought to let rest, what eat, and why and where and when. Let him sow with lavish hand, and let his acts not show a miserly spirit; let him bring the spices and incense of the heart to the altar. Let the bishop be a sacred trumpet and a living page; let him rejoice in his flock, shine in his flock, helper and helped.

The painter is known by his picture, the standard-bearer by his battalion, the leader by his flock. The leader is acceptable according to his flock, the flock is thrown or firmly established according to its leader. A good daughter is the ideal, the glory, the jewel of her mother, a good flock of a bishop, a good city of a mayor, good practices of the soul.

The early ages not only did not snatch the high places, but refused to accept them when offered and not due them. The Right Hand of the Father who ruleth the heavens, when asked, refused to be king, as the Book teaches and proclaims; he would not have an external kingdom who as God governs the kingdom within. Let man the sinner scorn what man the God scorned, and do it really. Let him place external below internal honors; let him not buy, but put behind him the sterile honors of the world.

But who does put them behind him? Everyone buys them, is eager to buy them, is eager, and rushes about in bustling excitement after them. Hence wild schisms, as men aim at the sacred diadems, not duly offered but snatched for a price. The hand of the palace, the command of the law bestows ecclesiastical honors; the sacred commands are abandoned,

the impious orders of kings are sought. The hand of the layman bestows the heavenly gifts—O the shame of it! The voice of the palace first and only afterward of the council gives the heavenly gifts. Vast abuses, royal orders, have the upper hand; thus a man attains the summit by force, if not by right. Everyone can get the heavenly gifts for gifts now. The giver and the receiver tarnish them, and both are wrong. Sacred grace bids that they be given freely without secular authority, that there be not a seller and a broker in piety. Ah me! The serpent scatters his thunderbolts everywhere through the high places of holiness; first he catches the fathers, then snatches the flock, making his attack upon both. When he sees the sheepfolds of peace and the sacred thousands of thy flock, O Christ, he is filled with envy, and enviously lays siege to their band. Mammon stands erect, I mourn Simon and his works. The gains of Simon flourish, the stake of the devil on the flock of the fathers. The Sorcerer sways the scepter, and smites all things with death. The Sorcerer still lives and roams abroad in his world. He lives, and ceases not to sow evil seed and pluck up the good, to draw men into the by-ways, instil wickedness into them, and drive out the right. Lo, the voice of Simon is held effective, that of the canon void. The dead enemy seems to live and stalks abroad. A tomb is given to Simon's bones among the elders; grace is sold, and the true dove bought for money. Madness stands with head uplifted, and order is dead, aye buried. Many are the vendors of the sheep and of the sacred ox. Simple-mindedness is typified by the sheep, the word of God by the ox. All the vendors of the one and the other are being driven from the temple. The vendor is a sinner; God himself says to him, "Withdraw;" drives him from his place, casts him from the ranks, ejects him from the temple. You sell both for empty praise and gifts; the gain you aim at beyond these you reap with the ear and put in your mouth. O devious way, grace is not had freely now, but is taken by force, demanded for money, and got for money. Grace is sold, grace is bestowed through force and violence. Not grace but violence is shown by deeds. Grace, grace, which is got for a paltry sum of money, now stands only in name; its fountain-head and ark lie overthrown. Grace is sought with money, is acquired by money. It cannot be what it is, when the Gehazite demands money in bestowing it. The Sorcerer demands it for money, Gehazi takes money, both impious. One is driven away, another retires with a great sore. Death awaits the one, the color of the other clings to all whose guilty souls seek to rise through earthly gains. Here is the rise of evil, hence comes deep downfall quickly; here is the throne hard, the office a burden, the rose a thorn. Thou hast

a load who scornest to clear away thy sins and the sins of thy people, and lookest not to gains of character. Thou hast glory who art steadfast to clear away thine own evil-doing and that of thy flock with repentance and prayer night and day.

O evil age, the chasuble of the pontiff is sold, the law is lost, the pathway leads astray, and such a pathway! Grace is sold, the purchase of churches sought; yet this purchase is called their holy redemption. A covetous race calls the worst sins right, coloring Simon-like doings with words, forsooth.

So says the sacred voice, on this side and on that the wolf seizes the lambs; no one stands up to drive off the tyrants while the poor flock weeps. Let him that ought to feed the spiritual fold, that feeds himself, takes for himself, snatches good things from them, make these acceptable to them. The pontiff delights in the reed, not in regulating; dried up, he dries up the sheep, and tightly bound, binds the undeserving, votes dead things living and sound things dead; trembles before the wolf on one side, and rages and raves against the band of the clergy on the other; has a feeble heart, not the stout heart of a lion; hesitates to raise his arm against the foe and save the prostrate. Falling, he drags down with him them that stand, drags them down in jealousy, and slipping sees them slip; is most sensitive to popular favor and the popular tongue, ready to evil and rich in lucre; controls himself ill, and takes no good care for his repute, being tepid toward the right and enveloped in the fires of lust. He oppresses one, favors another, and guards not against falling into evil; he wishes to be courted, to be called Rabbi among his flock; has the first greeting, the highest seat, a high scepter, the first cup, the first dainties, the first chair. Crime falls not before his vengeance nor sin at his judgment; he feathers his nest from the flock, and sheds crocodile tears for them. The milk is taken for him and the fleece from the flock. He grieves not for the pains of the flock and their death.

Fear shuts his mouth, the wolf rushes down and gets into the fold; the wolf rages, he flees, it is nothing to him. The shepherd enters by the door, the thief otherwise; with these thieves enter evil ways in abundance.

O evil age, the chasuble of the pontiff is sold, the chasuble is sold, and this commerce goes unrebuked. The ring is sold, and hence Romulus increases his gains.

Overflowing Rome is dead now. When will she rise again? Rome overflowed, and collapsed in her affluence, withering in her fulness. She cries out and is still, rises up and lies prostrate, and gives in need.

Rome gives all things to all who give all things to Rome, for a price,

because there is the way of justice and all justice is dead. She wobbles like a rolling wheel, hence shall Rome be called a wheel, who is wont to burn like incense with rich praises. Rome the baleful begets harm and herself teaches the way to do harm; abandons the right, demands gain, sells the pallium. Often is a clerk bought there rather dearly to write out what you wish and furnish it with the sacred seal. If your messenger of money goes before, rise and follow, approach the threshold; you have nothing serious to fear. The peace that wisdom cannot, money gives you. Money makes agreements, and restrains the threatener. A bit of gold blindfolds the eyes of the citizens for you, gives you open doors, speech like Cicero's, assurance of heart. If money is given, pontifical favor stands near; if not, that is afar off—that is the law and teaching obtaining there. Thus is this right hand of old shown to be dead, Rome. Extended abroad thy right hand is called left. Though rich, thou art poor; though flourishing, thou art withered; though free, thou art a slave. Though free, thou art subdued, and art sold for money to the wanton. Again and again art thou sold, and rebuked by the mouth of Jugurtha; a voice that is gone and a distant tale pursue thee. A voracious Scylla, thou seizest and covetest and takest and drawest to thyself. Rome, thou art a wobbling wheel, a foul enough mark brands thee. Thou art a deep whirlpool, a devouring receptacle, a deep pool, selfish, insatiable, alike to all. The more thou drinkest, the wider dost thou open thy mouth and cry, "Give here." Say, "It is enough," I demand, but you cry, "I want more." If Croesus should give you his wealth, it would not fill thy maw; money or gold is henceforth thy God, not Jesus.

City, the head of cities, exalted through the Catos, made famous by the Scauri, city most covetous, why dost thou unceasingly drink in vast gains? More than Cæsar has the Crucified King been able to give thee. Cæsar gave thee foreign realms, but Christ now gives thee heaven. Exalted and mighty wast thou in thy Catos and Scipios; thou art broken in strength, but art mightier under the rule of Christ. Under Jove wast thou blooming, and shining and rich; under the cross thou livest wasted and ruined and weak. Yet art thou at the gift of the cross more affluent, though poor, than when rich; stronger and higher, though feeble, than when sound; though ruined, than when standing solid. Under the cross thou layest low the walls of hell, under Jove of the stranger; under Jove art thou lost, under the cross art thou merged with the immortals. Within thou art glorious, without is thy dominion fallen, city without a peer under Cæsar and under the Senate. Now is thy leader indifferent, the one only light of the cross is thine, Peter is exalted above the Cæsars, and God above

the gods. The cross is the guide of thy way and thy glory, the gem on thy brow, sure redemption, not the punishment of guilt. Now is the cross no cross, but thy guide to the blessings of heaven. Death was thine, glory is thine; Satan is afraid, for thou hast put on the armor of faith. Rome given to Peter, born of the word of Peter, made subject to Christ, why dost thou throw away through such sin the blessings I note in my verse? Thou doest ill in that thou wilt give almost nothing except to one who gives, and bestowest holy names and holy heights upon him who brings lucre. Why dost thou regard lucre and not look to deeds, O mistress? Peter the apostle, not a wily man, abominated such things, abominated them utterly, and overwhelmed their worshipers. Bear Peter in thy heart, O Rome, and tread the path of right. This ignorant man has conferred more upon thee, brought thee greater good through his sacred net, than all thy Greece, thy learned Greece. That net has profited thee more, has given thee more, than the Capitol mighty in Cæsar and filled with the voice of the orator. Julius with his sword and Tully with his tongue gave thee not so much as Peter with his cross and those who have cherished thee under Peter's guidance. Thou hast lilies and many thousands of roses. Choose these or those, Rome, shining with the flock of the remnant. The schools teach thee eloquence, thou art clothed with the robes of martyrdom and adorned with the branch of peace, and all the charm has fallen from these. The sacred numbers of thy children encompass thee, Rome; the blood-red rose and lily virgin-white bedeck thee. Now the sacred heights make vain to thee the names of the Catos; Peter has raised thee up, and made himself thy champion. Thou stoodst a lost name, Rome, betrayed by sin; now thou seekest heaven, and art made free in thy service to it. High enough and more through the Cornelii and three hundred Fabii, thou art become higher through Peter's example alone. That thou mightest not fall, he fell, for thou hadst also another in Paul. Thou hast another, a man very small in his own eyes. Why? Because he had been Saul. Finally he carried through what he took upon himself on account of the evils of Saul. Saul spread fierce destruction; Paul became a subject of atonement and washed him clean. These are two lights, two streams of paradise; they were sent to thy threshold to wipe away thy sins. They were enabled to make thy walls stronger than those who built them in the first place and added to them later, of whom Romulus in his jealousy bade wicked arms be turned against his own flesh and savage orders to be carried out.

Rise, Rome, restore thee to thyself, restore Rome. Show forth the beauty of that order which thou hadst before. As thou didst rule the

body then, so rule the conquered heart now. Gather up the fallen, guide the wandering, help the feeble. By fierce warfare didst thou subdue everything that resisted. Thou offeredst thy children to slaughter and thy chiefs to the sword. Do now as before, let piety crush out impiety, the rod suppress sin, right rule crime, the law wantonness. First choose, then cultivate them that love the right, not them that work for great gains, but for the right of the council, who shall cry thy message through the perishing age, and kindle again our cold hearts with their own warmth. But thou doest otherwise; thou sendest abroad men who tarnish the glory of the church and are eager only to lift its perquisites. He whom thy hand directs hither, raises tribute, not desiring good times, but good viands and soft cushions. Accustomed ever since he was weaned to go afoot, he goes out to traverse the fields of France with chariot and horses. He that but now walked with glad step unattended, rides high with horsemen about him. He is counselor, nuncio, legate *a latere*; thy bishop is of no more account—he brings here the decrees of the book of the Council. The palace groans, filled with such a guest or his satellites; the clergy can scarce supply the horses with oats. In France he clothes himself with silken cloak, in Rome with goatskin; there he walks on foot, here he rides on horseback over the fallen. The people flock to meet him, he seems to them a glorious and beautiful sight. The city is all excitement, the trumpet sounds, and the band of the clergy takes up the tune. He is conducted into the pontifical halls, reclines on soft couch, orders wine, receives the company, bestows kisses. He calls the Council, takes his place on his raised seat. His ambition becomes more lordly, and he aims for higher advancement. He listens with kind attention to wickedness, turns a rather deaf ear to the right, for a case of guilt prepares the way to earthly gain, a case of right closes it.

Rome, what shall I say more, what predict or promise for thee? 'Tis money that moves thee, money that marks thy downfall. Thou didst subdue the nations to thyself; red gold has subdued thee. For thy brood ever wants and pursues gain, and has done so. While thy Crassus coveted, thirsted for, gazed upon Parthian lucre, the enemy's wealth, alas, he fell, caught by his own greed. This drunken thirst is thy very own in war and peace, burns, roasts, defiles, intoxicates, and tortures thee. Thou givest the sacred high places, sacred guidance to the wicked, stingy to the humble, lavish to the rich and ambitious. 'Tis right for me to say, to write: "Rome, thou art no more." Lo, thou totterest, nay, goest to pieces in melancholy fashion. Thou art crippled in thy strength without, in justice within, irretrievable in one, tottering in the other, unknowing

the right. Thou wastest in ruins, city without laws, without fathers. Gold lays low the citadel of Troy, buys that of Ansonia. 'Tis right for me to say, to write: "Rome, thou art no more." Thou liest buried under the ruins of thy walls and thy morals. Thou art fallen, famous city, sunk as low as thou wast high before, the higher thou wast, the more utterly art thou shattered and cast down. 'Tis right for me to write, to say: "Rome, thou hast perished." Thy walls cry out: "Rome, thou art fallen." Thou, the head, art become the tail; thou, the high, liest prostrate before the Omnipotent. Thine own sluggishness proclaims that thou liest prostrate. Thou seest the times a prey to desire, foul with sin; thou scornest to rescue the prey, and wipe away the foulness from the times. Throughout the length and breadth of thy extended domain, law lies invalid, spiritual grace is dead. Where the Po has its source, and where the sea washes Ultima Thule, grace is cleft in twain and all manly vigor is melted away. The grace once lent is dead and gone, the dear grace, that knew not how to yield to lash or prison bars, that knew how to look for sweet calm beneath the open sky or else to endure it when filled with the blasts of the whirlwind, that evil seemed unable to break or happiness to destroy, that bore prosperity well, and adversity bravely.

An evil race teems, and demands wickedness, and is full of wickedness. An evil offspring is born of evil fathers, an offspring full of vice. Lo, stronger in body, and more fierce, the hydra is born anew, a second hydra appearing whenever a head is cut off. A wild race with the heart of a viper dies, and a doubly wild comes forth, in its evil conscience hating and hacking at all the works of light. An utterly sterile race, that crushes all inward promptings in sin, destroys in deed all the good it professed with its lips. It is pious of speech and heathen in the impiety of its character. Orthodox and good are the words of its mouth, but deeds are wanting.

O grief, O madness, O crime, O shame, all things are foul; hearts with no conscience are the prey of all the works of guilt. Shame weeps that all base things grow and fair things dwindle. Hypocrisy shines and assigns white sepulchers to Satan. The pious soul is scourged, honor is banished, and right is banished. Everyone is dying for lucre, devotes himself to that, and makes it all his care. Everyone struggles for rivers and floods of earthly gain, and no one puts away fleshly advantages and earthly gain. The man rich in revenues is high and famous now, acceptable for his riches, the unshorn miser is not without his vices. His voice is free, for he has a weight of wealth. Lowest and last stands care for the soul; nay, hardly lowest and last, but practically naught. Stronger in force and more esteemed in rank is the ball of gold. Everyone sweats to

get wealth and lay it up for himself. A golden scale deprives the public eye of sight, makes the fallen equal with the standing, the high with the low, blinds the regal and the pontifical eye. Money alone ruins all things, poisons everything, knows the heart, takes down the load, gives arms, buys speech, smooths the brow. It is the poultice of sin, the stealer of the heart, the thief of the eye, a shield to the guilty, and a heavy lash to the rich.

Death smites all things, the crowd mixes up and confuses all things. To be ahead consists in having more of this world's goods in this age. The gleam of money corrupts all things, makes all things a deceit, alas! Your hand offers great sums, and you are considered great. The man low of birth and lower of condition rises to the height of Otho if he can give enough. The sober man is made drunken by pelf, and he whose words man, whose heart God, approves becomes a sinner before one and the other. Though dumb from birth, if rich you will be considered a second Cicero. If rich, you will be loved; if poor, treated as a poor man is. The only thing that is worthless and a hindrance is abundance of heart, the only thing that knows the depths and gives all things is abundance of revenue.

Alas! The broad way is trodden, the narrow, abandoned by all. All have a full gullet and babbling tongue and loaded stomach. Whose, I ask, is it to live on mean husks now? Love's. Who refuses himself sparkling cups and rich dainties? How many do you see standing without sin in the ranks of the faithful? Who now attacks the base and impious with the spear of holy zeal? Who blushes for vice or strives to be of pure heart? To subdue himself? To conquer vicious tendencies? To say: "I have conquered"? Where now is grace that knoweth not sin? Who is upright? Who has a heart not turned by wealth or driven in the general whirl? Whom can you show me without keenness to deceive? Whom without foulness? Who cherishes the salutary and avoids the unprofitable of body or soul? Who demands the good? Nay, who walks without lamentation. Whose life is serious, meditation secure, speech pure? Who has a true soul, not lips at variance with the heart, the face? In whom does the pious tear burn with hope, the heart beat within with love? What can order, moderation, soberness of life do now? What is pious now? I will say more: what is not impious now? The golden age and chaste heart are gone by, the terrible days, the last to wit, have taken their place.

Now flourish lucre, pride, peace without peace, fraud, passion, sloth, and the theft that knoweth the darkness of night; schisms, wars, violence, murder, treachery, wrath, wantonness, envy, sluggishness, sedition. Pre-

tense of religion flourishes, its practice is dead. Alas, the king of Babylon thinks all things his own.

Peace, patience, regularity, moderation, justice, and right are empty names; falseness brings high position, villainy profit. The fire of love is cold to good and hot for evil. Law lies abandoned, the flame of madness towers high. Drunken passion makes promiscuous unions, after the manner of the beasts. Be still my tongue; it is not good form to tell these things.

What shall I speak, O God? Behold, my pen faints. I am beaten and do not speak of all the wickedness, the evil side will win. All things are encompassed by darkness without a single light. All things seem prostrate, nothing to have any life. One vast chaos seizes and possesses all things, one shadow of death is over the slippery age. I grieve to see nothing without a scar, believe the truth. Everyone chooses the wrong, deep night broods over all things. We see dark silence cover nearly all things, and crime without an opposer, all sin without an avenger. The fathers of the churches have fallen out of line, its firmness and vigor and theirs have collapsed. Money holds sway over the crowd and the elders. Men tend to evil, rush to the market, pursue lucre. O reckless race, abominable troop, O crime-stained race, evil race, guilty race, why is earthly gain pleasing to you? O ye of blinded inner sight, why do ye live in evil, and give arms to drunkenness? O ye who see not with the inner eye, ye blind, what does it profit to give, to surrender your guilty hearts to dross? Race of wandering hearts, sad toward the good and glad before evil, why do ye lie prostrate without light, not without sin? Paul is at hand and cries in tones of thunder: "Wake up!" Stand manfully and well together in line. Let the soul foul with guilt, benumbed by sin, and given to things perishable, cast off dishonor, put on honor and the armor of light. Rise, rise, guilty race, cleanse away your worse defects. The last day comes, the final hour is believed to be upon us. The terrible Judge is at hand to put an end to evil, sweet to them that love him, terrible to them that revere him not. The day of judgment that knows not mercy and is full of wrath now comes; the present course of things is its forerunner. The seventh trump, the last stroke, are getting ready; God is at hand to judge. Let the sinner be shaken from his drowsiness and wake up.

Guilty heart, strive to rise from sin; if thou wilt cleanse thy evils, thou shalt rise to take the reward of unending blessings at last. I am sure of what I say; human flesh shall rise from the dead at length, and there is something which can educate and instruct the doubter in this. There

is an Indian bird only one of which lives, called the phoenix. Trustworthy report says that he turns to ashes and rises in this way. He becomes a worm and then a bird, ceases to be weighed down and flies away with wings. Thus he is born again and seen to be as before. This shows that your limbs can rise again from death. Thy dead flesh shall rise then; man, doubt not! The meek shall go to heaven; those that now swell with pride, to hell. The solid shall melt, the lofty fall, the lowest rise. The race of Babylon, living now in sinister freedom, shall go to hell, an abominable mass, the true portion of perdition. The glory of heaven shall rest on the saints forever and ever, and all who look upon the face of the Thunderer shall find peace. What shall I say more, how soar higher or go farther? Be closed, my page, and cease to disclose many things. Be closed, my page; my songs, farewell! Reckless race, abominable crowd and lamentable, lament! I have desired to castigate you, and to tell your sins. I have not been able to castigate you duly and tell your sins. "Alas, lamentable, woe, pitiable," say, children of Eve. "Reckless race, now you rejoice; hereafter woe, woe to you. In hell it is woe to you, wild race, mad crowd. Here also it is woe to you, for here you toil and there you get the penalty of your toil.

"You, holy concourse, holy generation, go on, stand firm, stand firm in goodness with hearts burning for the skies. You, sacred lilies, living necklace, vessels of honor, bands of light, pray with your hearts and lips. That God will save us from destruction, beg of him in holy prayer, that he will put to flight all this impiety, this evil, this stench in the nostrils. Let your prayers, your tongues, hearts, deeds, chaste souls, and lives set free cry to the heavens, cry to the stars. Weep that sin increases, and right, honor, justice are lukewarm. Weep, groan, and say, say with me: "Thou who rulest all things, drive away all this wickedness. Rise, we perish. Look upon us, God, that we may not be without a single light. Crush down all this sin and evil and scandal, thou who rulest the stars. Spare the downtrodden, inspire them that stand, be with us all. Christ of piety, crush out the scandals, forgive the sins; build up the good, destroy the rest, blessed King. Save them that are caught in the toils of the demon, virgin-born King, redeemed by thy cross, thy blood, thy death, O King! Have regard, have regard unto us, Only-Begotten Son of the Father. Grant us to mourn the bad, and take the good; grant us of thine, grant us thyself. Give us back the golden age and primeval strength, we pray. Direct us now, take us to thyself hereafter, lest we perish."

Book III of Bernard of Morlaix's work *On Scorn of the World* comes to a happy conclusion.

A GOLDEN BOOKLET ON THE VANITY OF THE WORLD AND DESIRE FOR ETERNAL LIFE¹

My pamphlet brings you salutary words, dear boy. You will see much there, if you do not scorn my gift. Sweet is the solace of the soul I send you, but it is of no use unless you put it in practice. Cast not to the winds these suggestions that I make; let them strike the ear of your heart, and so keep them in mind that my utterances may work you great good, and through the gift of God the kingdom of heaven be opened unto you. These words will please the true heart. They point out and exhort, but do not chide.

The voice of God bids us not to put our hope in the things of this world, which lead to destruction. If any man love Christ, he will not love this world, but, spurning the love of it as a stench, will count disgusting what the world thinks pleasant. To him is cheap whatever seems brilliant in the world. He shuns earthly beauty as deadly poison and, casting from

¹ Translated from the Latin text in Samuel W. Duffield's *Latin Hymns* (New York, 1889), pp. 485-92; reprinted there from Lubin's edition of Bernard's *De contemptu mundi*. This is the poem inserted by Mabillon among the works of Bernard, of Clairvaux (Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, CLXXXIV, cols. 1307-14) under the title *Carmen paraeneticum ad Rainaldum* ("A hortatory poem addressed to Rainald"). Rainald was a boy, but I know nothing of him. I have paragraphed this translation to agree with Mabillon's paragraphing.

Rev. Nathanael Weiss, the learned and famous secretary of the Société de l'Historie du Protestantisme Français, which has done so much to promote the study of Reformation history, especially of French-speaking lands, has in the sympathy he manifests with all literary enterprises and in the kindness with which he helps those who toil in literary research, communicated to me, quite unsolicitedly and much to my surprise, that Leopold Victor Delisle found that at Caen there were published prior to 1550 no less than six editions of the "Golden Booklet," or, as it was there called, the *Carta* or *Cartula*, Nos. 112-18 of his catalogue. In No. 116 Delisle found a note to the effect that the poem was written to win to monasticism a youth very dear to Bernard, but who had resisted his arguments hitherto. This seems a very obvious deduction from the text, and to have no independent value. See Leopold Victor Delisle, *Catalogue des livres imprimés ou publiés à Caen avant le milieu du XVIe siècle*, Caen, 1903, 42 vols. (II, xc, xci.)

See the number of editions contained in the National Library in Paris, also the number mentioned in Hain, *Repertorium bibliographicum*, Nos. 2,904, 2,905, 4,391, 4,393, in W. A. Copinger's *Supplement to Hain*, Pt. II, Vol. I, Nos. 981-83, and in the *Appendix* to Copinger by Dieterich Reichling, 1st fasciculus, p. 14, No. 64. Surely this was one of the most popular of mediaeval poems. For manuscripts of it see my Introduction.

him the mire of carnal love, he sighs for the kingdom of heaven with faithful heart, with full faith hoping for the joys of paradise.

Do you, too, brother, so shun the contagion of the flesh as to please Christ while you live in this world, nor have any care for the things that come to naught, that quickly slip from you, and are sought with great labor. Why are you glad, man, when perhaps you will die tomorrow? You cannot drive off death by any piece of fortune. Why are you glad, flesh, when it is yours to feed the worms? Here is the place of weeping, but there of washing many sins. Hereafter they shall rejoice who now bewail their misdeeds. Let him not be glad now who deserves the supreme joys. The joys of the foolish heap up the tortures of woe; the wise avoid the one by scorning the other.

Why, flesh, do you not scorn what you see is transitory? See you not that the world is in a pitiable and dying condition, falling under the sword of a dreadful death?

Death cuts off, death slays all that is created on the earth. It crushes the great and the little, lording it over all. It holds sway over the noble, fearing none, and is equally for generals and princes. Death carries off young and old, showing mercy to none. It threatens, and all that moves upon the earth trembles; it strikes, and all flesh perishes, trampled under the foot of death, nor is the strong man saved by his strength. Why, then, does he who dies thus aspire to be made much of? Why does he aim to acquire vast wealth? Unsteady and frail are we, and worn with many infirmities as we drag to the time of our end. Everything mortal goes by and does not return, and there is no stopping, but our brief life keeps on disintegrating day and night, like a passing cloud. So goeth and suddenly falleth he that thinketh he standeth. Who will ransom us when death lays hold of us, since death never accepts any bribe or price or service? But why say more? Envious death spares no one. Neither the poor man escapes, nor he that has a full purse. Dally not, therefore, in working that which is good, for death dallies not in threatening you day and night.

Hope no more in perishable things, but let your heart desire the joys of everlasting day. The fool is deceived by love of the life of the present, but the wise man knows how full of woe is everything that the world holds up as beautiful and comely. It is like the blossom to which nature gives a color. Presently, when it withers, all the color is gone, and the thing neither shows a blossom nor exhales a perfume. The majesty of kings, all earthly power, success, and length of days, will pass, and that rightly quickly, when comes the hour of death.

Listen to what the glory of this world is—but I will not try to describe it for you, for you understand well enough how worthless it is. Landed estates, riches, buildings, stately dwellings, splendid tables with dainty dishes, rare furniture, and beautiful china, gorgeous raiment that is a stumbling-block to good morals, herds of cattle, broad fields of grain, rich vineyards filled with varied vintage, comely children and their sweet affection, will all be left behind and found no more. What wise man cares to seek the thing that lasts so short a time? Harsh death that fears not man will put an end to the deceitful and noxious treasures of this world.

That potent cause of sin will cease—the love of woman, whose converse is naught but bitter poison and cups of gall under the guise of sweet honey. For her charms are a treacherous snare for the soul; with blandishing, lying, naughty words, she ensnares, and takes many a fool to hell. All things shall pass and vain joys die, laying up a crop of sadness and grief through the ages.

I tell all men not to surrender to the enemy, not to let themselves be overthrown by surrendering and being held fast in these things. Do not be dazed by the pitiable sweetness of this world. For its sweetness will be foully dissipated. It deceives the worrying heart in its pursuit of luxurious delights, and beguiles the flesh with soothing and blandishments. Then it comes to an end, and is no longer found sweet, but exceedingly bitter. At last, unlike what it was at first, it fiercely burns the poor wretches that in the beginning it comforted. For thus worthily damned it roasts with fire after death the deluded who have ever pursued luxury and turns their pleasure into trouble, becoming a raging fire that burns them without ceasing. This is what they gain by their efforts who cling to such things.

But he that would be saved and be blessed forever must strive to give himself over wholly to Christ, clinging devotedly to his precepts, and doing what the books of the Holy Scriptures teach. He who will keep these commandments shall truly receive the gift of everlasting peace in the dwelling-place of the blessed, which is given to all who serve God in their heart, and scorn the things they see are transitory. Here is the rest of his servants and the life of his children, full of joys, with no trouble to disturb. Majestic glory and perennial peace endure there. God always makes honored and blessed those whom he takes to himself. And though he is a just judge, he yet gives unto the saints more than they deserve.

The fountain-head of God's loyal love gives all things freely, and for a brief season of toil bestows the blessings of eternity. For them that are saved many blessings are always prepared. So destructive death hurries

along many ills for the wicked. The one group shall rejoice, the other grieve, without end. No one can tell or write or imagine the joys of the righteous or the tortures of the wicked. Lo, how badly is he deceived, ah, how stupidly mocked, who for the flower and vain beauty of this world, which for a moment stands out like a flower and forthwith fades, goes down to hell, losing the heavenly diadem that the Lord gives to all them that he crowns!

Truly that man makes a mistake who, when he might have blessings, suffers of his own free will the punishments and chains of hell. The love of this world leads to the depths of the bottomless pit, and utterly lost in death is he who is cast into it; he is ever falling to the depths, death comes ever to meet him, and yet the poor wretch reaches not the goal of death. There is no end, but a constant new beginning, ever torturing and calling forth groans, bringing burnings and infinite woe. There are serpents spitting fire from their mouths, with smoking teeth and frightful throats, at the breath of which the souls of the wretches are frightened to death. There are torturers there more dreadful than the serpents, misshapen, black, and active with the lash. They never tire, but are constantly renewed and refreshed in their evil eagerness to torture. They are ever in sad readiness to torture, ever keen; they slacken not, nor rest, nor are used up, nor spare, nor pity. How terribly damned, how mightily tortured, is he who has to bear the fierceness of such punishment!

What will treasure profit them, what heaps of gold, when sinners are sent to the lower recesses, aye, the lowest shades of hell, to suffer forever and never return thence? Then, tearful and sad, the man handed over to such punishments would wish he had lived in poverty all his past life rather than had riches. He is in a right precarious position who is destined presently to die. He is not very happy for whom pain and punishment are preparing. Have no care, therefore, to gather more treasure, treasure deceptive, uncertain, and fleeting, which is the more coveted the more it is heaped up. This is what the heart does that is ever aiming at more. Such riches are destructive to all, for they make those that trust them wretched and needy. After a life nurtured amid the blandishments of the flesh, they are delivered over to perdition without their goods.

Yet none will believe that he is to leave this light and burn with fire, lost because of his very wealth, if he keeps what is his and amasses riches. Although it is rare, it is possible for their possessor to win the salvation of the righteous, if he avoid the name of miser, live wisely, manage his treasure sagely, not hoarding it, but distributing it to the needy. But it is well known that it is more profitable to give up the whole than reck-

lessly to hold on to what is going' to harm you. Truly it is safer to guard against death by running away than to lie down near a poisonous serpent.

So it is in the world, and therefore I advise you to scorn it and give yourself with glad heart to the service of Christ, to whom you have yourself been given. He will provide you with a kingdom that has no end. If you serve him, you will become master of great wealth which thieves cannot take away nor mice destroy. Gather the treasure that surpasses gems and gold. Seek good morals, the treasure of the soul. An upright heart is better than piled-up treasure. For he is poor and ever will be who seeks worldly prosperity! He is truly rich who asks not to have such things, who is good within and, steeped in faith, ever strives for uprightness and virtue. When he deals with this world's goods, he applies the standard of virtue to make sure there is nothing unclean to defile his inmost heart. In such is the delight of the Lord who searcheth the heart. Such treasure is precious and of the spirit. The faithful win everlasting life and a dwelling above, and lay up treasure in heaven; through good morals they aspire to high glory, and wish not to be rich now or to be looked up to, but rather to be humble and looked down upon, desiring poverty rather than prosperity and gladly bearing it because they hope for heavenly joys.

The poor man is loved and revered, and is blessed; the rich man is useless and wretched, and cursed. The poor man wins praise where the rich is reviled. He that neglects the good, and loves the bad, shall enter the abyss, and no power, no money, shall get him off. That is a pitiful, insatiable devouring pool, and when he plunges in he sees the whole dreadful picture. These are the tortures that the wretched Man and feeble Eve got for their misdeeds; these they had to endure, while, if they had kept the pious and salutary commands of God, neither the man nor the woman nor their offspring would have been plunged into death. But since they feared not to scorn and disobey orders, hard death came upon them deservedly, and they perished. A mighty wrong, their misdeed became the door of death, and brought upon the world the seeds of disease and a crowd of ills. That guilt smote the parents and the descendants, and took away the blessing of pious delights—a mournful fate bringing torture and woe. It deserved that they should lose the love of the true King, and perish by so mournful and hateful a death, and undergo harsh punishment in captivity. The reason for their ruin was the wildness of Eve in hoping for higher position through the words of the serpent. She, trusting in evil and injuring us also, by her great sin plunged all the generations into that sad disaster. The offspring of the poor wretches

afterward grew under a weight of woe, and mourned for many years under the lash of these punishments.

Then, God Almighty, who created all things by a word, grieving that man, whom he always loved, had fallen so, sent his Word down to the depths of the world to open a way of return for the wretched exiles. The Son of God came down from the heights above, not coming down direct from the majesty of the Father, but taking a body as well as soul from the God of salvation, was born of the holy womb of a virgin and came forth at once truly man and truly God, a loving and pitying God, a true Savior and lover of our salvation, and, wishing to show us the way to live, made himself an example and pattern in all things, and further endured to suffer many hardships, and to take away our woes through his woe, dying a voluntary death and slaying death in dying. Thus he redeemed us poor wretches from everlasting death, and came to the relief of wretched mankind weighed down with mortal ruin. The fountain-source of piety paid what he did not owe. Bearing our burdens, he lifted them entirely from us, and restored what the sin of old had taken away. For coming to life again after his death, like a strong lion, he brought back life, laying low the prince of death. Thus the loving affection of the Lord suffered not the world to perish and restored us poor wretches to the joys of the beginning.

Now you have heard enough of the grace of Christ, my brother, which saved us and restored our race. If you are wise, you will believe and wander not from this idea. But what does the believer gain who showeth not works? He does himself injury. He that lives ill is no true believer. Believe me, that kind of faith brings itself great loss, and is punished with death, for it is justly called dead. It makes a man die under a weightier sentence than if he had not known what the doctrine of faith was. What I say is known to them that hold fast to the whole salutary doctrine. Listen to it, my brother. Many gains will come to you if you will hold fast to it, for thus you will yourself be faithful. By virtue of this you can hope for salvation, and you will be blessed if you do the works that are good. Be ever mindful, therefore, of what I say. Let the care of your heart be ever placed in this. If you wish to be saved, ever strive to imitate the life of the righteous, and avoid the example of the wicked. Unite yourself to them whose pious deeds you can copy. Choose the companionship of the saints, not of the unregenerate. Oh, how rich are they that gain the kingdom of heaven! So exalted are they that consort with the saints, so happy is the life of them that scorn the joys of the world, and know how to avoid all the defects of wretched flesh, under

whose feet lies prostrate their conquered foe. To them it shall be given truly to see the Lord without ceasing, and the chorus of the angels as they sound the praises of the Lord. With them they bring their trophies with praise into the presence of God. If with modest heart you keep what I now tell you, you will live among this host happy forevermore. But the wretched shall weep because they shall see no joys. May our portion never be allotted among the unregenerate! They shall go to punishment and to death which has no ending.

The world lures us in this direction through the wiles of the devil, and this is the reward that they shall get who cling to its tawdriness. With wise appreciation avoid the things that bring harm, with watchful care meditate ever on the future. How fierce and strong will come the destroying power of death! What way will open before when the spirit comes forth? What will it do, and what companions have? How wretched the company below, how noble that above! What ills are prepared for the damned, what goods for the blessed! How they will rejoice who shall be filled with the supreme joys! The holy sight of God and the splendor of the face of God shall illumine and ever make them glad. New joys will come to the heart that seeks these things. With such devotion will your heart feed on the sweetness of the spirit, if it constantly meditates upon this.

This devotion makes the heart pleasing to the Lord, drives out utterly the cares of the world that are full of great pain, and plucks up the seeds of sin. Thus touched with fear of the woes that come from the earth, the heart abandons error and casts away the love of the world. Afterward it glows with love of the supreme goods. Such is the good bestowed by the lasting gift of the Lord. For when the evil heart changes it is God that works this, God alone can confer the gift of virtue. He thus informs the hearts of his servants within who pursue the good and meditate what is pure. Thus the Lord raises to better things the character of those that he sees penitent and seeking help. Therefore, with pure faith take care to submit yourself to Christ, by whose aid you can escape the evils of this period. The halls of heaven are truly opened to the faithful. There you will live forever, rich in the divine bounty, if you will keep the commandments of the Lord in singleness of heart. They are united to Christ who follow his commands. For to them are given everlasting honor and the kingdom on high. The heavenly glory of paradise, heavenly raiment, make them glad, while everlasting peace gives them rest. Are you delighted when you think on these things? Do you hear them gladly, and rejoice at these pious joys? Yet know that they are not won by the saints without

great labor, and are not found by accident. But though God gives them free to the blessed, no one gets the gift of unending life without effort; he must become better and mend his ways. God wills that he who is worthy thereof be kind, and ready, and eager, not pursuing vain ease. The dullard does not believe with faithful heart in the kingdom of heaven, but you should truly believe in it. According to Christ's words, the impetuous seize it, austere but discriminating in their severity, scorning luxurious ease, and doing violence to the flesh, while ever bent upon obeying the Lord's commands. It is well known that the flesh has no value. The spirit languishes, if the body seeks pleasant ease; while when the flesh is worried the spirit is soothed, and when the body is relieved the spirit is mortally afflicted.

All that I am pointing out, you can see yourself by reading. You can learn more with the Scriptures as guide. Sacred reading shows the way to the heart in search of life. Hear, brother, the teachings of my writing, that I have shown you and sweetly suggested. You will take them not ill, but in kindly spirit, if the way of virtue and salvation delights you. For all that I have written will be of great profit to you. For the King of Heaven, from whom nothing is hidden, is my witness that I have told you nothing but what I thought of profit. Nor ought the teachings of truth to seem hard to you, for I have told you that the righteous man walketh through the narrow way. So the upright man ascends by ever aiming high. You will take this course if you wish to ascend on high.

Perhaps it is vain for me to try to speak to you, a boy, this language of righteousness, because you cannot take it in. May the Infinite Father give you clear perception, strengthen your youth, and endow you with integrity. The Son of God, the Hope of our race, the Author of virtue and Fount of Unending Goodness, make you to blossom in virtue and give you an upright heart. May the Spirit of both, that toucheth the hearts of the pious and teacheth them without the need of words, guide your mind, and make it wise, truly believing and retentive of true teaching, that by right living and keeping the holy commandments you may truly deserve to have the joy of day, which knows no night, and shines with wonderful beauty, bringing joy without end to whomsoever it is given. This blessing be yours from Him that reigneth Three and One! Amen.

DAILY HYMN OR PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY¹

The praise of Mary tell, my soul, each day. Cherish her feasts, her deeds resplendent. Contemplate with wonderment her high eminence. Tell of the happy mother, of the blessed virgin tell.

Worship her, that she free thee from the load of sin; call upon her, that the tempest of thy faults o'erwhelm thee not. She is the being who has bestowed the blessings of heaven upon us, she the queen who has illumined us with the grace divine.

Tell the triumphs of the Virgin Mother, my tongue, who marvelously taketh away the curse inflicted upon us; sing without end the song of the praises of the Queen of the World. Ever sound her goodness forth, and proclaim her ever.

Make her glory to resound, all ye my senses; reiterate the remembrance of this blessed Virgin. Surely there is none of such consummate eloquence that he can put forth hymns worthy of her excellence.

Let all men praise the Virgin Mother of God, from whom is their joy; let none imagine aught that could attaint her high eminence.

None can sing the full measure of the praise of her deserts; all things created have been put under her dominion. But we are sure it profiteth the pious heart, and I must gird me, and strive to sing her praise.

Though I know that no man can proclaim Mary worthily, yet is he vain and mad who sings her not whose well-trained life and heavenly

¹ In the *Histoire littéraire de la France* (XII, 241, 2) the assertion is made that Bernard of Cluny wrote a composition on the Blessed Virgin Mary in verse and rhymed prose. It had a preface of hexameter verses and then seventeen lines of rhymed prose of which the hemistich of each line rhymed parallelly with its close. Then came a sapphic ode. The author quite in the Bernard of Cluny manner discourses on the fragility of earthly good, the sound sense of those who prepare themselves for heaven, and the necessity of repentance to secure merit. The writer also says that Saint and Prince Casimir of Poland (1458-84) was so enamored of this poem that according to a Father Hommei who is quoted, he recited a part of the second part of this poem every day, and that on his tomb being opened it was found that a transcript of it was under his right temple. The verses here translated are found in the *Acta Sanctorum*, the first volume for March, p. 357, at the close of the lives of St. Casimir. They are there given as the production of the saint himself and this is far more likely. It is improbable that Mary-worship was in Bernard of Cluny's day so far advanced. It is well known that St. Casimir was an ardent worshiper of Mary.

teaching have brought to naught the fictions and the reasonings of heresy.

As with flowers her character adorns the church; her deeds and words right marvelous grace display.

The sin of Eve had closed upon us the gates of paradise; her faith and her obedience undo the bolts of heaven. Because of Eve man heard his sentence dire; through Mary he has found the path that leads him home. All should love and praise her with especial fervor, worship and pray to her unceasingly.

Of her who can, I know, do all things, I ask that she pluck out and cast from me all that is hurtful to us. May she grant that I do the bidding of her Son, and when the life of flesh is ended, look in joy upon his face.

O honor and glory of all women, thou whom we know to have been tried and exalted above all things, graciously listen to those whom thou seest intent upon thy praise. Cleanse their guilt and make them worthy of the blessings of the skies.

Rod of Jesse, hope and refreshment of the heart cast down, glory of the world, light of the depths, sanctuary of the Lord, beauty of life, norm of conduct, fulness of grace, temple of God, and pattern of all righteousness, hail Virgin through whom the gates of heaven are opened to the wretched, thou whom the wiles of the serpent of old neither turned nor lured!

Glorious and beautiful daughter of King David, chosen of the King who created and ruleth all things, comely jewel, new-blown rose, lily of chastity, who leadest the chaste chorus and the joy of the heavens, bestow the power of deed and word that will enable me to put forth mightily the praise of thy deserts. I pray urgently that thou give me above all the memory to sing thy glory fitly and often. Though I know my lips are dumb and impure, I must presume and not refrain from singing thy glory.

Rejoice, O Virgin, for thou art worthy of praise and reward; thou hast become the occasion of deliverance unto the condemned.

Behold the Virgin Mother ever pure and fruitful, the kind mother like a live, fruit-bearing palm by whose blossoms and perfume we desire to be refreshed. By her fruit we believe ourselves set free from grief.

Wholly fair and without mark of any kind of blemish, make us to praise thee assiduously in purity and gladness.

O Happy One, through whom new joys have been given to the world, and the kingdom of heaven opened by unfaltering faith, through whom the world that had been buried in the blackness of the darkness of old

shines in gladness with the true light, now are the poor powerful, as thou hadst said, and the needy are filled, as thou hadst foretold.

Through thee we are now leaving the by-ways of wickedness; the traces of perverted teachings are all blotted out. Thou hast taught us to scorn the transient pomp of this world; to seek after God, mortify the flesh, resist evil; to turn our hearts upward in pious devotion, discipline the body, and subdue its desires in view of a heavenly reward.

Hidden in thy chaste womb thou didst bear the Lord, the Redeemer, and restorest us to our ancient honor. Become a mother, yet unsullied, thou gavest birth to a Son, the King of kings and Creator of all things.

Blessed art thou, through whom the power of death has been overcome, and the pardon of salvation given to them that had no hope. Blessed the King invincible whose accredited mother thou art, who, though Creator, became the salvation of our race by being born of thee.

Restorer and consoler of the despairing soul, rescue us from the destruction to come to the wicked. Petition for me, that I may enjoy the peace of eternity, and not be cast into the misery and torture of the burning pool.

I beg and beseech thee, heal my wounds, and grant the boon of grace to this heart that calls upon thee, that I may be chaste and modest, sweet and gentle, sober, pious, upright, cautious, a stranger to strife, taught and fortified by the divine word, blessed and embellished by holy training, steadfast, serious, mild and kind, amiable, simple, pure, and ripe, courteous and affable, prudent of heart, eager to tell the truth, averse to evil, and ever worshiping God in piety.

Be thou the guardian and helper of the people of Christ. Give us peace, that the troubles of this world disturb us not.

Hail, saving star of the sea, worthy of praise, who surpaskest the many stars and luminaries! Uphold and revive us suppliant with thy sweet prayers. Take away whatever weighs down and depraves our hearts.

Rejoice, O Virgin, for thou freest us from the wiles of the evil one, giving birth to God in real and genuine flesh. Unsoiled art thou, and enriched by heavenly offspring; made pregnant, yet not bereft of the flower of chastity; for thou continuest what thou wast in giving birth unsullied, holding and suckling Him by whom thou wast made.

Be with me now in my sadness, give the joy that lasteth, bestow upon the sore beset thy longed-for healing.

Commend me to the Blessed Christ, thy Son, that I perish not, but escape from the wreck of the world.

Make me gentle, drive away strife, restrain my wantonness, give me strength and firmness of heart against sin. Let me not be bound or harassed

by the desires of this world, which cloud and harden the heart that is subject to them. May anger and dire conceit never conquer me, which are so often the occasion of much evil. Pray God to keep my heart in his grace, that the ancient enemy sow no tares there.

Give thy comfort and protection unceasingly to them that cherish thy feasts and deeds with eagerness. Amen.

LINES ON THE DIVINE ESSENCE¹

To be what is of itself is God, through whom 'tis given to be. What is not of itself hath not the being of deity. To be what is, is God, to whom belongs true being. To him alone belongs a being that belongs to none besides. There is nothing before God that can be earlier than he. There is nothing before God that can be later. There is nothing above him which I could believe was wider, and without him nothing is or was or can be. Everything that is, is his work. He giveth being to all, and his disposing majesty pervadeth all things. As he never began, so shall he never cease to be. Nothing that is or was or shall be can be compared to him. Besides him alone no other God can be, for truthful reason denies that that which stone and hand of man have brought into being is a true God. But God Almighty, to whom no man has given being, nay, who made man and brought him into being, he is truly God, and cannot but be God, and is believed to be God himself above all gods. Being and holding all things, he rightly wills to rule over all. Creating all things, he wills that all things be under him. All and everywhere alike, God does not change his being, nor is believed to be now other than he was before. Changing all things, he cannot change, he abideth ever as he was, and everlasting God hath everlasting being, and being the Great cannot be greater or less. 'Tis fitting for him to be what he is, but not fitting for him to be other or even not be. Through him any man can be good, no outside goodness makes him good; he is known to be good of his own individual goodness. Therefore shall the creature know that the Creator is God, to whom in wonderful fashion wonderful being belongs. Orthodox faith accepts three persons in the deity, but denies that there are three gods in the three. Unbegotten God gives by birth being to his Begotten, yet he, the Begettior, had not being earlier than his Begotten; the fostering Spirit, proceeding from these, has equal being, and there is believed to be one substance in the three. As their coeternal being is the same in the persons, so is there known to be equal majesty and equal power in them. What the Father is the Son is, and the Spirit is likewise said to be. Thus one God has one being. Yet the Father cannot also be the Son, nor can the Son be the Spirit. Orthodoxy holds and decrees this doctrine as I state it that there are three

¹ From the manuscript in the British Museum known as Additional MS 16,895; text copied and its contractions filled out by Miss LUCY DRUCKER.

persons in one God, though Sabellius may prate that this means nothing. Unhappy Arius, who believed it not, is condemned to be submerged forever in the flames of hell. Such is the teaching of deep faith as to the truth, and all, I think, must believe that these things are so. Unless we believe it, and firmly and surely confess that it is so, we cannot be saved.

LINES ON THE DREAD JUDGMENT OF GOD¹

We see in painting how the Judge to come will be to everyone as he shows his face to the deserving, but it will be very different when everyone rises from the dead. For the worthy shall have rest, the wicked fire without end. The righteous shall rejoice, and the burned shall weep forever. Therefore let everyone take care not to enter the sulphurous abode of cruel death, but to hasten to the dwelling of life. He that bestows upon the wretched nourishment to which they have been strangers and gives rest to the needy shall be free from suffering when Christ calls to the life of peace, saying "Come." Such is the reward given to the righteous at the end of their labors. Alas, the furnace of destruction that awaits the wicked, overcome by the terrible word of the Lord they had cursed! They that have scorned him shall go to their deserts when the Lord comes from above in the springtime of heaven. They will stand before the Judge of the world not without trepidation. His servants rejoice to hear the voice of Christ, and soon they shall hear it and have rest. Life is theirs as they rise again, but death without end under the judgment of the Divine Law is the portion of the others.

¹ From the manuscript in the British Museum known as Additional MS 16,895; text copied and its contractions filled out by Miss Lucy Drucker.

LINES ON SIMEON, ABBOT OF YORK¹

Thou wast living, Simeon, and thou livest still today removed from death. Eternal life hast thou. A second venerable Simeon, Simeon, didst then live, although no bearer of God upon thine arms. Thou hatedst the world, the filthy doings of the world; thou wast not made for it, nor it for thee. Yet didst thou not twist and roast the flesh, though glowing with righteousness thou wast stern to the base. For five whole days the sun kept his radiant arrows in his bow. Six ran through, and the seventh morning restored thee.

¹ From the manuscript in the British Museum known as Cott. Cleopatra A. viii. 2; text copied and its contractions filled out by MISS LUCY DRUCKER.

LINES ON COUNT WULNOTH¹

A line of noble ancestors, a simple keeping of good morals, the principles of a censor and the honor of a judge, bodily strength and a mightier fire of soul, equally glorify Count Wulnoth. Exile, imprisonment, darkness, bolts, chains, took him a boy and left him an old man. Bound with human bonds, he lived in patience, bound still more tightly by obedience to God.

It was spring, and when the fishes were basking in the February sun, the ninth day after St. Hermes² was the final day for thee.

¹ From the manuscript in the British Museum known as Cott. Cleopatra A. viii.
²; text copied and its contractions filled out by Miss Lucy DRUCKER.

² This St. Hermes was probably the Hermes who was the apostle of Christianity at Valfugane in the Tyrol. He lived in the fifth century.

SERMON ON THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD¹

PREFATORY DEDICATION TO MATTHEW, BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS

The command which your High Eminence laid upon little me at Rome through my most dear master, Servulus, abbot of Beauvais, namely that I should copy off for you the words which God had given me to speak upon the gospel passage concerning the Unjust Steward, I now fulfil, late though it is (being very much in fear lest something in it strike you unpleasantly as confused). I beg you, therefore, to have bowels of kindness and compassion toward me abundantly as to this work, forgiving me for my delay and correcting my mistakes. For I have reserved it for the correction of your wise authority, and I present it humbly. I also send with the manuscript an ivory-handled knife of the kind commonly called "quinniens" (?), that you may cut away with my own blade such misgrowths as you judge worthy of amputation. And I pray your generous piety not to forget me in your prayers, as I fail not daily to remember you when I make appeal to the mercy of God. Farewell.

There was a certain rich man, which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods, etc. (Luke:1.)

I. How profitable is the reading of this passage of the holy gospel, both in its literal simplicity as a statement and in its moral application, the wise hearer will not fail to notice if he turn the ear of his heart to it, and is of God. For the Truth saith: "He that is of God heareth God's words;" and adds to the unregenerate: "ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God" (John 8:47). Let me say then: "There was a certain rich man." It is not worth while for me to expound this in its literal sense, for that is plain in itself; but so far as the exposition of it is useful to the uneducated and others less ready of comprehension, let me explain it. "There was a certain rich man," etc. That man is the one of whom the apostle says "he was made in the likeness of men," and "being found in fashion as a man" (Phil. 2:7 [& 8]). He is rightly "a man," in the singular. Whence the prophet, "He is a man," and "who can know him?"² as

¹ Found among the works of Bernard of Clairvaux, but attributed to Bernard of Cluny in the *Hist. litt. de la France* (XII, 243). See Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, CLXXXIV, cols. 1021-32. Mabillon says it was unworthy of Bernard of Clairvaux so he assigns it to Bernard of Cluny.

² The marginal reference, Jer. 17:9, seems hardly to fit.—H. P.

though to say, "who shall set forth his superexcellence?" There follow "was rich"—really rich, as it is written: "though he was rich in all things, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich"¹ (II Cor. 8:9). And likewise of the same Lord it is said: "In his right hand was a fiery law, in his left were riches and honor" (Deut. 33:2 and [Prov. 3:16]).² "Was" is most appropriate, for it is said of him: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" (John 1:1). "Which had a steward." In very truth he had a steward and an estate, for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. 24:1), and he himself says: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. 28:18). Yet he willed not to possess anything in the earth, as he says of himself: "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head" (Luke 9:58); leaving us an example of poverty. And yet we see that he had a steward and an estate in this way.

II. An estate in this sense is properly a landed possession covered by several settlers. Thus is signified the earthly structure of our bodies, furnished as it is in the first place with many qualities, as if inhabited by many men. In this estate of his the Lord placed as steward to look after his goods—of which he had many—an inner man, and made him of such strength and such beauty as to fashion him in his own image and likeness, and of such power through the free will given to him that he could turn in any direction of good or evil. And he fortified the estate with such strong defenses that it needs no one's aid save his own, the Lord's, against any hostile attack from any quarter. For he placed in it as keeper of the walls, Prudence; of the garrison, Fortitude; as butler, Temperance; as judiciary for the protection of law and right, Justice. How painstaking and devoted these have been in the performance of their duties is seen from the definition of the terms themselves, thus: Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought after or avoided. Fortitude is firmness of spirit against the things which are for the time harmful. Temperance is the bridling of desire anent the things that bring carnal pleasure. Justice is rendering unto every man what is his.

III. But let us hear how these virtues, like skilful men, fill the offices intrusted to them in the estate. Prudence, the guardian of the household, fills his office thus, saying: "Watch ye, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning" (Mark 13:35); "For as much as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain con-

¹ Slightly different in the King James Version.—H. P.

² The two passages are mixed and slightly garbled here.—H. P.

versation received by tradition from your fathers, but with the precious blood of Christ, as a lamb without blemish and without spot" (I Pet. 1:18); "That we should not lust after evil things, nor be idolaters" (I Cor. 10:6, 7) —for covetousness is idolatry (Col. 3:5)—"neither let us commit fornication, as some of them committed, and fell in one day three and twenty thousand, neither let us tempt God, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed of serpents, neither murmur, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer . . . now all these things are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come" (I Cor. 10:8-11).¹ Fortitude also thus exhorts his men in lines saying: "Be strong in battle, and fight with the old serpent, and ye shall receive the everlasting kingdom;" and likewise: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do" (Luke 12:4); "The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle." "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in" (Ps. 24:8, 7); "[The devil], as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour, whom resist steadfast in the faith" (I Pet. 5:8, 9); "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace" (Luke 11:21). Therefore, "quit you like men, be strong," and "let all your things be done with charity" (I Cor. 16:13, 14). "For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body" (I Cor. 6:20), as the apostle glorified him, saying: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution . . . or peril, or sword? . . . I am persuaded, that neither death nor life . . . nor things present, nor things to come . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 8:35, 38, 39). And Temperance thus rouses us, saying: "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life" (Luke 21:34). For it is written: "Woe unto you² that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink" (Isa. 5:22). As a sick man approacheth medicine, so should everyone approach the festive board.³ For among her other evils, Sodom was destroyed by her overabundance of bread, as the Lord says to Jerusalem through the prophet: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister, Sodom, . . . fulness [and overabundance] of bread" (Ezek. 16:49). Hence the apostle says: "Many walk [after their own lusts] of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross

¹ Slightly at variance with the King James Version.—H. P.

² The King James Version has "them."—H. P.

³ St. Augustine, l. 10; *Conj. C.* 31.

of Christ; whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things" (Phil. 3:18, 19); "meats for the belly, and the belly for meats; but God shall destroy both it and them" (I Cor. 6:13). "By no means, therefore, seek pleasure in these things, but relief for your needs." And Justice thus defends the right in the estate, saying: "Do that to no man which thou dost not want done to thee" (Tobit 4:15). Hence Solomon says: "Divers weights, and divers measures, both of them are alike abomination to the Lord" (Prov. 20:10). Also: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (Matt. 7:12); and: "thus shall ye fulfil what Moses says, 'just balances just weights . . . shall ye have'" (Lev. 19:36). "Therefore, when thy brother oweth thee aught, and thou takest a pledge from him, restore the pledge before sunset" (cf. Deut. 24:13). "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 5:20). Theirs was the righteousness of the law—"eye for eye, tooth for tooth" (Ex. 21:24), vengeance for vengeance; but to us it is said: "Love your enemies, . . . do good to them that hate you" (Matt. 5:44); "not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing" (I Pet. 3:9). Hence Paul says: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another" (Rom. 13:8); "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head" (Rom. 12:20). This is what I, Justice, say and want done.

IV. On this estate also the rich Lord had a sort of cultivators, who were to render to him a rental in produce at appropriate times. These cultivators are Goodness, Kindness, Modesty, Gentleness, Harmony, Peace, Patience, Mercy, Charity. Over them he also placed as a watchmen to bring accusation if they failed in their duty, to bring proof, to judge and punish. For Conscience is the accuser, Memory the witness, Reason the judge, Fear the executioner. The thing that Conscience accuses us of, Memory testifies to, and the Judgment that Reason gives, Fear tortures us with, saying: "The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble: he sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved" (Ps. 99:1); "A fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him" (Ps. 50:3). And he shall say to the wicked: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25:41), where are the fire that is not quenched, the worm that dieth not (Isa. 66:24, and Mark 9:4, 5), the torturer that wearieh not, where no order but everlasting horror dwelleth (Job 10:22).

V. His estate thus strengthened by these and other guardians, the Lord

handed over to his steward, filled with many good things, some for the body, many especially for the inner man. These, to wit, are the seven goods of the body: beauty, strength, swiftness, freedom, health, pleasure, longevity. There are also seven goods of the soul: wisdom, friendship, harmony, honor, piety, power, good spirits. Besides these distinguishing marks, there are many things given to the cultivators of the estate, some to one, others to others. The rich have their riches, so that the worries of poverty may not crush them; the poor have their poverty as a means of correction, so that they may not wear themselves out through excess; the strong have their strength, that they may be mighty for good works; the weak have their weakness, to prevent them from carrying out the evil that they wish; the foolish have their simple mindedness, to humble their pride. In general, every frailty that we have in this life a paternally loving Creator (such is his goodness) gives us daily for our good, either for the chastisement of wickedness or for the advancement of virtue. But, to use the words of the blessed Gregory, we turn to the uses of sin what we received for the uses of life. The strength of our bodies we use up in the service of vice, the goods of the mind we squander in the service of vanity. And this is what is meant by the words, "the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods."

VI. It is worth while to see who accused the steward and from what the accusation came. It is wantonness itself that sowed the seeds of the accusation, for this is said to accuse him when it blushes not to proclaim its own disregard of things thus: "Let no flower of the spring pass by us. . . . Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered. . . . Let us leave tokens of our joyfulness in every place" (*Wisdom of Sol.* 2:7-9). For such language is clearly an accusation. And this accusation is made by three voices, to wit, those of thought, of speech, and of deed. For thought has its own voice. Hence the Lord says to the thought of Moses: "Wherefore criest thou unto me?" (*Ex.* 14:15); and David says unto the Lord: "The thought¹ of man shall praise thee" (*Ps.* 76:10). The deed also has its own voice. Hence the Lord says to Cain: "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground" (*Gen.* 4:10). Now the accusation against us comes from the things that we do in contravention of nature, or of law, or of propriety. All that we do turns to sin in one of these three ways, and because the steward wasted his Lord's goods thus, there was said to him: "How is it that I hear this of thee? Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward." This threat the Lord utters to his steward, not once or twice only, but a third time,

¹ The King James Version has "wrath."—H. P.

namely, before the Law, under the Law, under Grace, and through the three messengers through whom he imparts all his purposes to us, that is, through man, through the Spirit, and through friendly command. By these the Lord is in the habit of giving notice of his mysteries, and through these he gives his orders to all others. With them goes generally fear, and presently joins them, carrying the three things that she is always apt to have, the club of threatening, the rod of knowledge, the whip of pain—toward inspiring terror, seeing the wrong, feeling sorrow—in the beginning, continuance, accomplishment of the thing. Observe that in this case the wonderful loyalty of this Lord is seen in his not dismissing his servant summarily, but suggesting that he give an account of his stewardship before judging him. So too he appears to have spoken to Abraham when he said to him in regard to Sodom: "I will go down now, and see whether they have done it altogether according to the cry of it" (Gen. 18:21). And thus we are taught not to give immediate credence to whatever we hear, but first to look to see whether it is as reported.

VII. There follows: "What shall I do?" This lament comes from the preliminary threat. Thus some men, seeing death approaching them, and knowing they have led evil lives, are smitten with terror, and bitterly ask themselves what they have done or how they can better it, saying: "What shall I do? I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed." These two words are spoken of those who fear in repentance these two things, bodily distress and poverty, of which one is implied in "dig," the other in "to beg." For, to make the moral application, to dig is to furrow the acres of our hearts with the hoe of remorse and the plow of confession unto the crop of good works, as the prophet warns us to do, saying: "Rend your heart and not your garments" (Joel 2:13). Hence also what the dresser of the vineyard says to his Lord in regard to the barren fig tree: "Let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it" (Luke 13:8). But this the man we are considering was afraid to do and said: "I cannot dig." He may be fairly answered by the words of Solomon: "The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing" (Prov. 20:4). For whoso now through fear or sluggishness neglects to mortify and discipline himself in penitence, shall seek rest when the Sun of Righteousness shall shine in judgment, as in harvest, and shall find it not, because he scorned to do good works on account of it.

VIII. There follows: "To beg I am ashamed." This literally. For there are some who by distributing their goods among the poor hope to redeem their sins, and act with this thought, but afterward, fearing that they may come to want, they become hard toward those in want, and halt

in the design they had formed, especially because they see some who admit that they have given away their goods in this way and are sorry, of whom Solomon well says: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap" (Eccles. 11:4). By the word "wind" is signified the evil spirit, who plies the heart with temptations; by the term "clouds" is meant the sinner. He, therefore, that noteth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap, because he that feareth the temptations of the evil spirit, and that looketh upon the slips of the wicked, practiceth not good works and shall not find any relief in the day of judgment. And even now he is in a bad way. Therefore, although the steward had said shortly before, "I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed," yet repenting he adds the following: "I know what I will do." See what fear does—an emotion very valuable for the steward's Lord. This it is that makes men do what the Lord orders. Certainly that steward would not now have said, "I know what I will do," unless he had been afraid. But he was afraid, for, fear suddenly coming upon him, he administered such vigorous blows with his club of threatening, saying: "Listen, wretch, listen and wake up! It is time to rouse yourself from your sloth. Wake up from fear, if not from love. A painful twofold cross is getting ready for you, one for the body, the other afterward for body and soul in hell. Consider, therefore, the tortures you will feel in all their keenness to your very marrow in death. Death itself, I say, is the fearful cross to which you are hurrying daily and waiting not. See how death crucifies you. Your legs are stretched apart, your hands and arms fall inert, your breast heaves, your neck gives way, your lips foam, your eyes become glazed, your frame shudders, your face sweats and pales at the touch of death. And these things which we see on the surface and feel, are trivial compared with those of which the wretched soul within already has a foretaste. For feeling quickly retires from the body, but its own death accompanies the soul on its course. Hear what the prophet says of the tortures that await you. "Like sheep," he says, "they are laid in hell;¹ death shall feed on them" (Ps. 49:14). And Job 24:19: "They pass from extreme cold to extreme heat."² Elsewhere is said: "Who among you³ shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among you³ shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" (Isa. 33:14).

IX. Marvel not if the steward was thoroughly frightened at hearing these things. And it is to be noted that this fear is fourfold: worldly,

¹ The King James Version has "in the grave."—H. P.

² This is given in quite other language in the King James Version.—H. P.

³ The King James Version has "among us."—H. P.

servile, initial, and filial or pure. The worldly is that which makes one refrain from evil to avoid punishment, retaining the desire for evil. The initial is the fear of hell of which the prophet says: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Ps. 111:10). The filial is that of which the same prophet says: "The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever." In these two forms it is ever salutary for men; in the others by no means so. It came in the initial form to the steward, literally raging, as has been said, whence he says: "I know what I will do, that when I am put out," etc. This putting out is nothing else than the separation of the inner man, that is, the soul, and the body. And it is to be noted that there is no need for me to explain the word "know," because this knowing what he proposes to do is made plain in itself by what follows, where he says: "that when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses." In this setting-forth of his knowing he remembers the idea of the poet: *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi scire tuum hoc sciat alter*, "your knowing is nothing unless your neighbor knows this knowing of yours" (Persius, *Sat.* I, 1, 27); that is, if he seems not to have said this, namely, who those are who should receive him. But we can see that he hinted at it briefly when he said: "into their houses." For there are people who receive men, and to them belong the mansions of heaven and the everlasting tabernacles, and who they are the Lord in speaking to his disciples shows plainly in the words: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 19:14); and elsewhere: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 5:3). From these, therefore, it is necessary to buy the kingdom of heaven to whom it belongs, and really necessary, "for," as the apostle says, "here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come" (Heb. 13:14); and likewise in full faith for his own he says: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (II Cor. 5:1). The Lord teaches us to buy this in the following when he says: "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." And this shall be explained in its proper place, but not now.

X. But let us see what follows. "So he called every one of his lord's debtors unto him," etc. I remember that I said above that mercy and truth and charity and many other such qualities were the cultivators of the estate, as it were, and were bound to render unto this rich lord, through the hands of the steward, certain results as the fruits of their labors. To say, therefore, that the steward called his lord's debtors unto him means nothing

else than that every man turns over in his heart what he has done, or what he ought to have done, according to the measure of his abilities. As often as we do this we find ourselves guilty in about all respects, especially so, however, in that we ought to have made more generous disbursements for charity, and in that, in repenting our own sins, we ought more completely to have forgiven those who had done us wrong. And this may be seen from the answer to the question: "How much owest thou unto my lord?"—"A hundred measures of oil." A hundred indicates perfection, oil indicates mercy. The sense is, therefore: "I owe a hundred measures of oil; that is, I have not completely forgiven, as I ought, these who have done me wrong." To this is afterward added: "Sit down quickly, and write fifty." We know that "sitting down" indicates humiliation; "quickly," haste; "writing," steadfastness; "fifty," repentance; and on these points we have appropriate illustrations; but, as the matter is well known, it is not worth while to cite them. But I will tell what the expression means—when, therefore, we say, "Sit down quickly, and write fifty," it is the same thing as saying to one's self or one's neighbor: "You who admit that you have sinned in mercy, humble yourself quickly, and remain steadfast in repentance."

XI. "Then said he to another, 'And how much owest thou?'"—"A hundred measures of wheat." This question and the answer are about the same as the first, except that one has to do with merciful indulgence, the other with charity. For here the grain indicates charity, just as I said above that mercy was indicated by the oil. The answer to this question teaches us, therefore, that we who possess this world's goods ought to have expended them thoroughly for those in need, and if we have not done so when we could, we are bound by a debt in the sight of the Supreme Householder, as it is written: "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (I John 3:17). Yet the knot of these bonds is speedily sundered, if what follows is duly accomplished, namely: "Sit down quickly, and write eighty;"^{*} that is, "humble thyself (as I have set forth) in keeping the commandments of God, and in the sure hope of an everlasting inheritance." Others, according to the abundance of their knowledge, may speak of the meaning of *catus* and *corus*. I will say of them only that both are vessels for measuring in their kind, and can signify here that penitents ought to proceed according to measure, that is, discreetly, as when an enemy is slain in order that a fellow-countryman may not be killed; for it is written: "If thou offerest rightly and sharest

* Not quite like the King James Version.—H. P.

not rightly, thou hast sinned" (Gen. 4:7).¹ We offer rightly when we do a good work with good intent, but we do not share rightly if we consider being discreet in good works of small account; for he who keeps this out of sight sins even when offering rightly, as the blessed Gregory says (*Moral lib. xxx, cap. 14*, Migne's series 2009).

XII. There follows: "And the Lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely." Some men wonder whence this commendation arose, since the steward is not said to have paid his debt literally, but to have looked out for it. If anyone has done this, let him apply himself to imitating the steward rather than to wondering. For from the point of view of this world he acted wisely in sagely concealing what he could not pay, in order not to be convicted of theft—acted in the words of somebody, *si non caste, saltem caute*, "if not as a saint, at least as a sage" (for it is a smaller fault to bring yourself to destruction alone than to drag others with you through the infection of sin); and he did a thing very profitable and wise for himself, for he provided himself with a refuge, if he should be put out of the stewardship. But I will go deeper. From the moral point of view he deserves evidently much commendation for leaving the error of his original ways, and satisfying his rich God,² and so being restored to favor. And it is for this that the lord commended him, because he had done wisely, whether in one way or another. And let no one be troubled because he is called "unjust." For he is not brought in here as a subject of commendation, but to remove the despair of the hearers, as the Lord bears witness to the prophet, saying: "Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god; their drink-offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips" (Ps. 16:4). For it was on this account that Matthew retained his name of the Publican. The following words, "For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light," were said to us that we might imitate the unsalutary wisdom of the children of this world, as Moses teaches us in mystical language when he says: "When thou goest forth to war . . . and seest . . . a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her, . . . thou shalt shave her head, etc., and she shall be thy wife"³ (Deut. 21:10). They were also said unto our great shame, as if the Lord had used to us the expression of the prophet: "Be thou ashamed, O Zidon; for the sea hath spoken" (Isa. 23:4). For it ought to be a great cause of shame to us

¹ According to the Septuagint.

² *Deo* seems so strange here that I wonder if it may not be a mistake for *Dmo* as an abbreviation for *Domino*.—H. P.

³ Slightly different in the King James Version.—H. P.

that the children of perdition are more ready in the pursuit of evil than we are in the pursuit of the joys of heaven, of which the blessed Gregory says: "He that knoweth as perfectly as the nature of things allows the sweetness of the heavenly life gladly leaves behind all the things he had loved on earth."

XIII. And to this we are urged when it is said: "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Good words and worthy of all acceptation, teaching us to enter into friendship with those who can put us into everlasting habitations with them. Who are they, to wit, save, as I have briefly hinted above, Christ's little ones and poor? For the Lord loves them, as he himself bears witness, saying: "Ye are my friends" (John 15:14). Let us make ourselves loved of these, as the same Lord has taught us in speaking of the mammon of unrighteousness. The price is cheap, but the purchase large. For riches are named mammon, and are called unrighteous, not because of themselves, but because of the fruits of unrighteousness which come from them; like that tree which was called the knowledge of good and evil, not because it had any knowledge, but because they that touched it contrary to command became cognizant of good and evil alike. Here is shown plainly enough that the denizens of the realms above can easily be had as friends. What fruits come to us from their friendship, the Truth afterward shows, saying; "that they may receive you into everlasting habitations." A question seems to arise here, because there is attributed to the poor the taking-up and recompensing of the benefits done them, when this is the gift of God alone, and comes from his great mercy and grace. This question is easily answered if we observe that the Son of God took on our flesh and was made poor for us, and that what is disbursed for the poor he says is done for him and he will recompense the doers, to which he bears witness when, in speaking of the little ones, he says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25:40); "I was ahungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink," etc. (Matt. 25:35); "Come, therefore, and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world" (Matt. 25:34).

XIV. Let us, then, my brethren, be roused, let us be roused by the counsel of the Lord to spend upon the poor. But because there are poor and poor as the Lord seems to have hinted when he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," we must make a distinction that shall indicate to us to whom we ought to be especially generous. There is, therefore, one poverty of nature, another of means, another of spirit; and each member of this division can be divided into two, which I leave for those to treat who are

clever at making mountains out of mole-hills, only saying that we are reminded by the words of the apostle Paul to stretch forth the hand of mercy to those poor in nature and spirit especially, for he says: "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel" (I Tim. 5:8). But since we know not now who in the sight of God is worthy of hatred or of love, let us give to the one and the other according to the same apostle's words: "Let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith" (Gal. 6:10). And since there are some who ask and some who are bashful, let us give to both when we have anything we can give. For the Lord says of them that ask: "Give to every man that asketh of thee" (Luke 6:30); and of the bashful, St. Augustine, speaking of the verse, "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man" (Ps. 104:14), says: "Blessed is he that anticipates the words of the asker;" while of all indifferently the Lord says: "Give, and it shall be given unto you" (Luke 6:38); and again: "Give alms . . . and, behold, all things are clean unto you" (Luke 11:41); and further: "Water will quench a flaming fire; and alms maketh an atonement for sins" (Eccles. 3:30). This is what is meant by the words: "Shut up alms in the heart of the poor, and it shall obtain help for thee against all evil" (Eccles. 29:12). And the good father says to his son: "If thou hast abundance, give alms accordingly; if thou have but a little, be not afraid to give according to that little" (Tobit 4:8). And this let us always strive to do so well that we shall deserve to be received into the everlasting habitations by the Lord Jesus Christ our Savior, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth God world without end. Amen.

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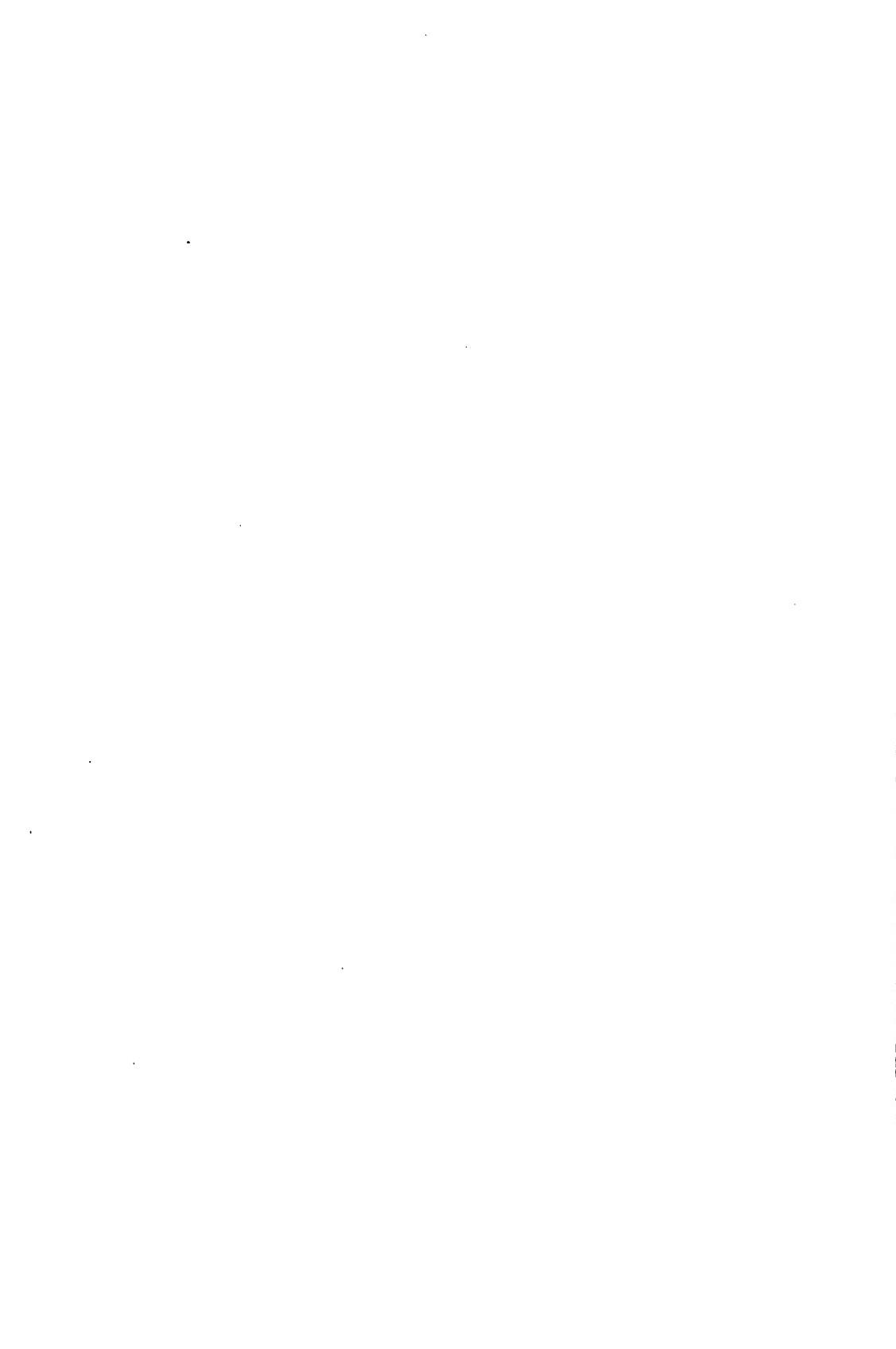
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